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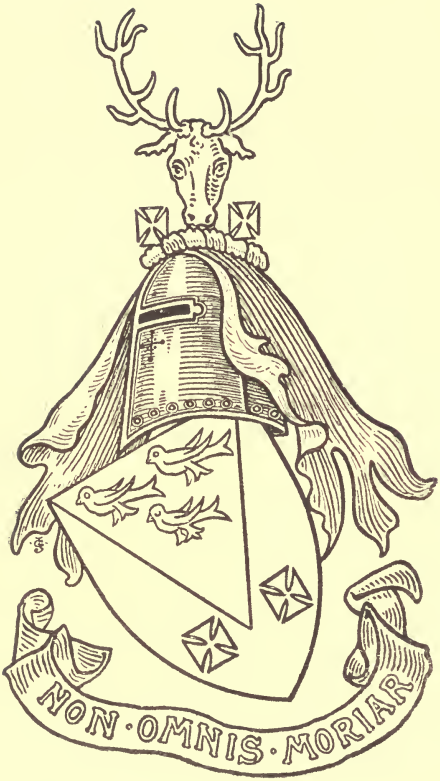
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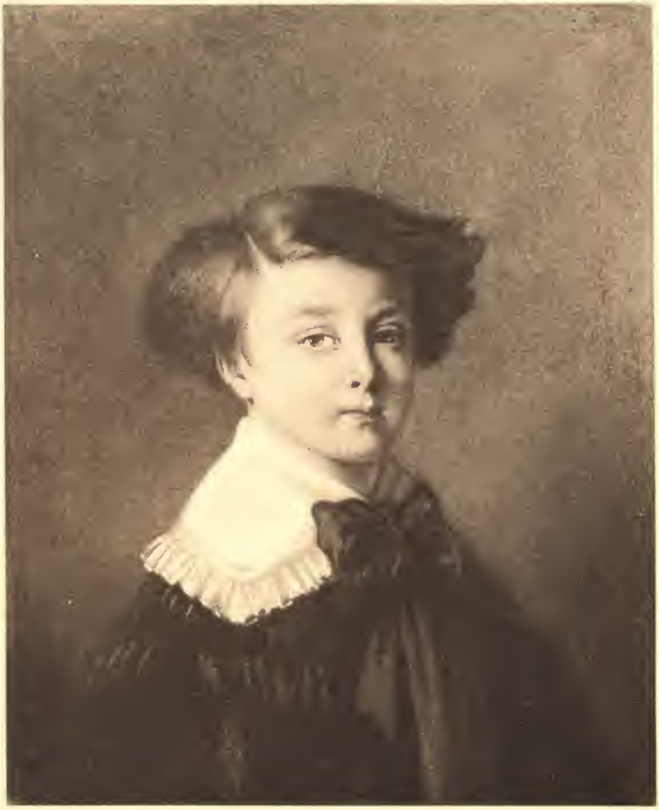
THE LIFE OF

CARDINAL VAUGHAN

VOL. I



From a picture at Courtfield

Herbert Vaughan

AGED 8.

THE LIFE OF
CARDINAL VAUGHAN

BY

J. G. SNEAD-COX

VOL. I

LONDON
BURNS AND OATES
28 ORCHARD STREET, W.
1910

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28 ORCHARD STREET, W.
1910

NIHIL OBSTAT.
J. CANONICUS MOYES
Westmonasterii, Die xxi Aprilis MCMX

IMPRIMATUR
EDMUNDUS SURMONT
Vicarius-Generalis
Westmonasterii, Die xxi Aprilis MCMX

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PREFACE

THERE were many among Cardinal Vaughan's friends who thought that the Press appreciations at the time of his death were not only inadequate, but astray. His public work was appraised highly, but the general impression appeared to be that he was hard, and unsympathetic,—an estimable but rather narrow-minded prelate whose career had been redeemed from mediocrity chiefly by the unusual energy which had directed it. It was a view which was shared to the full by many of his own flock, and by some even of his own clergy. Yet it took no account of essential qualities—qualities which endeared Herbert Vaughan to those who knew him best. The romance of his character, its tenderness, its strange humility, its utter unworldliness, and its high spirituality—all seemed to pass unnoticed.

It was hard for his friends to acquiesce in such a verdict as final. To one at least there came a wild wish to do something to lift the veil of misunderstanding, to write a record which should show him to the world as he was. It was a foolish thought, and I have long ago recognised the task as hopelessly beyond my powers. And yet—I think it has been accomplished. For among the Cardinal's papers placed at my disposal by his family and executors was such a wealth of material, and some of it of such a surprising sort, that difficulties seemed to disappear; no interpreter was needed, for the dead could speak, and far more convincingly, for himself.

Then the question came—Was it right to put out in print the private outpourings of these intimate and spiritual diaries? It may be said at once there are things given in these volumes which I know the Cardinal, in his lifetime, would—well, have cut his hand off rather than allow to be published. But ought that certainty to have been decisive against publication now? Or, rather, should not the question shape itself in this fashion—Would Cardinal Vaughan now wish withheld from the world anything he had done, or thought, or suffered, the knowledge of which could make for good, or serve for a help, or an example, or an inspiration to any one? That question seemed to me to answer itself. I was encouraged in this belief because another, who had stood in a very separate and confidential relation towards the Cardinal, approaching the same question from a slightly different point of view, had answered it in the same way. In the early days of this biography I asked Father Considine, S.J., if he could help me. Father Considine, though never the Cardinal's Confessor, acted as his Spiritual Director during the last years of his life, and so had very unusual opportunities of knowing him. After some hesitations Father Considine decided that his lips need not still be sealed, and his recollections now stand as in-valuable testimony to the inner life of Cardinal Vaughan.

The task I had undertaken suddenly became strangely simple. I have been able to reserve for myself the very humblest rôle—just selecting and arranging the documents and supplying as many connecting and explanatory pages as seemed necessary in the case of each. For the rest, I have tried to write an absolutely candid book, without reserves and without suppressions, describing the man as he was, in his strength and in his weakness, with his gifts and his limitations. Certainly if I have not been candid I am without excuse. During the years since Cardinal Vaughan died I have lived, as it were, in constant companionship with him, with my mind saturated with his thoughts, reading his familiar letters, noting his intimate diaries, and tracking him through all the windings of the great public controversies in which he was engaged. But in the case of this happy biographer there has been no disillusionment: the Cardinal's papers held no disconcerting surprises; and the affection and reverence which went out to him so freely in his life have but widened and deepened in death.

J. G. S.-C.

38, Egerton Gardens, S.W.
May 2nd, 1910.

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THE LIFE OF CARDINAL VAUGHAN

CHAPTER I

THE VAUGHANS OF COURTFIELD

THE little parish of Welsh Bicknor, in which Courtfield is situated, lies in a horseshoe bend of the Wye in the south-west corner of Herefordshire, some six miles from Ross. The Vaughans settled there in the early days of Elizabeth, when one of the family, James Vaughan, married the daughter and heiress of John Gwillim, of Cillwch Fach, in Llantilio Crossenny, the lord of Welsh Bicknor.[1] The present house was built by William Vaughan, the grandfather of the Cardinal, in 1805, but parts of the old house can still be traced. Its date is uncertain; but tradition says that Henry V was nursed there in 1388, and what purported to be the cradle in which the hero of Agincourt had been rocked was sold at the Courtfield sale following the calamity of Culloden.

A description of the house as it was just before the rebuilding may be found in Heath's *Excursion down the Wye*, published in 1799. It was entered by a "short paved court walled on each side and fronted by iron gates of considerable size," which apparently stood where the back now is. Heath, who was twice mayor of Monmouth, tells us that, though struck with the beauty of the situation of the house, he was disappointed with the interior. It was seen, however, under great disadvantages. The owner was a minor, and the house was let to a farm tenant, whose family of ten healthy children fairly filled it. A "flight of stairs conducts to the Chapel. In the Chapel are whole length figures of two dead Religious (unpleasant to look at). The room is neatly fitted up, and liberally appropriated to the use of the neighbouring Catholics who chuse to attend when service is performed therein, which is regularly once a month." Heath notices that the gardens were in decay and the deer were gone from the park —"transferred from their luxurious pastures to the more luxurious tables of the opulent neighbourhood!" But the gardens, even in their ruin, commanded the stranger's admiration. "The garden is divided by grand stone terraces and intersected with spacious gravel walks, which are shaded by yew hedges, now" (in 1797) "in luxurious wildness. On the south side is a beautiful terrace which overlooks the Wye." In a footnote the reader is assured that "the steps alone in the garden are sufficient to build a handsome modern mansion."

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[1] Bradney, *History of Monmouthshire*.

The pedigree of the Vaughans, as a branch of the great Herbert clan, is traced back until it may be fairly described as "losing itself in the twilight of fable." Thus when Heath was at Courtfield in the summer of 1797 he was shown a genealogical table which displayed the history of the family "for twelve hundred and fifty years," tracing its descent from Caradoc Vreich Vras, lord of Ferlex, who was "contemporary with King Arthur and one of the Knights of that monarch's Round Table in 517." He adds with perfect gravity that "the marriage connections and the arms on both sides were most beautifully and correctly blazoned."

Without pausing to consider the questions raised by this suggestion that the art of heraldry flourished among the Ancient Britons it is enough for the purposes of this biography to note some of the vicissitudes which have befallen the Vaughan family in the three hundred and fifty years it has been settled at Courtfield. At the end of the first century of residence there it seemed likely that the family would fail for lack of an heir. Archdeacon Coxe, in his History of Monmouthshire, tells this story of Richard Vaughan, who was born in 1600 and died at a great age. His only son, John, though he had been married for many years, was childless, and his father "frequently rallied him on the subject. Walking out with him one day, he said, 'Son, let me see if you can vault over the gate.' The son attempted, but did not succeed; on which the old gentleman vaulted over with great agility, and exclaimed, 'As I have cleared the gate for you, so I believe I must e'en provide you with an heir!' Shortly afterwards he married, and at the age of seventy-six had a son born to him, who was also called John, and in due time married and carried on the line."[1]

The Vaughans were always staunch Catholics, and their record of fine and imprisonment and double land-tax for their fidelity to the old faith is a remarkable one. The widow of William Vaughan was prosecuted by the Bishop of Hereford in 1605 because she and a number of her people had attended Mass. On that occasion it was alleged that Mr. Vaughan's men had assembled under arms to resist the Bishop and the Sheriff, and that notably the shepherd had carried a forest bill and a long hanger.[1] Of the Rev. Thomas Vaughan, a younger son of the fourth squire of Courtfield, Bishop Challoner, in his *Memoirs of Missionary Priests*, says that though "he did not suffer at the common place of execution he was nevertheless a martyr for his character and religion." Ordained at Douai in 1622, he took his life in his hands by serving on the English Mission for many years. The circumstances of his end are obscure, but he appears to have died at Cardiff about 1650, after suffering "very hard usage" on board a ship.

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[1] P. 346.

In the middle of the seventeenth century the family fortunes were increased by the marriage of John Vaughan with the heiress of the Vaughans of Ruardean. This lady also was a Catholic, and among the muniments at Courtfield are receipts for sums paid regularly in the reigns of James I and Charles I for the double tax levied on her in respect of her Gloucestershire property for refusal to attend Protestant worship. When the Civil War broke out the Vaughans of Courtfield sided with the King, and made sacrifices which left them nearly ruined. The Vaughan of that time was in trouble also on account of his religion. He suffered a long term of imprisonment on a charge of treason, his offence being that he had maintained a "massing priest," Father John Broughton, who had acted as chaplain to his family. The prisoner employed his forced leisure in translating Horace into English verse, and the little parchment volume is still in the library at Courtfield in an excellent state of preservation. Richard Vaughan, who died in 1697, seems to have been fined for his faith all through his long life. His name appears in the *Recusant Rolls* and *Lists of Papists* in the years 1650, 1680, 1683–6, and 1690. When James II came to the throne Richard Vaughan may well have thought that he would at last be let alone to worship God in his own way ; he can hardly have anticipated that the King would be rash enough to try to make restitution to his co-religionists. But the King did try. And when the Commissioners came to Monmouth to make inquiries for the purpose of refunding the moneys paid by Catholics on account of recusancy, they found that there was due to Richard Vaughan of Courtfield £10, £20, and £5, paid by him in 1683, 1684, and 1685 respectively. "All which sums were paid for the recusancy of the said Richard Vaughan for his not going to Church." Before the money was repaid William of Orange had landed.

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[1] *Records of Catholicism in the South Wales Marches*, by J. Hobson Matthews (Catholic Record Society).

The following year brought indignity as well as persecution to the staunch old squire. A mob of "priest finders" made an expedition to Courtfield in search of a Jesuit, Father James Richardson, who in the time of King James had acted as chaplain there without concealment. Breaking into the house at night, they tied Richard Vaughan to his bedpost, and then, not finding the priest, plundered the place, and finally, when they had finished indoors, drove the deer from the park. The priest, meanwhile, had found a safe hiding-place in a disused limekiln, where he remained for several weeks, until his pursuers at last gave up the hunt in despair. While he was in hiding he was secretly supplied with food, at great risk to herself, by Dame Agatha, wife of Richard Vaughan.

The Jacobite rising of 1715 brought a fresh crop of troubles to the unfortunate Catholics. Among those who declined to take the oath of allegiance to the Hanoverian dynasty was John Vaughan of Courtfield, and two years later his name appears in a list of Popish Recusants Convict, while his estates in four counties—Monmouth, Radnor, Hereford, and Gloucester—were still valued at nearly £1,000 a year. In 1719 the same John Vaughan was among those presented at the Monmouthshire Quarter Sessions to be fined for "absence from Church."[1] When the wild hope of the 'Forty-five came to rally all the friends of the Stuart Cause it was not likely that the Vaughans would stay at home. Two of them, Richard and William, sons of the above-named John, saddled their horses and rode off to join "Prince Charlie." At first it was hoped that the Prince would march south through Wales, where it was notorious that he had many well-wishers. When the news came that he had turned back at Derby there was nothing to do but to ride after him into Scotland. The brothers overtook him at Culloden. Of William this story is told: "Mr. Morgan, an English gentleman, then came up to Mr. Vaughan, who was riding with the Life Guards, and, after saluting him, said, 'Damn me, Vaughan, they are going to Scotland!' Mr. Vaughan replied, 'Wherever they go I am determined, now that I have joined them, to go along with them;' upon which Mr. Morgan said, with an oath, 'I had rather be hanged than go to Scotland to starve.' Mr. Morgan was hanged, and Mr. Vaughan is an officer in Spain."[2]

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[1] Through the marriage of this John Vaughan in 1705 with Elizabeth, daughter of Philip Jones of Llanarth, the Cardinal could claim descent from Blessed Margaret Pole, Countess of Salisbury.

[2] "David Morgan, the Welsh Jacobite" (*Cambrian Journal*, 1861).

The defeat of Culloden meant ruin and outlawry for the Vaughans. The brothers were too deeply committed to be forgiven, and William Vaughan was excluded by name from the general pardon in 1747. The property of both brothers was confiscated, and they themselves followed Charles into exile. Eventually they both found their way to Spain; and, marrying Spanish wives, took service under the Spanish King.

The younger of the two fought in more than one campaign, and eventually rose to the rank of field-marshal. Still preserved at Simancas is an official memorandum, dated 1776, recounting the services of the English exile and recommending him for promotion. From this we learn that William Vaughan joined the Spanish service in 1747, was made colonel in 1762, and brigadier in 1773. Then comes the recommendation in these words: "This Brigadier is, on account of his bravery, conduct, and zeal, recommended to the favour of the King, and declared worthy to be promoted." The document is signed simply "Terence Fitzpatrick," and is accompanied by the following statement as to the "Campaigns and Battles" in which the Brigadier had taken part: "The whole of the last campaign in Portugal, in Scotland, those of 1745 and 1746. He took part in all the battles of these wars. He accompanied His Majesty to the court of Madrid; the King retained him in the service with the same rank. He fought in the battle of Argel, July 8th, in which he was severely wounded in the chest." This recommendation was successful, and William Vaughan became field-marshal, with an allowance of five hundred crowns when on active service, and half that sum in time of peace. A year later he appears to have sailed from Cadiz with an expedition to Buenos Ayres.

Of his elder brother, Richard, little is known except that he died at Barcelona in 1795. His son, William, the great-grandfather of Cardinal Vaughan, eventually found his way back to England, and was allowed to resume possession of the family estates. He never, however, lived at Courtfield. His son, also named William, built the present house and made the drive through the deer-park; but he abolished the elaborate gardens which existed up to this time. This William Vaughan, who was a major in the Monmouthshire Militia, married a daughter of Mr. Weld of Lulworth in 1803, and by her had a large family. His eldest son, Colonel John Francis Vaughan, the father of the Cardinal, married in 1830 Eliza, daughter of Mr. John Rolls of The Hendre, an aunt of the present Lord Llangattock.

The future Cardinal was born in Gloucester on the 15th of April, 1832. His parents at the time were on a visit to his grandfather, who had taken a house there on account of his wife's health, which at that time required constant medical attention. And here a word must be said as to the character of the father whom Herbert Vaughan always regarded with such admiring affection.

CHAPTER II

EARLY LIFE

COLONEL JOHN VAUGHAN was a man of strong and marked personality. Very frank, energetic, with perhaps little comprehension for weakness of any sort, he was a model of sincerity and directness, and a fine type of the class to which he belonged. Of great determination and with considerable gifts as a public speaker, he might well, had his life been set in other circumstances, have won distinction in some public career. But he grew to manhood before the days of the Emancipation Act and as a Catholic found nearly all the ordinary avenues of public, and even professional, usefulness effectually closed against him. An officer in the local militia, he spent most of his life in great seclusion at Courtfield, managing his own estates, performing the ordinary duties of a county magistrate, and devoting himself to the secular and religious education of his children.

For one moment, in a time of national crisis, there seemed an opportunity of stepping upon a larger stage, and exchanging private leisure for public work. Certainly Colonel Vaughan was not slow to take it. It came shortly after his wife's death in the year 1853. War with Russia had been declared, and the whole country was ringing with the call to arms. It was not the Colonel's way to invite others to take risks; his idea of leadership was example. He was already forty-five, and had on his hands a motherless family of thirteen boys and girls, the youngest of them a child in arms. But the desire to go to the front was irresistible. It was a chance that would never come back of exchanging the trivial round of private occupations and all the busy idleness of a country gentleman for the larger life of the nation. He settled his family in Boulogne, and, volunteering for the Crimea, served until the end of the war.

If there were some to whom Colonel Vaughan at times seemed a stern man, there was one at least to whom that aspect of his character never presented itself. His eldest boy became his companion almost from the first. And the father openly delighted in the bold, eager, adventurous spirit he recognised in his son. Perhaps his tenderness and partiality for Herbert were accentuated as the years went on by the fact that his second son, Roger, was prevented, by a constitutional weakness of the heart, from taking any part in the sports and athletic pastimes in which the elder boy excelled. When Herbert learned to ride, and a little later to glory in breaking-in the rough Welsh ponies from the hills, the happy father saw in him a boy after his own heart. And so he came to plan out the future, and to resolve to secure for Herbert some share in the fuller and ampler life which circumstances had denied to himself. It became his settled dream that the boy should achieve success as a soldier.

But there was another influence in the home at Courtfield—a gracious presence making itself felt all the day and everywhere—that was silently helping to tune

Herbert's soul to other issues. Colonel Vaughan had been singularly fortunate in his marriage. Beautiful, as her portraits remain to testify, Mrs. Vaughan was one of those gentle spirits whose influence is chiefly felt in the happy difference they make in all the lives that are near them. At The Hendre she had been brought up in an atmosphere of earnest Evangelical piety. A convert to the Catholic Church shortly before her marriage, she consecrated herself heart and soul to the service of God. Her religion coloured her whole outlook upon the world. It was a favourite saying of hers that she had received all from God, and so must be ready to give everything back to Him. And what more precious had she to give and surrender than her own children? She wanted them *all* to become priests and nuns. It was not a case of thinking that it would be nice if some younger son made up his mind to study for the priesthood or one of the daughters went to a convent there to pray for the rest; she besought God to send vocations to them *all*—to Herbert, her eldest born, no less than to the others. For nearly twenty years it was her daily practice to spend an hour—from five to six in the afternoon—in prayer before the Blessed Sacrament asking this favour—that God would call every one of her children to serve Him in the Choir or in the Sanctuary. In the event all her five daughters entered convents, and of her eight sons six became priests; even the two who have remained in the world for a time entered ecclesiastical seminaries to try their vocations.[1]

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[1] Of Mrs. Vaughan's six sons who became priests three also became bishops. Herbert Cardinal and Archbishop of Westminster, Roger Archbishop of

Eliza Vaughan was in a very real sense the Angel in the House at Courtfield. Her gentle and protecting influence seemed to shelter every one and to temper the hardness which sometimes marked her husband's dealing with his children. Bacon says somewhere that the charity which has first to fill a pool will hardly water a field. It was not so with Mrs. Vaughan: the love which went out so freely to her own family overflowed to all her neighbours, and specially to the poor. She could not bear to see a tramp turned from the door, and on one occasion, when cross-examined by her husband as to what had become of a valuable shawl he had given her, she had to confess that under a sudden impulse of pity she had passed it from her own shoulders to those of a beggar she found shivering at the gates of the park. It was one of the principles of her life never to ask God to send any earthly blessing to those she loved. And that principle held good even with regard to trifles. Her son, Father Kenelm Vaughan, remembered how on one occasion, when his elder brothers, Herbert and Roger, were going out partridge shooting, Herbert called out to his mother as he was leaving the house to ask her to pray the day might be fine. She smiled and answered, "I never ask for any temporal favours for my children."

But portraits seen through the haze of time are often untrustworthy, and it is fortunate that we have a contemporary portrait of his mother drawn by the Cardinal himself, set down in the pages of a diary kept when he was about twenty-one.

"She loved every book that treated of prayer; she

Sydney, and John Bishop of Sebastopolis. As a record of one generation of one family this is perhaps without parallel.

used to buy every book she heard of on the subject. For long years before her dear death she used to talk to me about prayer, and I remember that I could not understand how it was she was so charmed by what I considered so dry, and her language used to flow, and her countenance, beautiful as it always was, used to glow with what, I know now, was Divine Love. And during the daytime she was often before the Blessed Sacrament. Every morning before breakfast she was in the chapel for half an hour or three-quarters ; then came breakfast ; and, while tea was being made, she might be seen with some little pious book in her hand, snatching from it a few holy thoughts. And if my father had reason to stay longer at his desk after the breakfast was ready, to finish some letter or settle some servant's bill, she would sit at the table with her *Spirit of Prayer* of St. Alphonsus, or her *Pensées Pieuses*, and be employed with God. How often have I seen her with a spiritual book in her hand, seated at the table. It may with great truth be said that all her spare time was employed in this way. During breakfast the conversation often turned on priests and their duties, on what there was to amend in them, so that I might see what I should have to shun and what to imitate. And we often used to laugh at her jokingly when she complained of want of zeal in chaplains (for there was often gross neglect amongst them) and to tell her she sought too much from human nature. 'I do not expect a St. Francis of Sales, I do not expect it ; but if they would only care a little more for the poor people and go among them !' Her love of God was intense, most affecting and devoted—she often spoke of the love of God and the wonders it could operate. After breakfast an hour in the morning was always spent in meditation in the chapel, which was her real home. She generally knelt, slightly leaning her wrists against the prie-dieu. I do not recollect ever seeing her distracted on these occasions, or looking anywhere than towards the Blessed Sacrament or on her book. She often remained with her eyes fixed on the Tabernacle, and while her body was kneeling at the bottom of the chapel, and her face beautiful and tranquil with the effects of Divine Love, her heart and soul were within the Tabernacle with her dearly beloved Saviour. Even in those days I was much struck with my sweet mother's ardent love and devotion to the Blessed Sacrament. I used to watch her myself when in the chapel, and love her and gaze upon her. I used often to watch her from the gravel walk in the flower garden,[1] and marvel to see her so absorbed in prayer. Her love of the Blessed Sacrament was untiring. She was much distressed because the priests never came near the chapel to make a visit; they forsook Our Lord all day after they had said Mass. She simply could not understand it. And when a priest who was nearly mad, and otherwise disagreeable, came to be chaplain, she liked him, I am told, because he often visited the Blessed Sacrament. What she could not believe was the sinfulness of the world. How often have I stood amazed, young and inexperienced as I was, at hearing my sweetest mother say that such a thing could not be true, that she could not believe it. 'No, I cannot believe it,' she would say with emphasis when told of some misdemeanour or some gross irreverence of a Catholic. She was always ready to see virtue. She often gave me credit for piety when I did not deserve it. If a person was in difficulties her heart used to yearn to him. Often she would give away her own clothing when she saw distress before her in another."

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[1] The present library was then the chapel.

It is perhaps significant of the tenderness and reverence of the love in which the memory of Mrs. Vaughan was held by all her children, that when, some years later, their father married, as his second wife, Mary, daughter of Joseph Weld of Lulworth, they never during all the years she devoted to them greeted her with the name of mother. The word had become too sacred from its associations ever again to be used in common speech, and so the second mother was always spoken of and addressed by them all, even by the younger children, simply as Mary.

It would be difficult to imagine a more beautiful setting for a happy childhood than the home of the Vaughans at Courtfield. The eldest of a troop of brothers and sisters, and a little hero to them all, Herbert grew up there among his rabbits and ponies and dogs, determined, as far as he thought of the future at all, to become a mighty hunter. Then the first parting came. He had received his earliest Latin lessons from the priest at Monmouth, Father Abbott, and when he was only nine years old he was sent to Stonyhurst, the great Jesuit College in Lancashire, where his father and grandfather had been before him. One little letter, and it is the only one belonging to this period, has survived all the chances of time. It was addressed to his old nurse, and its childish words of faith and affection are sufficiently characteristic.

"STONYHURST COLLEGE, *May 6th.*

"DEAR OLD BARKER,—I have had the unhappy and unexpected news of hearing of my old friend being on her death-bed; I received this sad news yesterday. You have served faithfully in this family and happily; you know you have done your duty and have pleased God; you are now going not to serve any family on earth but to serve in the family of God in everlasting bliss. How long have you been confined to your bed, and have you received much pain? Is it old age that has brought on your illness? I can assure you I have not forgotten to pray for you, though I have very seldom written to you. You must remember me in heaven, for I have loved you on earth. I assure you when I heard you were on your bed of sickness I was so sorry that I could not help crying, and, if there can be a proof, that is one that I love you. Goodbye, goodbye, and do remember me in heaven.

"I remain, your affectionate and dear friend,

"HERBERT ALFRED VAUGHAN."

On the same sheet are a few lines to his mother telling her in the briefest manner that he had made his First Communion, and that his grandfather had sent him half a sovereign.

Of his school days at Stonyhurst singularly little is known. He went in the spring of 1841 and left in the summer of 1847; but his career appears to have been quite undistinguished. The annual holidays were passed at Courtfield, and his heart was always there. He became an excellent horseman, and was fond of spending the whole day in the saddle, taking long rambling rides through all the neighbouring country. His uncle, Father Edmund Vaughan, who was but a few years his elder, was often his companion on these expeditions. He recalled that Herbert Vaughan was always very generous in sharing his pocket-money with his younger brothers. A little later he learned to shoot, and soon seemed to care for nothing else. His gun was his delight, and wherever he was, and however occupied, his thoughts would wander to the stubble and the woods. I remember his once telling me how startled he had been when one day he realised suddenly, and for the first time, that his whole life was being given up to sport, that he was practically living for nothing else, and would be quite content to go on living for nothing else. For him, to the end of his days, the word "sport" meant shooting—and the love of this sport, at one time, was so absorbing that it seemed likely to prove as fatal to his mother's hopes as to his father's ambitions. A few years before his death, writing to his nephew and namesake, now the Rev. Herbert Vaughan, who before beginning his studies for the priesthood had sent his gun to be sold for the poor, the Cardinal thus refers to the pleasure that was once so engrossing: "Many thanks for the gun. It is a good way of winding up the pleasures of sport. It cost me more than anything else, the giving up of sport, when I took to the Church, and I can therefore appreciate the nature of the sacrifice you are also making."

But no such thoughts as these troubled him during the years he was at Stonyhurst. He took his part in the games, and could slog with the best in the peculiar sort of cricket they played there; but his name finds no place in the prize-lists, or even in the playbills of the school theatre. He passed through the school just as a straightforward, truthful, manly boy, well able to hold his own, but not distinguished by any special abilities. Some difference of opinion between Colonel Vaughan and the Rector led to

Herbert's leaving Stonyhurst in 1847, and shortly afterwards he was sent to Downside, the beginning of a long and happy association with the Benedictines, and remained there about twelve months. From Downside he went to Brugelette, a large Jesuit school in Belgium, which was afterwards transferred to the Rue Vaugirard in Paris, where it became famous under the Second Empire, and flourished until the expulsion of the Jesuits under the Third Republic. He spoke of the three years he spent at Brugelette with pleasure: "They always made you feel they were treating you as a gentleman," he used to say. Yet it was a curious school for an English youth. There were some three hundred boys, almost all of them representatives of Legitimist families, who would shout "Vive Henri V!" on the smallest provocation. With the Jesuit system of education Herbert Vaughan was, of course, familiar; but there were some surprises in store for him. When he first went he had taken his cricket bat with him. Shortly after his arrival he was summoned before the Rector and invited to give a candid explanation as to what was the meaning of the murderous-looking club which had been found amongst his luggage. His explanation was accepted as satisfactory; but, as a further precaution, the Rector said he would take care of the bat himself, though the weapon might be claimed by its owner when returning to England.

If, in his turn, Herbert Vaughan felt any curiosity as to how these three hundred French boys occupied themselves in their play hours, it was soon and easily gratified. There were practically no games, except a sort of "prisoner's base," played with hoops. On the other hand, he was deeply impressed with the way in which they worked. He always maintained that the French boys at Brugelette worked as no English boys ever do, and took a greater and more intelligent interest in their studies. Writing to his father fifteen years later, in 1865, he says:—

"Where do you think of sending Bernard?" (now Father Bernard Vaughan, S.J.) "The Jesuit school in the Vaugirard is the continuation of Brugelette, and is very highly spoken of. I studied and learnt more during my three years at Brugelette than ever I had done before. Though I did not like the French boys—for I was an English boy—I always felt that the tone and the spirit of the college were very high, and raised one after the ordeal of an English school."

Possibly his dislike of the French boys was reciprocated. In a letter to the *Times*, written when he was a Cardinal, he recalls how on more than one occasion he had to assert himself "with his English fists." He was commonly called by his school-fellows "Milord Roastbeef."

At Brugelette the Jesuit system commonly, but somewhat oddly, described as that of "espionage" prevailed in all its rigour. The word espionage suggests to the general reader something underhand and the secret methods of the spy. There is nothing, however, of that, and no room for it, in the Jesuit schools. Everything there is, at least, frankly above board. The boys are constantly watched, only in the sense that there is an unceasing supervision. There are prefects in the playing-fields and prefects in the class-rooms, and for every boy at the appointed hour there is the appointed place, and, if he is not there, it is for him to explain why not. But there is nothing in all this of the ways of the spy. It is not a case of the policeman in plain clothes, or the detective, but rather of the constable, who, in full uniform, stands in the middle of the crowded thoroughfare and ceaselessly directs the traffic. That system applied to a school may be open to objection; at least it is not rightly described as espionage.

But whether the supervision at Brugelette was strict or lax probably mattered little to Herbert Vaughan at that time. Amid a crowd of unsympathetic French boys "Milord Roast-beef" moved, a serious and solitary figure. He had no taste for rolling hoops, but he threw himself into his studies with the energy and the concentration of purpose born of a great resolve. For already the real crisis of his life—the decision which shaped all the after years—was over. Though still so young, he had stood at the parting of the ways, and had definitely decided to give up everything for the sake of becoming a priest, and consecrating his life wholly to the service of God. There is a tradition in the family that Herbert Vaughan's thoughts were first turned towards the priesthood as the result of a medical examination for the Army revealing a weakness of the heart which would unfit him for the field. This can hardly be correct. In a diary kept when he was twenty, I find under date January 19th, 1853 (and therefore at a time when all the facts were still fresh in his memory), the following entry: "How many years, ever since I first made up my mind to consecrate myself to the priesthood and the Welsh Mission, which was in the latter part of the year 1848, I have regretted my unacquaintance with the Welsh language." Here is a distinct statement that in the latter part of 1848 he had made up his mind to be a priest, but at that time he was only sixteen.[1] It is hardly likely that previously to this he had been medically examined for the Army. We know that his father intended him to be a soldier, and that his own boyish inclinations ran in the same direction. Possibly some medical examination at school may have let him know that his heart was not quite sound, and so have turned his thoughts into another channel, deciding him to enlist as a "Soldier of Christ."

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[1] There is a curious passage in a letter from Mrs. Vaughan to Madame Rio which shows that the mother was confident of her son's vocation at an

However that may be, it is quite certain that the renunciation was not made without a long and difficult struggle. He rarely spoke of himself, but he once referred to the subject in a way that made a lasting impression on his hearer. It was in the summer of 1887, when we were guests at Courtfield together. He had asked if I would care to go for a walk. The way went along the river, where the Wye is at its loveliest, past Symond's Yat. As his habit was, he talked eagerly of his hopes and projects for the good of his Salford diocese, of his difficulties and disappointments; then his thoughts would take a wider range, and he would discuss the outlook for Catholicism abroad, especially in the lands he knew best—in France and Italy, Spain and America. We had gone farther than we intended when we turned back, and it was already late in the afternoon when on the way home we stopped for a few minutes to rest. It was a beautiful evening, and the westering sun was on the river. The Bishop stood leaning against a gate; influenced, possibly, by the arresting

even earlier date. Writing in November, 1846, when Herbert was only fourteen, she says: "Have you ever read any of the Puseyite Lives? The life of St. Stephen will quite delight you. Ever since I read the account of St. Bernard and his four brothers leaving the world and retiring into a monastery I have prayed that all my sons may follow their example. I am confident Herbert will become a priest."

beauty of the scene, I broke the silence at last by saying, "It must be a pleasure to you sometimes to come back to Courtfield." "Yes," he replied impartially; then, with a swift change of tone, he turned to face me, and said, speaking rapidly, "Why should it be a pleasure to come here? The whole place is peopled with the dead; there is a ghost at every turn; it is like coming back to a land of tombs; every field, every lane, every tree reminds me of those who have gone before." Then, half smiling at the vehemence with which he had spoken, he turned to resume the walk, and for the rest of the way told of his own boyhood, and of the associations which every few steps awakened. In that pool in the river he had cast his first fly, but he had never cared for fishing; there he had been taught to ride, over that fence he had learned to jump; under that hedgerow many a time in the summer he had sat with his gun waiting for the rabbits to come out in the dusk, and saying his Rosary while he waited; in that coppice how often they had gone blackberrying; and there, but that was later, he had killed his first pheasant; and in that field, on the brow of Coppet Hill, he had almost shot his father—they were out partridge shooting, and just drawing together under a tree for luncheon when, putting his gun to half-cock, it somehow went off and the whole charge whizzed past his father's head; the Colonel turned quickly, and, taking the situation in at a glance, said, "Well, now let us unpack the basket." So the stream of reminiscence went on until, stopping short, and moving his arm as though to take in all the countryside, and letting his voice fall almost to a whisper, he said, "And over it all is the memory of what I went through before I made up my mind to be a priest." The words were spoken in a tone which did not invite questioning, and we walked the rest of the way home in silence.

The first person whom he told that his mind was made up to renounce everything and become a priest was, naturally, his mother. He went away from Courtfield to make a retreat, and on his return he opened his heart to her. She said simply, "I knew it, dear." The first part of her prayer was heard. To the father the news was, humanly speaking, a bad and bitter disappointment. He was beginning to live his own life over again in the person of his son—it is the promise of immortality we can taste on earth. At the same time he was too good a Catholic to oppose what he could not doubt was a true vocation. His feelings found vent in the words, "Well, if Herbert goes, all the others may go too."

It was not in Herbert Vaughan's nature to do anything by halves. What it cost him to break all the ties binding him to Courtfield will never be known. But the thing was done, and there was no turning back. At one moment he had a wild wish to go out to Australia—there, at least, was a whole Continent to convert. But soon he began to listen to the insistent voice that seemed to come from "his own desolate diocese," and he resolved that he would be a missioner in Wales, and he would try to fit himself to belong to the best type of priest. For that purpose it seemed necessary to go to Rome, to study there, and prepare himself for the work of the mission. At this time, too, began the distressing condition of health which troubled him for so many years as a young man, and now made a winter in Italy seem desirable for its own sake.

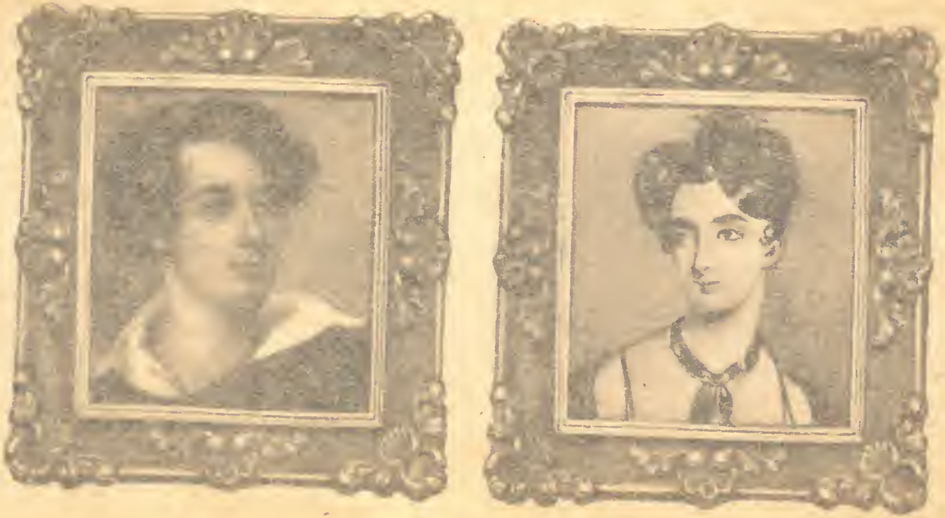
The following letter addressed to the present writer gives other glimpses of the home of Cardinal Vaughan's childhood and the influences which ruled there :—

"DEAR JOHN,—You ask me to send you my memories of Courtfield when I was a child. I was only a little boy when we lost our mother. It was a loss I cannot think of even now, after half a century and more, without a shudder. To all of us she was the very ideal of everything that is lovely and holy. We thought, and were brought up to think, that she was in every sense perfection. Hence her blessing was more to us even than her caress. Well do I remember how we used to rush at her coming into the nursery to see who should be the first to kiss her hand with reverent devotion. Then she would sit on the floor with half a dozen of us clinging to her, while she would give us her little crucifix and medals to venerate and fondle, or perhaps take out her watch, and placing it against the ear of one of us, would say, 'Life is passing away just like that tiny ticking watch, but when the little heart stops beating here, we shall all know that God didn't wind it up any more because He wanted you home with Him for a never-ending holiday.' Of course we used to kneel round her lap morning and evening to lisp after her our childlike prayers, and then were carried off, two in her arms, and others clinging to her skirts, to the chapel, where on great Feasts we were privileged to kiss the altar-cloth, or even the altar itself. Our mother reminded her children that, there in the Tabernacle, One who loved us more even than she did was always abiding, ever ready to greet us when we went to see Him. She loved her garden, but would have been shocked if the fairest flowers had been sent to her boudoir instead of to the chapel. She herself would gather nosegays for her children to place on our nursery altar or before the statue in her bedroom. When I look back it seems to me she could talk only about God, or the poor, or our father. She made Heaven such a reality to us that we felt that we knew more about it, and liked it in a way far better even than our home, where, until she died, her children were wildly, supremely happy. Religion under her teaching was made so attractive, and all the treasured items she gathered from the lives of the Saints made them so fascinating to us, that we loved them as our most intimate friends, which she assured us they most certainly were.

"Our mother thought that it was her duty to teach her little ones in the nursery all manner of pious child-like practices, while the bigger children would often have their lessons interrupted for a moment by her coming in to remind them not to forget God and His presence in their midst. But it was of Our Lord's Agony in the garden and His sacred Passion and Death that she never tired to remind us: 'Look at those dear Five Wounds,' she would say; 'fancy all that pain suffered, and all that blood shed, for you. You must never forget, no matter how long you live, to love more than anything on earth those Precious Wounds. If ever you are naughty and hurt God, it will be because you forget how much you have cost Him.' What tricks and devices did we not resort to in order to be awake in the night nursery when, after dinner, Mother would pass from cot to cot blessing her children, crossing their hands upon their breast, and lulling them to sleep with such words as 'Sweet Jesus, I do love Thee,' 'Holy Mother of God, be a tender Mother to me,' 'My good Angel, watch over me and keep me this night from all sin.'

"It was not our mother's practice to bring us any dainty from the dinner-table. We were never allowed to go down to dessert, our father thinking it might encourage greediness or undue fondness of food. We dined at our parents' lunch and then were allowed to take what we liked. I remember one day being offered some dish which I rejected with the incautious remark, 'Thank you, Father, I don't fancy it.' Should I live to the age of Methuselah I shall not forget how he turned upon me and in solemn voice said, 'I do not wish any of my boys to indulge in fancies about food; fancies are the privilege of your sisters.' On another occasion, when I had shown over-much relish for some dish, my father reminded me that it was a poor thing to be a slave to any appetite or practice. Blushing to the roots of my hair, I ventured to retaliate, saying, 'Well, Father, how is it that the snuff-box is brought to you every day at the end of dinner?—you always take out a big pinch.' For a moment he was silent, and then made me fetch the box, and while in the act of tossing it into the fire he said, 'There goes the box, and that is the end of that bit of slavery.'

"His training was somewhat drastic, but it was a fine counterpart to that of the ever tender mother. He was fond of making us, even before we came to the use of reason, stand on a chair, and no matter what guests were present, he would have us tell the company in our own simple words where we had been, what we had seen, and what we had done. It was no good resorting to shyness for protection, for he would declare that shyness was only a polite name for vanity, and vanity in a boy was something shameful. Once, when trying my



[illegible] and [illegible]

of Cortland Langham

'It was not our mother's practice to bring us any dainties from the dessert-table. We were never allowed to [illegible] our father thinking it might encourage greediness or a certain fondness of food. We dined at [illegible] were allowed to take what we liked. I remember one day being offered some dish [illegible] with the incautious remark, 'Thank you, Father, I don't care for it.' Should I live to the age of Methuselah I shall not forget how he turned upon me [illegible] 'I do not wish any of my boys [illegible] about food; fancies are the privilege of old women.' On another occasion, when I had shown a marked liking for some dish, my father reminded me that it was a poor thing to be a slave to any appetite or passion. Blushing to the roots of my hair, I ventured to retaliate saying, 'Well, Father, how is it that your snuff-box is brought to you every day at the end of dinner [illegible] you always take out a big pinch.' For a moment he was silent, and then made me fetch the box, and while in the act of tossing it into the fire he said, 'There goes the box, and that is the end of that bit of slavery.'

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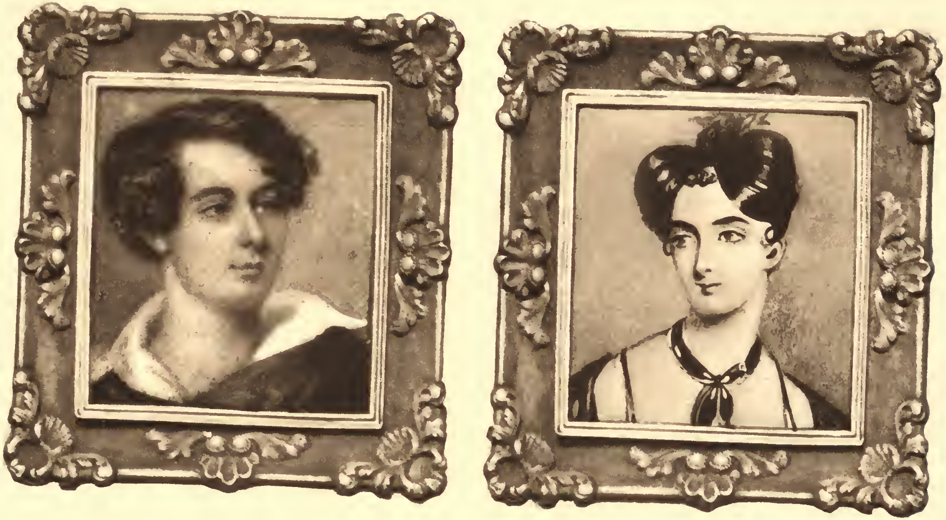

Father and Mother
of Cardinal Vaughan.

best to give a good account of a fall I had had from a pony, I was so dreadfully afraid of being laughed at that I actually had a second fall from the chair, but making the most of it, I lifted up my arms to the company, exclaiming, 'I fell just like that,' and scampered off to the nursery, hardly knowing whether to scream with laughing or crying.

"There were some fine customs which our father insisted on; for instance, that we should take our places with the village school children when they were catechised on Sunday afternoon in the chapel; and the chaplain was encouraged to be specially severe with us if we did not answer correctly. Father liked us to give of what we had, and not merely our used-up toys, to the less well-off little ones, and nothing pleased him more than to see his children trudging off with their mother laden with good things for those who most wanted them. When people expostulated with her for taking her children where they might catch something worse than a cold she would say, 'Sickness would be a small price to pay for the exercise of this Christlike privilege—but God will take care of my children where my love fails.' Her love of the poor was almost a passion, and but for her own children's sake she would have parted with everything. Washing the bedridden, changing their bedding, sweeping their rooms, was the sort of thing in which she felt a real pride. Not even when she was very seriously ill would she call in any but the parish doctor, protesting that if he was good enough for her poorer sisters he would do very well for her.

"As she herself could not seek perfection in the religious state, she strove to attain it in the sphere of life to which God had called her. I am told that she said the Divine Office daily, and when too ill to say it herself had it said for her. She died while Compline was being said in her room. So serious and earnest was her pursuit of spiritual perfection that in later life she became positively greedy to follow all manner of saintly practices. A Jesuit brother-in-law of hers observing how like a lumber-room was her boudoir, she made the excuse that she preferred it as it was, and that no servant was allowed into it. Whereupon he went on to say, 'Well, I am surprised to find any one seeking perfection amid such disorder as this.' Looking up at him, she exclaimed, 'Do you really think God would be more pleased with me if the room were in apple-pie order?' 'It would be a better object-lesson,' was his reply, 'to the children.' She thanked him, saying no more, but in later years this uncle told me that from that date he never saw anything out of place in her boudoir.

"As a girl she had spent some considerable time in Paris receiving finishing lessons in drawing, painting, singing, and music, and nothing delighted us more than to gather about her in the round drawing-room, wild with joy, to hear her recite, or sing her own songs or hymns about Heaven as she accompanied herself on the harp. When our enthusiasm was thoroughly stirred she would pause to remind us that all this was but discord compared with what the rapturous music of Heaven would be. She was fond of whetting our appetites for Heaven. In our mother's time Courtfield was always so cheery, bright, and holy, that it used to be said in the county, 'You nearly break your neck going, but more nearly break your heart leaving there.'

" When I look back to those young days so crowded with life I cannot remember any quiet games entertaining us. Birds, dogs, other pets, and ponies were our chief delight. I fear we were dreadfully noisy, loving hare and hounds, blindman's-buff, snapdragon, and above all theatricals, in which movement was a safety valve for what was called 'the Vaughan spirits.' On the Feast of Holy Innocents, when it was our custom to dress up in the habits of different religious orders, we used to hold high religious functions, and preach one another down till the result was a sort of pandemonium, ending in clouds of incense and a blaze of candles round the schoolroom statue, where we made peace.

" I think I have sampled our early life fully enough for even an inordinate taste for childhood's days, but I cannot end without referring to the irreparable loss that came upon us when God called our mother away. It was a catastrophe. Personally I was too young fully to understand what had happened; what I do most vividly remember is going down to the library, where the blinds were drawn and everybody was in black. I recollect my father's grief-stricken countenance as, amid the sobs of his children, he called my eldest sister, Gwladys, to his side, and, placing on her wrist my mother's simple silver bracelet, with crucifix and medal attached, he told us that our mother had gone to Heaven and that the eldest girl must take her place. I bit my lips, exclaiming internally, 'She never shall with me.' He said much more, but I did not quite understand what it all meant, or why everybody was crying. I felt sure, even if mother had gone to Heaven, she would somehow be back soon, for she was never away from us for long. It did not seem that one could possibly live without her. Very gradually the reality of the loss came home to one, and then it seemed that nothing much mattered. We rarely spoke of mother because the mere mention of her name awakened feelings that could not be controlled. Herbert even to the last was shy of speaking to me of her; sometimes when I ventured to plead for some of his reminiscences of her he would get red and hot, and after saying there was no one ever like her, he would turn to some other subject; and till shortly before his death he kept by him a tiny picture of—

> " 'That countenance in which did meet
> Sweet records and promises as sweet.'

"Your affectionate cousin,
"BERNARD VAUGHAN, S.J."

CHAPTER III

STUDENT IN ROME

IN the autumn of 1851 Herbert Vaughan, then nineteen years of age, said goodbye to Courtfield. He left England for Rome in October in company with his cousin, the Hon. and Rev. William Clifford, afterwards Bishop of Clifton, and Mr. Maskell, a recent convert and former chaplain to the Bishop of Exeter. The three, with a courier, travelled by easy stages through Paris, Châlons, Lyons, Avignon, Marseilles, Genoa, Leghorn, Pisa, and Florence. Meanwhile Maskell kept a journal, in which he noted his impressions of men and things seen on the way, and in its faded pages we get one or two glimpses of Herbert Vaughan.

The party drove all the way from Florence to Rome. Before reaching Siena, Maskell and Clifford felt tired and fagged, but Herbert Vaughan was in high spirits. How could he stay to think of fatigue when he was almost within sight of the city of his dreams, within whose walls he was finally to consecrate his life to the service of God? In sheer gaiety of heart he kept singing any random song that came into his head. "Before we reached Siena," Maskell notes, "we became very hungry; and, Vaughan singing away, I said I wondered he could sing in the distressing circumstances of famine to which we had been reduced, and he replied that his heart was buoyant, raised above all earthly things; so he went on singing songs of ‘sixpence and pockets full of rye.’”

Rome was reached on November 15th, and Herbert Vaughan at once began to make inquiries at the Collegio Romano with a view to attending lectures there. After spending a few days with his companions at the Hôtel d’Angleterre he took lodgings. “Went with Vaughan,” Maskell reports, “to see some lodgings for him which were over a stable, and with a savour reminding me of our rooms at Ronciglione.” He had previously noted these rooms at Ronciglione as distinguished by their “fearful stench.” Maskell’s stay in Rome was not a long one, and references to his young friend flit in and out of the diary in an uncertain way. Some of the entries tell us of his interests and state of health. “Sat up till past midnight finishing a prodigious theological discussion with Herbert Vaughan, which unhappily sprang up just as we were moving off to bed an hour or two before.” The diarist may have felt that a discussion between a former chaplain to the Bishop of Exeter and a theological tyro ought in the nature of things to have been brief. On one occasion when Herbert Vaughan was present Maskell notes a feature of the dinner. “Among other things we had a porcupine. It was sent up whole, roasted, and the most detestable-looking thing I ever saw. Like a gigantic hare which might have died of elephantiasis, with exaggerated tusks, a snout like a pig’s, and a tail like that of a rhinoceros. Moreover, there was scarcely a bit of flesh on it; what there was was half sinew, and the savour by no means delicate. A man really desirous to write a German romance should sup on porcupine.” The young clerical student used sometimes to dine out with his relatives. In January, 1852, we find the following surprising entry in Maskell's diary: "We dined at the Vavasours; two or three came in the evening. Herbert Vaughan distinguished himself in two comic songs." On one occasion Maskell lets himself generalise hastily at the expense of his friend. "Met Herbert Vaughan, who told me he had two tickets for the Propaganda to-morrow; offered me one, and we agreed to go at the time he mentioned, viz., at half-past nine. Next morning it turned out to be one of his usual mistakes; he had one ticket and the time was to be half-past two."

That at this time Herbert Vaughan, with his eagerness and impetuosities, and his wretched, incapacitating health, often made mistakes is likely enough. But he was desperately in earnest to begin the great business of his life, and to fit himself to do something great for God. He still looked to Wales as the sphere of his labours, and was already praying that he might achieve big things, hoping that he might be the instrument chosen for the conversion of the Welsh people, even if that choice involved miracles. In his diary he writes: "Wales calls with a saddened and, as it were, a dying voice for some one to help her. But '*Nisi Dominus aedificaverit domum, in vanum laboraverunt qui aedificant eam.*' O Lord, I beseech Thee, build, build me up into a house, safe and strong; let my soul be a house where You may live, build You it up—and let me be a house which is lighted up for those poor souls whom You have redeemed, that they may see it like the city placed upon a hill.'

Sometimes he would look forward with a sort of rapture to the happiness of this future work of winning souls for God. Nay, already he had tasted something of that ecstasy of delight which even in this world is the reward of those who co-operate with Our Lord in His work of saving sinners. He writes: "I remember that I was returning to Courtfield one dark winter's night. I had been visiting, trying to convert, an old woodherd; but though he gave me good promise, he had not consented to become a Catholic. The night was wet and cold, and I was riding. I had to cross the river and to wind along the hill up home. The comfort and joy of that hour is inexpressible—it was sweeter than all the joys of the world—the joy within the heart making it feel consoled and confident in God who watches over it. It seemed as though the stars had eyes all intent to count the steps of His servant, and to see the pitiless night, and the wet limbs, and the feet aching with cold, while the heart was warmed with love and the mind carried beyond the starry heavens to that sweet eternity for which it felt and knew it was working. Oh, how cheerful and glad must the heart of the missioner be when all is cheerless and sad around him! The more cheerless the elements the fuller is his heart and soul with exultation that he then is doing something for his sweetest Lord."

Then his thoughts take a bolder sweep, and, in the intimate journal in which he sets down the records of those communings with his own heart, he lets us see how he would picture to himself Our Lord's life in Palestine—would imagine Christ, while His companions slept through the long watches of the night, as He sat there alone, letting His thoughts run on through the centuries till they rested on one poor missioner, riding by night, nearly two thousand years later, through the hills of Wales. Then the Divine Knowledge would see the temptations and trials of His servant, and how, through them all, with whatever lapses, the purpose to do God's will remained; and then the Divine Compassion would take pity on the missioner and bless him and help him. This spiritual rhapsody ends on the note of joy with which it began: "Oh, well He loves these journeyings at night."

Still keeping the idea of missionary work in Wales before his mind, he schooled himself to the prospect of its loneliness and monotony and poverty, and sometimes perplexed himself with the wonder whether it would not be better to finish his studies in England in some place where he could at once begin to learn Welsh. Shortly before he was ordained he spent some days at Fiumicino, and took occasion to ask himself how he could face the solitude and privations to which he meant to devote himself. "I think I can form some idea of what life as a solitary priest at a seaside town in Wales may be. I feel that I could be quite happy in such a post provided only I could have the Blessed Sacrament. To the Blessed Sacrament one has recourse in all one's needs. If sick at heart, if low-spirited, if cold or dry, one naturally opens one's cares and wants to Him. Without this I do not believe that I should be happy; with this I should be exceedingly happy. There is a charm in the solitary life of a priest which engages me. He is living among his flock; he has to visit many of them, to instruct them, to gain their affections, to increase their number, to have a care for his church, that it be clean, and a fitting residence for Our Lord; he has to study theology, moral and dogmatic and ascetic; he has to write sermons and to prepare catechisms; to hear confessions, administer the Sacraments, and the like. With all these duties who could feel alone? Who could feel his time heavy upon him and the days long, and life so terrible an *ennui*, unless, indeed, the love of things above make all things here below tedious and long? Merely with a few books and ill-health I find myself very pleasantly occupied; I do not care for society, I never knew before that I could so easily forgo it."

It may be doubted whether Herbert Vaughan's energies, even in the years when they were most crippled by ill-health, could long have been content with the work of a parish. Even when his mind was most set on doing obscure work in some Welsh town his heart was secretly throbbing to large hopes and the widest issues. He writes in his diary: "I have often felt, though I have been till this moment afraid to think of it, that when I am a poor missionary in Wales, devoted as I hope God will make me, and having a love of prayer, &c., that I shall be called to do wonderful things, and that God will sometimes hear my prayers, and, for His glory, work miracles through me, a wretch, for the conversion of Wales."

Some months after his arrival in the Eternal City he made the acquaintance of Aubrey de Vere under circumstances related by Mr. Wilfrid Ward in his biography of the poet. De Vere was in search of an apartment. Some one suggested that a young English ecclesiastic had an excellent sitting-room near the Piazza della Minerva, and would perhaps share it with a compatriot. De Vere knocked at the door, and the responsive "*Avanti*" told him that the tenant was within. He obeyed the forward summons, and, as he often recalled to Mr. Ward, he stood transfixed by the beauty of the

English boy of twenty, saying to himself, "Good Heavens! if you are like that, what must your sister be?"

The young ecclesiastic and the young poet at once made an arrangement and became fellow-lodgers and friends. In a letter written by de Vere, in February, 1852, and happily preserved, we get a description of Herbert Vaughan. "I like my companion better every day. I must have mentioned him to you; he is Mr. Vaughan, the eldest son of one of the great old Catholic families of England. He renounces prospects as brilliant almost as any man in England can command to be a priest in some out-of-the-way village in Wales, and seems as happy as the day is long at his studies and devotions. He is very handsome and refined, and as innocent as a child. He sits up half the night reading Thomas Aquinas and tells me the next morning that he has been dreaming that people had been burning him alive, and that it had given him no pain." The poet's romantic admiration for his friend grew with nearer acquaintance and led him in the same year to pay a visit to Courtfield to introduce himself to Colonel Vaughan's family. "The other day," he records, "I went fifty miles to make acquaintance with the family of a young man, Herbert Vaughan, with whom I lived much in Rome, who had given up a great position in his county, and all this world calls happiness, to be a poor despised priest in the more heathen districts of Wales. I have never seen such simply noble, generous, devout, and humble people" (and this from the son of the exquisitely simple and affectionate home of Curragh Chase). "The beautiful mother of twelve children cannot feel satisfied unless her sons all become priests and her daughters nuns, though this would cause the extinction of one more of those old Catholic English families which for centuries have held their own in stormier days."

In the autumn of the same year Herbert Vaughan left his lodgings and moved into the famous Accademia Ecclesiastica. Here he met for the first time Manning, who was then more than twice his age, and of course immeasurably his superior in general culture and knowledge of the world. From the outset Manning acquired a great influence over him. In a biographical note, written nearly thirty years afterwards, Manning, describing his comrades at the Accademia, says, "Then came Herbert Vaughan. He served my Mass at six o'clock every morning nearly all the time he was there. We became very intimate, and our affection has lasted and grown to this day." That friendship, which had its beginnings in the Accademia, proved strong enough to survive the many divergencies of view which separated the two men before the close of Manning's life.

It was not in Herbert Vaughan's nature to try to strike bargains with Heaven or to want to be moderately good. When he determined to become a priest he resolved to be not only a good priest, but also the best possible sort of priest. With this object he had come to Rome, and now began to attend the lectures at the Collegio Romano, placing himself under the special direction of the then celebrated Father Passaglia, whom he describes in his diary as "kind and magnificent." One gathers, however, that these years of preparation for the priesthood were for the most part a time of discouragement and disappointment. He was dissatisfied with his own progress and hopelessly handicapped by ill-health, which for weeks together made anything like sustained effort a physical impossibility. Early in 1853 he writes: "I must now accustom myself to the crosses of the student—crosses of sickness, of irritation, disgust; it is well with him who has borne the yoke from youth. But, alas! I bear with little sweetness and joyfulness these crosses of the present day. I feel weary and sick and unable to study, and, if I am asked, I make no difficulty to say all that I feel—either it is a headache, or indigestion, or *ennui*, or prostration and weakness. I complain to whomsoever may ask me how I feel. Were it not much better, and very much better, to suffer with sweetness and joyfulness—and especially to suffer in silence? One may complain to God and ask Him to lighten the burden. It were more pleasing to Him if I were to bear with my little troubles without allowing their merit to be dimmed by the appearance of complaint on my lips." Then the doubt suggests itself whether, if he adopts the course of being always silent about his ailments, his absence from lectures, and perhaps the eventual abandonment of the Roman course, may not be a cause of scandal to others. He decides upon a middle course—never to complain or worry others about his feelings of sickness or depression, but, when asked, to admit that the climate does not agree with him.

In the February of that year came the grief of his life—the death of his mother. On the 10th of the month he writes: "Oh, the sad, sad news which my dearest father wrote me now a week ago. 'Your sainted mother is in Heaven. She died soon after her confinement,' writes my father. God be praised and magnified in all His doings. The Lord hath given and the Lord hath taken away—*sit nomen Domini* *benedictum.* I cannot weep. After the first hour that the news came tears refused their aid, and the sorrow is heavy on my heart; but no man is tempted above his strength, and I have grace to bear all for my Lord. Now and then the idea has come to me that I must be all my life unhappy, and I have felt that my energy for the mission is gone; but, my God, these are only passing thoughts. Thoughts pass through my mind and are coloured by the colour of my mind, just as objects appear to us to have themselves the colour of the glass through which they are looked at. I cannot be surprised if I suffer somewhat from melancholy; but I have a duty not to give myself too much to sorrow. 'Grieve not as those who have no hope,' says St. Paul. He means by this that we may grieve, but it must be a grief tempered with hope."

To this period belongs also the following letter addressed to his father:—

"MY DEAREST FATHER,—God chastises those He loves. He has loved us always and now He has sent us trials that we may love Him more. How truly may our most dear Saint say with St. Paul, '*bonum certamen certavi, cursum consummavi, fidem servavi, in reliquo reposita est mihi corona.*' We are now closer bound to God than ever since my dear mother is with Him; earthly ties are joined to heavenly ones. The Blessed Virgin will now more than ever be to us a mother—and to you, dearest Father, she will be everything. Our Lord and His Mother could no longer keep so holy and beloved a spirit in this rough world; they have called—her time has come and she has answered the call she so long waited for. If you need me, my dearest Father, I will come to you immediately; my natural affection would have me leave forthwith to be a help and consolation to you, but I must not till you express your desire, or I should perhaps offend God by breaking up studies which are His own. So He must tell me by you or by some other means what my duty may be. It is my deepest wish to be to you all that a poor afflicted child can be. I shall get Masses immediately for my holy mother and in this intention will be included you and all. God will give us grace to be resigned to His blessed will and by our resignation will win our hearts to Himself.

"I remain, my dearest Father,
"Your devoted child,
"HERBERT VAUGHAN."

A few days later he was again incapacitated by illness, which at once quickened his desire to be with his father, and enabled him to leave Rome without self-reproach. Writing to Colonel Vaughan he says that Providence is directing his steps where his heart has gone already, "back to dear Courtfield." "Your letter has filled me with the fullest consolation. It is food and music to my soul. The school of sorrow is the school of the heart of Christ—and happy we if it be ours. It will be well indeed with the priest who has studied in it. I have read the lives of the Saints, and not one Saint can I find who was an exception to this iron rule. Trials, difficulties, sorrows, and contradictions come and go while life lasts. The Saints have met them with love and courage and cheerfulness. I am as confident about the happiness of our now glorious mother as you are. I often talk to her now and I am sure she hears me; she answers me in whispers and spreads over my soul a great calm. What a blessing it is to have such a mother in the bosom of God! I invoke her as a saint; whenever I call upon one Mother I call upon the other."

He reached Courtfield on Maundy Thursday, March 24th, 1853. Earlier in the day Colonel Vaughan had had a strange experience, the story of which may be given in his own words. It will show the sort of spiritual kinship which united the father and the son and at the same time help us to a fuller understanding of the nature of those home influences which had so much to do with determining the ideals and career of the future Cardinal.

"Ought I not to record the mercies of Almighty God, the favours He grants, and the holy thoughts that He inspires? The time may come when I shall be glad to fall back upon such consolations and gather from them strength and encouragement to persevere. To-day I was watching before the Blessed Sacrament, and thanking God that I could offer Him the sacrifice of her, whom I so devotedly and tenderly loved; I offered myself for every cross or suffering He might please to send me; praying only to do His holy will, as to my state of life, and every particular of my existence. I thought He had drawn me to Himself and I poured out my heart in gratitude for His having given me Eliza as a model and a guide—for having linked me to her in a still subsisting spiritual connection; and for having taken her from me, that my heart might follow her to Heaven, and now be devoted entirely to Him. I felt that the cross He had laid upon me was less heavy than I desired, but He seemed to say, 'Have I not told you My yoke is sweet and My burden light?' I felt it was light indeed to me, for it was He who carried it and interposed His grace, and bore it up, to prevent its pressing on me. Still I thought all these consolations were to arm and strengthen me for stern and searching trials to which, however, I willingly resign myself, trusting to His love and mercy to give me grace to undergo them and persevere. I was worshipping Him as truly present at the altar as when in His Humanity He was bound to the pillar, when I saw in my imagination, within the sanctuary, on my left hand, Eliza kneeling and bending forward in adoration. The figure was distinct before me, more clear than often I can bring her to my mind. I had never seen her in that attitude, nor in that dress, for I never saw her *bent* in prayer. She was in pure white, but her face was radiant, and calm, and joyous, and as if absorbed in blissful adoration, adoring her God there present (as truly as in Heaven) beneath the veil before which she was bent in adoration. It seemed as if having loved and adored Him there in life, she came to love and adore Him still, for where He was there was Heaven. I felt a hope that she would in some way notice me. I could not think she did ; I tried to fancy so, I could not. I thought it was to teach me to bend more humbly and fervently in prayer. I bowed my head and heart and my tears began to flow, and yet she seemed not to notice me but to adore, beautiful, pure, radiant."

The following day he writes :—

" I looked forward to watching during the night before the Blessed Sacrament with great pleasure. I hoped to receive much consolation in prayer, and in truth I tried hard during two or three hours of the night to excite myself to devotion by every effort of the mind and posture of the body. I prayed and meditated, I bent, I bowed, I prostrated. It was in vain. I could not revive the impressions of the previous day ; nor excite one particle of sensible devotion. This, however, did not sadden nor discourage me, but showed me how little of the deep impressions and the copious tears of yesterday was dependent upon any act of the will, and how entirely they must have come from above, and how truly they were graces to guide me to a virtuous life.

" . . . I must retrench all superfluities to the body, and increase my exertions to the limits of endurance. What marvellous consolations and graces has not my blessed Angel procured for me! She truly is a source of greater happiness, of purer and more intense enjoyment to me now than when she rejoiced me with her fond and loving smile and rested in my arms. I see her constantly as I saw her before the Blessed Sacrament with radiant face and with white robes, bent in rapturous adoration. I no longer think of her as the human being, the gentle, tender wife; she is more lovely, more attractive to me, as the sweet guardian spirit, the beauteous angel. Oh, I thought her exquisite in her pure human loveliness, when I watched her beautiful face in prayer, but I had not then seen her graceful, glowing, rapturous, angelic look, when her presence filled my heart with unspeakable emotions of blissful tenderness and she taught me the burning seraphic happiness of loving God."

Herbert Vaughan's stay at home was very short, for April finds him back in Rome. The loss of his mother continued to prey upon his mind, and the entries in his diary for many months afterwards are tinged with melancholy. Under date April 23rd we find: "I went into retreat last night preparatory to receiving subdeacon's orders to-morrow week. It seems to me to be impossible that I am so near the goal, that in a few days I shall belong body and soul to God's Church—no longer my own property, but the property of that body which the Holy Ghost inhabits, and with which Christ has promised to dwell for all ages. May that day arrive; I doubt whether it ever will." And again and again he accuses himself of absorption in self and want of interest and sympathy with the troubles of others. "Unless a priest's heart overflow how can he attend to any other's heart? Unless he be all on fire, how can he inflame the hearts of men? I fear that I am too much wrapped up in myself—

I am not sufficiently 'all to all.' I cannot in sincerity exclaim, 'Who is weak and I am not weak? Who is scandalised and I am not on fire?' '*Quis infirmatur et ego non infirmor? Quis scandalizatur et ego non uror?*' I do indeed feel these words—they go through me, they set me on fire. But when the moment, the cold, unsought-for moment, comes for throwing myself into the weaknesses of others, for sympathising with them, for going with them—in a word, for assimilating myself to them—I do not, I cannot, do it. I am closed up in myself—I am simply Herbert Vaughan. O my sweetest Jesus, I have lost all patience with myself. When shall I put off the old man and clothe myself in the new? when shall I think and act with St. Paul?"

His special examination of conscience before going to bed, to consider the faults of the day or to see how far a good resolution had been kept, was a practice in which he found perseverance difficult. He writes: "For the last six months, since the beginning of November, I have had as the subject of my special examen the presence of God; first, when I was ill in the beginning of February, I neglected it; secondly, when I travelled to England I neglected it; and thirdly, during the last three weeks I have given it up. It seems that I have made no advance in the practice of realising the presence of God since I began in November, unless I except the time till when I first left it off, and then the regularity of the Accademia favoured very much my little recollection of the Presence of God at the appointed times. In the Accademia it was about eight times a day that I had to offer myself to God to fulfil my practice—now, since I have been here, I have limited the number to five, and I am most shamefully wanting in recollecting these five times during the day. This practice, I am persuaded, is of the utmost importance to a man who wishes to cut off his faults and to lead an interior life: it is of still greater importance to me who, as far as I can see, am destined to the care of souls: therefore I will not give up this practice, however irksome or disagreeable."

In June he was back again at Courtfield, but still restless, dissatisfied, and ill. "Here, then, I am and have been for the three weeks past, almost entirely neglecting the troublesome particular examen. I will begin again this night, and I will once more—and as often as necessary—recommence this tremendous duty! 'Tis so great because it is so small. Surely I shall some time or other be able to put it regularly into practice. God help me and I shall. I have been much troubled of late with weariness. I have not been well enough to busy my mind with books and so take off my attention from what is around me, which does not fill my mind, nor charm me, or re-create me. I do not mean in regard to my father, or brothers, or sisters—how much I love them!—but I mean that they are not enough to occupy my mind. I feel that I am young and full of energy and I have nothing to do when I cannot study, and I begin to mope and almost get low and miserable. Something to stimulate, to occupy, to engross, to urge me on, is required; nothing of the sort have I here. I have no responsibility, no care, only bad health and inability to study. I feel irritable with others and with things, and I am vexed with myself because I am so, and know not well what to do with myself."

Then follows the expression of a mood much more characteristic of him as the world knew him during nearly half a century of strenuous life. "A person who wishes to succeed in anything, little matter what, must not mind or care for trouble. Trouble attends everything, and the man who is the slave of trouble is master of nothing. If a result is desirable, do not calculate the trouble, unless it be to consider how to overcome it, but press strongly on, aim, work at the result, look to the end. If it is worth having, it is worth the trouble. How few things too are worth having ! The glory of God is all that we have to care for in this world ; and that which does not lead to the glory of God we need not care a straw for. I wish I could persuade myself practically that there is nothing in this world worth thinking of besides the greatness and goodness of God and the humiliation of ourselves. And I wish I only aimed at the glory of God, and really and practically cared for nothing else. But I sometimes, as I have done now for three weeks, feel so tired of everything, so dry and wanting in devotion, so wanting in the energy of virtue, that I become nearly dispirited. Yet I know full well that I must push on, because we are nearing eternity and God, and it is most important that I should go with my hands as full as they can be into the presence of my God. There is nothing else to work for but God and His glory ; so let me work on, and begin, and begin again. Perfection is a lifelong struggle—there is no resting on one's oars—the stream we pull against is as rapid as Time itself, for it is Time."

Again he fears that he may never live to be a priest, but the old hope that God will use him for great things is never far off. "My God is very good to me and very merciful ; for I so often during the week receive Him, and so often so coldly. It often appears that I should do better not to communicate so often, for I am sure that of all here present I am the least worthy to hold in my cold, uncultivated heart the God of Paradise. I wish that my God and Our Lady and my own dear mother would make me more worthy. It often seems that my dear mother is looking on me when I am holding forth my wretched tongue to receive my Jesus upon—and that she prays for me ; but I can hardly say whether she is pleased that I go so often to Communion with so little fruit. I very often fear that I shall not live to be a priest—and I pray that I may live for so happy an hour—not so *happy* an hour but so divine, so heavenly an hour—for that it be attended with sweet comforts and joys I do not so much care. And yet I think that as my health seems to fail it is only God's holy will to sanctify me now, and that He would have me die without so great a privilege. I cannot know whether He wishes me to have two, or three, or five talents, but surely I may pray fervently to have five talents. Must I say God's will herein be done, or may I say without reserve, 'My God, give me five talents ; I pray Thee to give them to me and the grace to double them'? I hope indeed that I may live to be a priest, yet God's will be done—and if He will it otherwise so also do I will it."

A thought always with him in these years and a subject of sore perplexity was why the Almighty should seem to set obstacles in the way of His own work. Here is a man, young, ardent, enthusiastic, ready and anxious to consecrate himself body and soul to the cause of the Catholic Church, asking nothing better than to be allowed to give his nights and days to fitting himself for the highest service, and yet his best efforts are continually thwarted by things that are surely under the control of God—by miserable and crippling ill-health. Then he seems to find the secret of the riddle, and half acquiesces in the thought that the fault is all his own, that his own bodily weakness is a blessing in disguise, and the sickness which so taxes his strength and tries his trust in the goodness of God is after all a necessity for him, and needed to help out the salvation of his soul. He notes his own impetuosities of character, his natural arrogance, his inclination to force his way to the goal, his dreadful tendency to impose his own will and thrust aside the wishes of others. What might not all this lead to if it were not sometimes mercifully chastened and checked by sheer bodily lassitude? The following passages from his diary may illustrate his train of thought: "I think I begin to see why it is that Our Lord has sent me sickness and several other trials of late, and why He seems to sport with me by, as it were, throwing me into different and opposite positions at the same time. For some months I was in England and I saw much among clergy and people to give me a tolerably clear notion of the difficulty of the position of a priest on the mission, and I have come to think that ill-health was perhaps the best possible means for taming my disposition. Were my constitution stronger and equal to the energy of my character, I should be going very wrong in very many ways. And now even as things are, what a host of bad habits have I not to rout out! How hasty I am in speaking—how sweeping in condemnations, how positive in assertion, how persevering in my own opinion, how little yielding to others, how wayward and obstinate! And again, does not the development of the body all conduce to this state of mind? My line is to arrive. I cannot walk but I must run—seldom do I walk slowly, seldom do I look where I put my feet, or pause to see what may be the obstacle in the way. How many times a day am I within an inch of being driven over? How often in the streets do I put my hand up to a horse's head to let myself pass by before him? Everything savours of impatience, of hurry, of love of the object to be attained, and of recklessness as to the means. I am imprudent because I have not time and patience to consult people's feelings and ways of thought. I am hasty and rash because I do not care for my own comfort."

Again a few weeks later: "I observe still in myself a great want of at least outward composure. My transition from quiet to motion is a jerk, and my movement is an impetuous rush. As I have said before, I walk along the streets as fast—I am so unpriestly in my gait—as distracted in my eyes as ever. It is no use talking any more about it; all this impetuosity must be stopped somehow or other. How I am to begin this training and breaking-in I am at a loss to decide; the Holy Ghost must strengthen me if I am to succeed at all—*I* haven't the strength within me. What with two passions to conquer, my tendency to uncharitable criticism and impetuosity—under which comes unpunctuality (as very naturally it should when a man wants to do two or three things in the time which would be allotted by another to do one thing)—want of success—*i.e.*, leaving one's work incompleted, which is natural if one does not give time for it—giving offence, and fifty other faults and sins may march under the same commander, impetuosity. I am disgusted more than ever with myself; I have done so little to overcome myself, and the result of what I have done has not told apparently upon what I have been attacking. There must be somewhere a great hiatus—I could not have remained what I am so long if I had not made a mistake somewhere. I must have been blundering to work with wrong tools. But enough of all this. I must begin again, and begin every morning, and so I will. If I live for over fifty years, and by that time have learnt never to criticise, to become quieter and gentler in manner, I shall have done something. If I don't succeed even then, I shall have had a good battle with myself, I shall be able to confirm the prophet's words, 'the life of man upon earth is a perpetual warfare.' And, after all, there is some virtue in confirming by one's life a prophecy relating to the servants of God. At all events, fight I will (by God's grace and goodwill), and never cease till I have completely gained a triumph. The very impetuosity I would suppress shall supply its own steam for its direction into a more useful channel. I must remember, as my dear Father used to tell me last summer, that I am to be careful not to break the various powers of nature, but to master them, and use them for what is good. Great energy is too valuable a quality to be killed."

It has been finely said that "Renouncement is not joy, but only the sorrow that is willingly borne," and, however whole-heartedly Herbert Vaughan might school himself in the lesson of perfect submission to the Divine Will, he was far from happy in the months which immediately preceded his Ordination. He sought for visible milestones to mark his advance along the road of spiritual progress and failed to find them. Even the Ordination he had so longed for came to him at last under a shadow. At the beginning of 1854 his health had taken such a turn for the worse, that his friends despaired of his life and thought he could not live until the appointed time. With his own eager acquiescence it was decided to try to cheat the King of Terrors, and to steal a march upon Death by anticipating the proper date. This required a special dispensation from the Holy See, which was in due course obtained through Mgr. Talbot on the ground that it was a case of necessity, and that in no other way could Herbert Vaughan get his heart's desire, and be enabled to die a priest.

He notes the favour in his diary: "The Holy Father has given me a rescript for Ordination to Priest's Orders eighteen months earlier than the time at which I shall be canonically entitled to receive them. And the time is still two and a half months off—and it seems to me as though it were two and a half years. I have been told that before I receive the Priesthood I shall be proved with trials and temptations. 'Because thou wert pleasing to God, it was necessary that temptation should prove thee.' And the hour of my trials has come, or rather it is perhaps the eve only that has arrived and has brought me only a foretaste of what is coming. But, O Lord, do not chasten me too severely, and look on my wretchedness before You turn Your eyes from me and allow me to sit in troubles, among the terrors of devils. I am weakness and poverty. There is no spirit of virtue in me but what You infuse—there is no love of You and of Your House but what comes from Yourself. My health is failing, and, now that I am nearer the goal of my long and fervent aspirations, I seem to be retiring unwillingly from it. I had thought to have been ordained in August; it will not now be until October. I have prayed for health, and Our Lord has not heard me ; I have sought learning, and I cannot find it. All hope is dried up in me ; it may exist but it is dry and unkindly. I feel useless and a burden to myself. I fear I shall never be of any avail to work for Our Lord. I am too truly an unprofitable servant, and if it has ever passed my mind that I might some day be of use to the Church, now surely that vain hope no longer remains, and I am become as a man without the joy of life, without its glorious beacon in advance. And now I am almost without any spark of devotion. My mind is heavy and clogged, and I cannot raise it as I would to Heaven. Prayer is hard and difficult—I want to love God and to serve Him, but He seems to leave me and to give me up. I am useless to Him. I have offered my services and they have been declined."

Then he was tried with a temptation that was new to him, and he cries out: " In vain I call on Jesus and Mary, and sign my forehead with the Cross and my eyes and my mouth. The thoughts obtrude themselves in clouds. They are like flies that swarm again as soon as they are beaten off. I cry out, ' How long, O Lord, how long ? ' "

About this time he was persuaded to live at the house of his uncle, Mr. Weld-Blundell, near Florence. He was greatly attached to all the members of this family, and it was hoped that their constant care might nurse him back to health, or, at any rate, prolong his life to the date of his Ordination. He notes in the diary : " I am not to fast and I am not to abstain, this Lent ; what, then, am I to do ? Fasting is of no use unless some good come of it. Mortification is not delightful to God if it be not practised for some higher end than itself—and so with fasting. It is not acceptable if done merely for itself. If, however, it be entered upon because Holy Church commands us to do penance for our offences, or to subdue the flesh, or to commemorate and practise in ourselves Our Lord's sufferings, the case stands differently. But the great end of fasting and mortification is to assist us towards perfection. It must be my business, then, this Lent to give myself more to God than I have hitherto done, and to be able to say, on Easter Sunday, that I am better than when I began. I must first keep before my eyes that I am preparing for Ordination to the Priesthood and that this Lent precedes the Ordination. The practices that I shall do well to acquire will be the following: First, to leave the drawing-room at the latest at a quarter past ten in the evening; second, to rise in the morning at the signal—and seven hours' sleep will be ample; third, every night, besides the particular examen, to read over the meditation of the day following, and in order not to do it carelessly and neglectfully I will sit down at my table to do it; fourth, meditation shall be made in the morning before Office is said, and by this means I bind myself to the meditation by the tie of the Office."

It may be noted here that, even in his worst moods of despondency, he never seems to have been troubled by any morbid fears about his own salvation. He bitterly upbraids himself for his faults, and laments his slow progress towards spiritual perfection; he is frequently discouraged and disappointed because his repeated good resolutions so often end in nothing; but he is content to trust to God, as the reader of hearts, to know that however inefficient in practice his constant wish is to serve Him. A few weeks before he was made a priest he writes: "I have no fear whatever that God will ever abandon me or suffer me to see eternal death. For though I do not feel the least drop of unction, nor any devotion, nor any of that enthusiastic love of God which I long to possess, I am determined (without grace I am nothing), I am determined to devote all my energies to God. I long to be able to do some heroic work. I have longed for this these last two years, and nothing has presented itself wherein I could sacrifice myself for God. I wish I could devote myself in some way to God. I belong to Him. I daily tell Him at the altar that I am devoted to Him, that I am His servant, that He must employ me. But I am dull and an ass, and I do nothing but support badly and impatiently ill-health, irritable feelings, weariness and disgust, and the ordinary trials of a student's life."

Surrounded by everything that thoughtful kindness could procure, Herbert Vaughan began steadily to improve in health during his stay with the Weld-Blundells. He was not sure, however, that family life was good as a preparation for the Priesthood. At times he thought it was not, and yet was quick to recognise the compensations. "My life here is, I must own, unsatisfactory. Living with a family and having the members of the family as my constant companions is not a good means to raise one high in the ecclesiastical spirit; the many creature comforts around me and the influence of the society of ladies and children are not as beneficial as the companionship of priests and students. Still here I have much to learn and many a lesson to read in the kind and pious conduct of the father to his children, in the affection and piety which always breathes in all my dear aunt's actions. She is full of kindness and simplicity; full of earnestness and the love of God, and she loves Our

Lady and St. Joseph with affection. She is the most feelingly affectionate mother I know—it is affection to a fault; impetuosity and earnestness which speaks out everything with such simple-mindedness. Anxiety for her children—she would spare herself any pleasure for them—and her care for them is incessant. And Uncle Tom is a continual lesson of patient love. No scolding, or, if he must rebuke, it is done with so much gentleness and so conscientiously that it is the mildest correction. I have never seen him angry with his children."

In September he went into retreat at the Passionist Monastery, "Il ritiro dell Angelo," near Lucca, as a preparation for receiving the diaconate. That was a time of great spiritual peace. He writes: "I have to thank Almighty God for having given me greater light than I can remember to have received in any other retreat, or during so short a time in any other part of my life." Just a month later he made another retreat with the Franciscans at the Bargo, near Lucca—this time in preparation for his Ordination. He was much pleased with the rough, austere life of his hosts, and wondered whether such a community might not do great good if settled in the city of London. Franciscans would require a dispensation to live in a town, but that might be obtained. He would have the monastery open to the inspection of all, and "free from that mysterious privacy which is wont to exist in such houses in England." And the church should not only be open at all times, with priests to hear confessions whenever the people are ready, but also "free from bench rents and such-like abominations."

On the 28th of October, 1854, when he was still only twenty-two, Herbert Vaughan was ordained priest. The intimate diary from which I have so often quoted fails us at this supreme hour of the realisation of his highest hopes, and instead there are a few bare entries in a commonplace book he sometimes used for notes on lectures or books or for random impressions of travel. He had longed for the day with such a despairing longing, and so often feared that he would never live to see it, and this is all he says of the great change and the privilege of his first Mass: "Ordained Priest at Lucca; in the evening went to Pistoja, where I slept, and on the Sunday morning arrived at Florence. Put up at the Arno, a clean and comfortable hotel, with prices moderate. On the Monday morning at 7.30, though I really did not begin until 8.30, said my first Mass at the altar of the Blessed Virgin Mary of the Annunziata. A good deal of difficulty with the Sacristan, who was not satisfied with my papers. Charles Plowden served; Lady Lothian and the Ladies Kerr, the Scott Murrays, Mrs. Davison, Mrs. Anstice and daughter, and Miss Buckle, besides other English, were kind enough to come and hear my first Mass. At 12 a.m. I started by myself in a fly for Vallombrosa." Reticence could hardly go further than in this bald juxtaposition of his consecration to the priesthood with remarks about the tariff of an inn. But, in fact, the time of the intimate diary with all its abandonment of self-revelation was nearly over. It was continued at intervals for a few more weeks, and then ceases abruptly. A few scattered memoranda made at later periods remain to remind us of it, but it was never really resumed until forty years later, when he was already within sight of the end.

Of the Monastery at Vallombrosa, where he stayed the night, he says: "There is an air of aristocracy about the whole Convent and building which proves that the rule is not of the severest, and that the inmates are comfortable and respectable *possidenti*." The next morning he was up betimes, and said his second Mass in the Chapel of the Blessed Sacrament at a quarter past six. He says in his diary: " I could not say it earlier, as the Community do not open their church until that hour." By eight o'clock he had left the Monastery on foot for a journey among the hills to La Verna. But however congenial these solitary wanderings may have been to the mood of the young priest, alone with nature and nature's God, he was quickly called back to Rome, and was present in St. Peter's when Pius IX proclaimed the Dogma of the Immaculate Conception.

CHAPTER IV

VICE-PRESIDENT OF ST. EDMUND'S

IT must have been almost immediately after his Ordination that Herbert Vaughan made up his mind to accept the position of Vice-President of St. Edmund's College, which Cardinal Wiseman, probably at the suggestion of Manning, had offered him. He was still only twenty-two, but he had formed strong views about the ecclesiastical spirit, about the training of the clergy, and the management of Seminaries. He devoted the months which still remained at his own disposal to perfecting his knowledge of the subject by visiting some of the principal Colleges in Italy and France and Germany, and to correcting and adjusting his views in the light of what he learned there. During all the first half of the year 1855 his commonplace books are filled with extracts from the rules and constitutions of the Seminaries he had visited and with conversations he had had with the professors. In all his inquiries he seems to have kept well in mind the characteristics of his countrymen, and in foreign Seminaries he used to ask what steps were taken to fit the young men to use their liberty when they left College. He very seldom got answers which he thought satisfactory.

Contrasting in his diary the respective advantages of a strict and an easy system of College discipline, he writes: "Internal discipline is a relative virtue—it must have the interior as its object. It must be a question, therefore, of experience whether severe or easy discipline is advisable towards the end of the student's education. The internal or interior discipline must be ever kept in good order and tend to perfection. The Minister, Dom Biscotti, remarked that at the dispersion of many of the convents during the Revolution the Friars fell into greater excesses than the Secular priests, and he gave as a reason that the Friar, once released from the strict Convent rule, plunged into evil more easily than those who had been more dependent each one upon himself for his conduct and rule." In another place he says: "Regarding the severe system of discipline, such as that used at the German College and at St. Sulpice, I much doubt whether it would answer with Englishmen. We are naturally free; we care for our freedom more than any other nation. We are willing to do good work, but we must not be forced to do it; let it come spontaneously as far as possible. It is, then, a great matter that the rule should not be too minute or too severe, so that much may be left to individual exertion and goodwill, and encouragement should be given to all. English students should be guided without their knowing that they are guided. Let us transplant the Sulpician or German plant to England with enough earth to keep it alive, but then let it be planted in English soil and develop according to the genius of the country. Such was Newman's work in bringing the Roman Oratory to England."

All his life he had a high opinion of the great French Seminary, St. Sulpice, and at this time he notes as a feature incidental to the whole of French training from the lowest stages to the highest: "Students should be taught to love their College. It is thoroughly the French system and works well. On entering the *Petit Séminaire* the day of the opening of school they all meet in the Church and sing to a joyous air of their reunion and their happy College—thus the child whose eyes are yet wet with tears sees he is welcomed, and that all is joy. So also at parting, they sing appropriate *chansons*. The *Petit Séminaire* is loved by the students, and in those years are stored up for the future happy, very happy souvenirs of youth."

As an indication of the spirit in which he sought to approach his work at St. Edmund's College the following passage is of interest: "Of the three great duties and inclinations to be acquired by those who are devoting their lives to serve God in the Sanctuary, love of retirement is the most difficult to teach, the most necessary to acquire, and perhaps the least attended to. We may easily preach it—but without avail unless we practise it also. It is not difficult to talk much about retirement, quiet thought and meditation, love of getting away from the distractions of outward things to pray and study in one's own room alone, but this is not establishing it in the hearts of others, unless we show them *how* it is to be done, how it works, and what it makes us look like before men. Love of study and of prayer is easier to teach, just because it is easier to exemplify in our own lives, and it is more quickly acquired because of the constant exemplification which is seen in the Superiors. If we just tried to retire from the fidgets, bustle, and solicitudes of the world as much as our work would allow, and preferred our rooms to the parlour, or the common room, to be in the calm company of one another, or alone, employed in thought and study, I am sure we should soon find a blessed epidemic breaking out amongst us, and we should each of us breathe a calmer air, and Saintliness would become more familiar to us; we should see her walking our corridors and galleries; she would visit us by turn and would live with us in each of us. Every one would live with every one in greater harmony, we should be less easily put out, and feelings of self-love in our breast would become less and less assertive, till by degrees we should have learnt to bear, and bear perfectly, one another's burdens, and we should cease to have the difficulty we now experience in being patient with one another; and yet the same glorious merit and reward would be given us each time we resisted, though the resistance cost us positively nothing. We should find out at last that our lives had really been lives worthy of Our Lord's love and acceptance."

After leaving Italy Herbert Vaughan continued his journey into Germany and the Tyrol. When leaving Trent he found himself in the same carriage with two shopkeepers and their wives. Naturally the subject of religion was soon introduced. "I spoke to them about frequenting the Sacraments. The women, it seems, go about every fortnight or three weeks, the men two or three times a year. They said that everything depended upon it. 'Communion,' said one, 'is a comfort in affliction—joy in prosperity—strength and help at all times.' I exhorted them to frequent the Sacraments often, and spoke of the shortness of life, and of our all being brothers in Christ, though separated by land and sea and customs—life ends quickly. They promised all with one voice, '*Dio benedica il Signor Abbate.* We will pray for you and England.' And the cloth-seller and his wife shed tears as I spoke to them, and turned their heads away to wipe their eyes. They all were very serious and spoke very kindly, recommending themselves in turn to my prayers. When I shut my eyes and they thought that I was asleep, they began to talk about me, about my having been in Rome and spoken to the Pope, about going to England, and how I should some day be a Bishop, &c., and when I stopped them by opening my eyes they innocently begged my pardon for speaking about me."

During his stay in Munich Herbert Vaughan had several long interviews with Döllinger, who seems to have spoken to him with great freedom, especially with regard to the condition of religion in Austria and the influence of the Jesuits on education. For instance, "he affirmed that history could show no parallel case of a nation keeping up the externals of religion while paralysing its spirit as Austria had done. Her influence was very prejudicial to religion in Northern Italy, where she still ruled. 'The Bishops,' said Döllinger, 'had recently met in Synod, and the only decree they published was one ordering the clergy to wear three-cornered hats.' The Jesuits had the education of all Germany, and this proceeded on a principle which did great mischief—viz., making everything of Latin and almost neglecting German; also in considering that all their men were fit to teach, and again in constantly removing and changing them. They also educated the clergy—the Bishops had no Episcopal Seminary but left all to the care of the Jesuits, and these excelled often in theology but seldom in science or literature."

Döllinger's opinion of Catholics in England is recorded: "Döllinger has been much pained by the unpolished manner in writing and general ignorance of our old English Catholic clergy as to their own language. He says he can always tell a convert from an old Catholic by his style and manner of writing. Urges me, if ever I am in a position of authority, to enforce, as much as possible, a study of the vernacular. Latin and Greek are good, but never as important as a thorough knowledge of the mother tongue. It has been the system of the Jesuits to neglect the vernacular—hence the consequences in Germany." The care with which Döllinger's opinions are recorded as those of a Master in Israel shows the reverence in which he was held by the young priest, who was, however, a little chilled to find that it was not Döllinger's practice to say Mass every day.

When he reached England in the summer of 1855 Herbert Vaughan had definitely decided to forgo his old wish to work as a missioner in Wales, and instead to be guided by Cardinal Wiseman's advice, and to go to St. Edmund's College, there to devote his young strength to the supremely important work of training students in the Ecclesiastical Seminary of the Archdiocese of Westminster. It must have cost his adventurous spirit something of a pang to take up the routine work there offered him. That he still had large hopes, that his heart's desire was still to serve God in some great and intense way, appears from the following extract from the journal of the period:

"The days pass quickly, and yet I am not in everything satisfied. I feel a longing for more work. My existence is dedicated to God, and yet I cannot employ it in His service. He has given me the most impatient desires, and yet He checks them. He starts me, then holds me back; He bids me labour and restrains my hands. I am pining all the day for strength and to be slaving for Him. What do I want but to die in His service who died in my service? What on earth remains for me but the glory of my God? I have vowed myself to Him. I have had my hands consecrated to labour, and my heart has sworn to love Him. What remains then but the execution? And why, O most sweet Lord, do You Yourself hinder it? I care nothing for honour and this world's reputation—only let me really spend myself for Thee. I only care to love You, and to do Your holy Will. It is my most earnest prayer. I know that I could and should, if left to myself, be dazzled with the applause of men, and that I could labour for an earthly reputation, but You know, O my Maker, that these are not now my thoughts. I have You, O incomparably a consolation and an honour above all consolations and all honours. Every morning I hold You and I treat with You. You obey me in coming before me from Your throne of grace—obey me too in giving me Thy love and holy Will. If it be Thy Will, too, I most earnestly implore that I may do much to advance Thy name in England. There is no greater glory for a man than to serve his king and to advance his interests, according to politicians. I am a politician also, as I look upon nothing which cannot turn to His honour. My life is to advance the interests of the King of Ages—my business is to suffer, and willingly will I support all the opprobrium, all the hate and opposition which His enemies can vent upon me—and these shall be my badges of distinction. O sweet Lord, let it be so. I ask not for great ecclesiastical distinctions and those honours which are esteemed: all I ask is to do great and good things for Your honour in England. All things else seem to me beside the mark. Some are born for the army, some to marry, some to be workmen, some to serve, some to govern, some to be priests and to fill the common parts, and some to serve in exalted chairs, many are made to be Bishops and to live in great renown and esteem. O Lord, I love it and respect it all, because Thou so wishest it; but let my career be where Thou pleasest, only let it be *intense.* I cannot well live without Thee and without working for Thee, and I must work *intensely.* Intensity Thou hast put into my nature, and hitherto Thou hast laid Thy weights upon it and stayed it within very narrow limits. But I still am young and unfit for the fulfilment of my aspirations. Thou alone canst fill my insufficiency; Thou canst make Thy servant good for anything. I am poor and needy—'*Ego pauper et egenus sum, Deus adjuva me.*'"

Nor, when now going to teach others, was he in the least likely to indulge in anything like spiritual self-complacency. Reproaching himself with some rudeness of speech and behaviour towards a relative who had been very kind to him, he writes: "It's all of a piece with my conduct towards God. How Our Blessed Lady must sorrow, if it were possible; how mortified, if she could experience any unpleasant feeling, would be my own sweet mother, who was always so mild and so little irritable and impatient. And I am a priest, too. Poor Jesus Christ, poor Jesus Christ indeed, to have such a minister to rough-handle Him every day! But to-day He has spoken to me. After Mass He told me as by an inspiration that I must correct these faults, and it has come forcibly to me that the reason of them is that my meditation at night has been neglected very sadly."

Before considering the conditions under which Herbert Vaughan began his work at St. Edmund's it is necessary to glance back at the circumstances which led the Oblates of St. Charles to England. It was a time not only of transition, but of acute crisis for the Church in England, and of stress and strain for Cardinal Wiseman. His great work, the restoration of the Hierarchy, had been done years before, and the so-called "aggression" had been amply vindicated in the face of the English people. His foes were now those of his own household, and his difficulties came from within. It was one thing to bring back the Hierarchy, and quite another to restore the normal life of the Church in all its thousand details. The right relations between the Bishops and their Chapters, between the Bishops and the Religious Orders, and between the Regular and the Secular clergy were ill-defined and imperfectly understood, and needed explanation and adjustment. That was a work of time, and the process begat friction and trouble. The incoming of the Converts, consequent upon the Oxford Movement, brought other occasions of difference.

The hereditary Catholics, with their traditional belief that in all matters relating to religion secrecy spelt safety, were at once bewildered and alarmed by the flamboyant enthusiasm of the Oxford Converts. Then, too, the Converts in their zeal held in special detestation anything like nationalism in religion. To them Rome was not only the centre of Catholic Christendom, but the home of all their religious ideals. Roman practices and Roman devotions appealed to them just because they were Roman. For their part the old Catholics viewed with profound disfavour, which sometimes deepened into disgust, the introduction into this country of what they regarded as devotional extravagances, which might indeed be tolerated abroad, as probably suitable to the excitable temperaments of Southern peoples, but were quite out of place in London. The Converts sometimes seemed to prize a phrase or a devotional exercise in precise proportion to the extent to which it was calculated to shock the insular susceptibilities of the old Catholics. The newcomers sometimes spoke and acted as if the Catholic remnant, which had held the faith through all the time of the persecutions, had emerged from the ordeal, triumphantly indeed, but not altogether unscathed. They had kept the faith, but their long isolation from the rest of the Catholic world had resulted in a sort of stunted and sunless religious life. It was not obscurely hinted that an exaggerated deference to the Protestantism around them had betrayed them into anti-papal tendencies, and that the religion they cherished was in danger of developing into a sort of national variety of Catholicism. It was suggested that the English Catholics had lived so long the life of the Catacombs, that they were still like men standing blinking in the twilight, incapable of gazing at the full glories of the Catholic revival. "Gallican" was an epithet often heard at that time from Oxford lips, and it was sometimes used to signify that, as the outcome of their long loneliness, the hereditary Catholics of this country had lost touch and were out of sympathy with the broad current of Catholic life around them.

And when these differences of view led to controversy and sharp conflict of tongues, it was perhaps inevitable that the Converts should let it be known that they thought poorly of the intellectual equipment of their opponents, and that they sometimes found it difficult to argue with people on whom the refinements of polite controversy were so obviously wasted. To the old Catholics this seemed the most unkindest cut of all. It was as though the very wounds they had received in the battle which had kept the faith alive in England were being turned into a reproach to them. Certainly they had been intellectually starved, just as so many of them had been crippled and impoverished in their estates, but that was only one small part of the great sum of suffering which they and their fathers before them had endured for the sake of their religion. Their intellectual deficiencies were admitted, but these were thought of as part of the price they had willingly paid for their loyalty to Catholicism, and for the enfranchisement of their souls. And who were their accusers? Who were these who now smiled condescendingly at their imperfect education and lack of polish, or their want of familiarity with the ways of the world? Their accusers were the children of the deserters; the descendants of those who had betrayed the cause in the hour of trial; men who were now creeping back into the camp when all the danger was over. Was it for such men to want to instruct those who had borne all the burden and the heat of the day, and held the fort so well?

Between the forward school, represented by the Converts eager to insist upon their own ideals as those of the Church, and the Catholic families, conscious of all they had suffered, and resentful of the imputation that they were the victims of "a low form of National Catholicism," there were all the elements for a little ecclesiastical conflagration. It is not, of course, suggested that the feelings here described were always, or even usually, present in an acute form. Still it would be true to say that the newcomers, as a body, regarded the old Catholics as a set of good but very narrow-minded people, afraid of their own shadows and, owing to their long isolation, very anti-Roman in their ideas. It was fully recognised that much kindly allowance must be made for these defects, and that the process of widening the minds of the recluses must necessarily be a slow one. On the other hand, the zeal and the intellectual distinction of many of the Converts were ungrudgingly admitted—an admission which was not incompatible with a feeling that humility was a virtue which would well become those who had only yesterday recanted their errors—especially when they found themselves in the presence of those with whom the traditions of Catholicism were as a sweet habit of the blood.

It was fortunate for the Church in England that the man at the helm at that time was peculiarly well fitted to deal with this condition of parties. Wiseman's long training abroad, his cosmopolitan culture, his wide sympathies, and his generous temper enabled him to understand and to sympathise with what was best in every one; while the supreme position he held in the Hierarchy, which he owed as much to his character as to his attainments or official rank, caused his advice to be readily listened to. From first to last he showed himself a warm friend and, where necessary, a champion of the Converts. And as the hereditary Catholics knew him for one of themselves, he was able to do much to reconcile the contending parties, and to straighten out difficulties and misunderstandings. He could do much while his health lasted, but at the time when Herbert Vaughan was returning to England as a priest Wiseman had taken the step which was to be the undoing of his peace. In 1855 his growing work and his failing strength led the Cardinal

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to select as his coadjutor Dr. Errington, then Bishop of Plymouth. Almost at the same time he completed his arrangements for the introduction of the Oblates to the diocese under Dr. Manning. He had brought together not only incompatible ideals, but also incompatible temperaments.

When, in the autumn of 1855, Herbert Vaughan went as Vice-President to St. Edmund's, he went as an avowed disciple of Manning and had already offered to join the Oblates. The introduction of the Oblates into England had long been a pet scheme with Cardinal Wiseman. It was his settled conviction "that steady, continuous, and persevering work among the dense sinful masses could be carried on only by religious communities." He was satisfied that there was work to be done among the poor of London which could never be done properly by the parochial clergy. He wanted a missionary community, a band of men ready to his hand, willing to devote themselves to whatever enterprise he should point out to them. He had tried the existing Orders, and one after another they had failed him. Their members were subject to their own superiors, and those superiors did not always see eye to eye with the Cardinal. The men he wanted could not be spared. The Religious Orders complained that they were short-handed themselves, and that they had not enough men for their own special tasks, and so could not undertake to tell off men for the Cardinal's schemes. The difficulty was incidental to the times, and to the stage of development reached by the Church in England in the years immediately succeeding the restoration of the Hierarchy. Thus the Jesuits, who have since done their full share of labour among the poor of Westminster, in the 'fifties found themselves obliged to plead that they could not spare men for the work to which Wiseman invited them. He wrote: "The Jesuits have a splendid church, a large house, several priests, besides Westminster. Scarcely was I settled in London when I applied to their Superior to establish here a *Community* in due form of some ten or twelve Fathers. I also asked for missioners to give retreats to congregations, &c. I was answered on both heads that dearth of subjects made it impossible. Hence we have under them only a church which by its splendour attracts and absorbs the wealth of two parishes, but maintains no schools and contributes nothing towards the education of the poor at its very door."

There was another kind of difficulty with which Wiseman had less patience. Some of the Religious pleaded, as an excuse for not doing what was asked of them, that it would be contrary to the spirit or the letter of their Rule. This Rule, given them by their Founders, was considered to preclude them from making themselves useful in any but their own prescribed part of the vineyard. As most of the Religious Orders were founded long ago, and abroad, it is not surprising that their Founders had not foreseen all the conditions of such a diocese as that over which the harassed English Cardinal was called to preside. In a letter to Propaganda in 1860 he says: "Within a few years I introduced four Religious Orders, and recommended myself to their zeal, asking them to aid me with Missions, Retreats, the direction of nuns, &c. Some replied that they had not yet subjects ready for the work; some that their Rule either did not enjoin or did not permit these exterior works; some that their institute was for the inhabitants of the mountains (which do not exist in England), and not for cities."

Again, in a famous letter to Faber, the Cardinal says: "The Redemptorists tell me these missions among the poor are not 'according to our Rule'—that is, probably have not been foreseen or ordered by it. Certainly not. St. Alphonsus was a country Bishop and therefore, '*pauperum praesertim et ruricolarum misertus*,' he instituted his Congregation. Suppose he had been placed where there were cities filled with dens of infamy as deep as any robber's cave in the Abruzzian fastnesses, and vice as inaccessible to common means of grace as a Castello on a peak of the Apennines is to human foot, would he have said, 'These are not *ruricolae*, my disciples must not try to save them'?"

Even with the Oratorians, with whom he usually worked so well, he was dissatisfied. Here again time has brought a remedy, and the London Oratorians now do parochial work in many directions which half a century ago they felt unable to undertake. But Wiseman had to deal with the difficulty there and then. What he hoped for from the introduction of the Oblates appears from his letter to Father Faber:—

> "I am driven to seek for a *quid medium* between the Secular and Regular state, or, as I described it to Mr. Manning, 'an Oratory with external action,' and I do not think that San Filippo will be angry with me for trying to get it. In fact, when I was last year in Normandy, I slept at the House of the *Missionnaires Diocésains* 'at La Délivrande,' and found them to be a body of priests in community ready to undertake any spiritual work which the Bishop cut out for them; they give the retreats, at home and in the colleges, for clergy; those for

ladies at the Convent; they will conduct a *petit séminaire*, they give missions, establish and govern industrial halls for women, and take charge, as at Norwood, of communities. On my recent visit to Cambrai I found every Bishop that I spoke to provided with such a body, under the same name or that of *Prêtres Auxiliaires*, &c. And they confirmed what the Bishop of Bayeux had told me of his, that they did not know what they should do without them. St. Charles had similarly his Oblates of St. Ambrose. It has appeared to me that Providence has now given me an opportunity of gathering together such a band. Mr. Manning, I think, understands my wishes and feelings and is ready to assist me; several will, I hope, join him, and, I hope, some old and good priests. We shall be able to work together, because there will be no exemptions from episcopal direction, and none of the jealousy on one side, and the delicacy on the other, of interference or suggestion. I do not see how the multifarious missionary work I have proposed can be carried on without frequent communication with the Bishop."

In 1853 Manning was formally asked to undertake the task. He was not eager for it, and he has left it on record that he distrusted his own fitness. At any rate, it was not for another two years that the matter was taken seriously in hand. In the interval Herbert Vaughan had learnt to know Manning well at the Accademia in Rome, and, as we have seen, the acquaintance soon ripened into a fast friendship. The younger man was specially attracted by Manning's high ideal of the priesthood and austere views as to the training of the clergy. Both thought the work of preparing men for the priesthood a matter of transcendent importance, and both believed that the good or ill condition of the Church must depend mainly on what goes on within the walls of her Seminaries. And an important part of the work which the Oblates offered themselves to undertake was the management of the Seminaries.

When, therefore, it was known that the new Vice-President of St. Edmund's, as well as two of the staff, were about to join Dr. Manning's new institution, it was widely assumed that the training of the southern clergy would soon be openly placed in the hands of the same masterful convert. And if his enemies had openly accused Manning of trying to capture the Seminary he would have objected to the phrase, but he would have admitted that nothing was nearer his heart than to try to do something to improve the training of the clergy, and so give the country a better class of priest.

Cardinal Wiseman some years afterwards denied that he had ever intended to place St. Edmund's under the exclusive direction of the Oblates. It is at least certain that at one time Manning hoped and expected he would do so, as the following letter shows. Writing to Wiseman on March 6th, 1858, he says:—

> "I have tried to think of the subject of last night, but I fear that I can do nothing but place myself in your Eminence's hands. The weighing of the two sides places me in a position from which I shrink; I am afraid of inclining to that which, if I know myself, I ought to avoid, and I am afraid also of crossing what may be the Will of God. There is only one element of the question on which I have little doubt—I mean that the work of the Congregation is brought to a point in its material and moral part, that it would go on if I were to die now. It would need a more direct interposition and care from you, but not more. The Father Superior ought to be at the College and the members formed there. This place [the house in Bayswater] ought to have a local Superior only, and be sustained from the College. This, I have always felt, puts

the whole into Father Vaughan's hands, who is fit in every way. This has long been our mutual judgment ; I say it now, because it touches the only point on which I feel to trust myself in speaking. For all the rest I wish to leave myself in your hands, that, whatever comes, I may have the clear Will of God through Superiors, untroubled by any mixture of my own will."

Herbert Vaughan went to St. Edmund's in the autumn of 1855, and in November of the following year a *Libellus Supplex* was presented to Cardinal Wiseman, praying his sanction for the formation of a Congregation of Oblates in the diocese of Westminster. Of the seven signatures appended to the petition the first is that of Henry Edward Manning and the second that of Herbert Vaughan. But the new Vice-President of the Seminary was known from the first to be a friend and follower of Manning, and so was received at St. Edmund's as one deeply committed to methods of reform which to many at the College were intensely distasteful. Quite apart from their association with the growing and dreaded influence of Manning, they were disliked for their own sake. The ideals of the Roman Seminaries were believed to be unsuited to a house intended for the training of young Englishmen, and the close supervision practised almost everywhere abroad was denounced as espionage.

The position in which Herbert Vaughan found himself was certainly not a bed of roses. Without experience of any sort, and not yet even of the canonical age for the priesthood, he suddenly found himself the Vice-President of the most important Seminary in the South of England. It was an open secret also that his appointment had not been asked for, or welcomed, by the President, Dr.

Weathers. Finally, he was received as the representative of an aggressive faction, and as the emissary of a man believed to be trying to get the whole training of the clergy into his own hands. It was an impossible position from the first. Herbert Vaughan accepted it with perfect simplicity, and set to work with the high courage that never failed him. At the outset he found a lion in his path. We have seen that he had carefully studied the systems he had found in the Seminaries he had visited abroad, but here, at St. Edmund's, was a phenomenon he had not yet met with. He found that the young candidates for the priesthood were being taught their dogmatic theology by one who was not only a recent convert, but a layman and a married man. To Herbert Vaughan this seemed a state of things which ought to be improved out of existence with as little delay as possible. The fact that the layman in question was the redoubtable W. G. Ward —"Ideal Ward" of the Oxford Movement—could make no difference where a principle seemed at stake.

The Vice-President, aged twenty-three, accordingly went straight to the point. The day after his arrival he knocked at Mr. Ward's room and was invited to take a walk with him in the shrubberies. Ward at once gave the desired opening. Probably knowing something of his companion's opinions, he at once began with "Well, what are your views about the College and my relations to it?" Cardinal Vaughan has himself described the sequel. "I answered with equal frankness. I explained that I thought his position an anomaly, and that I should like to see his services dispensed with as soon as a good Professor of Theology could be found. Instead of showing the slightest annoyance or resentment, he at once burst out with such exclamations as 'How very interesting!' 'Yes, I quite see your point.' 'Most interesting! Thank you, thank you. So very kind of you to be so frank.' We talked about many things connected with the College, and Ward had probably taken my measure very completely by the end of our short walk." And that conversation was the beginning of what was, perhaps, the most helpful of all the friendships which enriched the life of Herbert Vaughan. The two men had too much in common not to be instinctively drawn to one another. Here was Ward, the owner of a great estate in the Isle of Wight, content to play the part of schoolmaster in an obscure Seminary, and to take the daily drudgery of a class, because he believed that so he was doing infinitely the most important work that he or any man could be called upon to undertake. Herbert Vaughan quickly understood Ward; and then anything like rivalry, or opposition, or distrust became impossible, and instead of being an opponent of the lay professor, the young Vice-President found himself a disciple and a partisan.

Nearly forty years afterwards Cardinal Vaughan thus recorded his impressions of Dr. Ward: "To him no position in the world was equal to that of one chosen to form the minds and hearts of the teachers who were to be the salt of the earth and the light of the world. With this deep conviction Ward consecrated the whole of his powers to the study of theology. He tore the very heart out of Suarez, Vasquez, and de Lugo. All the time that he could give to study was given to theology. His position as a great landlord, his social influence and political power, were all simply contemptible to him as compared with the sphere and privilege of one who was thus closely associated with the interests of Christ in the formation of apostolic men. 'Good Lord!' he would sometimes say, 'what are all those miserable perishable baubles by the side of these splendid opportunities for promoting the real welfare of mankind and the interests of God?' I had little realised, when I blurted out to him during our first walk that I wished him far away, as an untrustworthy, because an untaught, teacher for such a post, how diligent he had been in educating himself upon the great theologians of the Church, how sensitive he was to the danger which I had apprehended. I began to understand that, and the great modesty of the man, when I learnt that he had made it a rule and a *sine qua non* for the delivery of his lectures, that some priest, occupying a responsible position, should always be present to act as a censor to his teaching, and as a security for the students against the possibility of misdirection. Not being much occupied myself, I was exceedingly glad to take this post of censor, for I had heard much of the enthusiasm kindled by his lectures, and of the devotedness of the divines to their Professor. From being neutral and cold I soon became an ardent admirer."[1]

Meanwhile Dr. Manning had not been idle. On Whit-Monday, 1857, the Congregation of the Oblates were solemnly inaugurated and took possession of their present church in Bayswater, then consisting of a roof and four walls. Almost from the first the new Congregation encountered the persistent opposition of Wiseman's coadjutor, Archbishop Errington, and the majority of the Chapter. It is outside the scope of this biography to consider in detail the underlying causes of the quarrel, but it will hardly be disputed that Manning was in every sense the head and front of the Oblates' offending.[1] The Father Superior of the Oblates, he was now by the direct act of the Holy See made Provost of the Chapter of Westminster and a little later Protonotary Apostolic. He was thought to exercise an undue influence over Cardinal Wiseman, and his views about the training of the clergy, and the sphere and nature of the work they should be called to perform were thought to be at once foreign and revolutionary. It was Herbert Vaughan's position at St. Edmund's which gave the malcontents their opportunity. The Chapter complained that it was contrary to the decrees of the Council of Trent for a Religious Order to exercise control in a purely diocesan Seminary. Specially they objected that Herbert Vaughan, as Vice-President, was in a false position, since his allegiance to the Oblates implied that he might at any moment be recalled by his Superior and required to join his brethren at their house in Bayswater.

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[1] *William George Ward and the Catholic Revival*, by Wilfrid Ward (Macmillan).

Both sides were in deadly earnest, and led by men convinced that the future of the Church in England was in danger of being gravely compromised. The real issues which were at stake were recognised by all parties as being infinitely wider and deeper than the immediate occasion of the dispute. What these issues were appears with sufficient clearness in the following extracts from letters written at this time by Manning to Mgr. Talbot:—

"We are in a crisis in which, if the spirit represented by Dr. Errington, Dr. Grant, and Searle prevail, the work of the Church in England will be done by the Religious, and the Secular clergy will, for a generation to come, lose ground in all the points most essential for their action upon the people in England. They will continue to administer the Sacraments to the almost exclusively Irish population now in England, but the work and mission of the Church as contemplated by the Holy Father in the Hierarchy, and as demanded by the state of England, and I will say by the manifest will of God, shown in His providential acts, will be thrown back for a whole generation."[1]

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[1] The whole subject is well treated in Mr. Wilfrid Ward's *Life and Times of Cardinal Wiseman.*

Again and again he recurs to this theme that a clergy which did well enough to give the Sacraments in isolated country houses, or to minister to the uneducated masses, was quite unsuited to the new conditions called into being by the restoration of the Hierarchy. The Church was henceforth to be in conflict and contact with the national life of the country at every point, and a Secular clergy trained and educated with something of the thoroughness of the systems of the Continental Seminaries had become a necessity, unless the field was to be abandoned entirely to the members of the Religious Orders.

"The educated laymen, in London at least, are passing out of the spiritual direction of the Secular clergy of the diocese. They find their spiritual and intellectual wants insufficiently met, and they go to the Religious Orders. I think this a very serious matter for the diocese, and for all its active works; and I see no hope of redressing it, unless Spanish Place, Chelsea, and Warwick Street can be made vigorously efficient, both spiritually and intellectually, before five years are out. It seems to me that all this comes round to what we used to talk of, namely, the raising of the standard of the future Secular clergy. The first step to which is Council of Trent Seminaries, of which we have not got one. And I do not believe that Seminaries will ever be what they ought to be in England unless they are directed by Secular priests who have learned to live by rule, and can act with unity of mind and purpose. I do not think any one has a fuller sense than I have of the imperfections of our Congregation; but I only say, 'Let somebody do better and we will gladly give place.' At least such a body as ours is better than the discordant and shifting set of men who are looking to go out upon missions. These changes are the ruin of all stability of discipline and spirit. Besides, no man ever really devotes his whole powers and life except to the one work in which he intends to persevere."

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[1] *Life of Cardinal Manning*, by Edmund Purcell (Macmillan).

Again writing to Wiseman when making a formal defence of the Oblates, Dr. Manning writes:—

"I feel that a greater issue has been raised. It is no longer a question of a Congregation of Oblates only; it has become a question of episcopal jurisdiction and of capitular submission. It has thrown out into light and prominence the whole matter of Seminaries, their direction and their rule; of the Secular priesthood, their spirit and manner of life, of all that makes the free, generous, benign action of ecclesiastical government; or, in a word, the question whether England shall be organised and assimilated to the living devotions and spirit of Rome, or perpetuate itself upon its own insular centre; and under this question comes another, on which I will not venture to speak, viz., whether or no the Church in England shall content and confine itself to a better administration of the Sacraments to the small communion of Catholic sojourners in England, or shall mingle itself in the life of the English people, act upon its intelligence by a mature Catholic culture, upon its will by a larger and more vigorous exercise of the powers which are set in motion by the restoration of the Hierarchy."

The wider significance of the controversy about the Oblates, which itself, as Manning rightly insisted, was only an incident in a larger conflict, and, as it were, the chance expression of permanently irreconcilable views, is perhaps best expressed by the emphatic and characteristic words which Father Faber used to deprecate the possibility of Archbishop Errington's upholding his own right to succeed to Westminster. "If Dr. Errington returns to Westminster as Archbishop the Holy See will have to reckon that it will take fifty, if not one hundred, years to restore England to the pitch of Ultramontanism which she has now reached." Nevertheless, when the case against the Oblates was referred to Rome in 1858 an adverse decision led to their withdrawal from the Seminary in 1861.

Meanwhile, at St. Edmund's, the Vice-President, with the controversy raging about his name, found himself to some extent in an atmosphere of isolation and suspicion. It was obvious to everybody that his tenure of office was precarious, and that the Congregation to which he belonged was on its trial. Whatever the dignity of his office, under the circumstances it could carry with it no real authority. And as tidings came to the College of the progress of the struggle going on in Rome, opportunities for friction and misunderstandings easily arose. The example and friendship of Mr. Ward were the consolation and comfort of that trying time, and if he felt some inevitable disappointment he was never embittered. His diary shows that his thoughts were chiefly busied with the interior life, and how to work for the salvation of souls. There is no trace, at this period, of the old impatient feeling which a few years before had made him seem to arraign the wisdom of the Almighty, and ask why He hindered His own work by sending His servant bad health. The wretched health was still there, but he seems reconciled to it. The cry for "an intense life" is heard no longer, and the hope that God would use him for great things has for the time died out. He wishes to live a little longer, not that he may be chosen one day to work miracles and convert nations, but that he may have time to do penance and mortify his flesh, and so fit his soul to appear in the sight of its Maker.

When he had been at St. Edmund's a little more than a year he wrote: "The night before last I suffered violent throbbings of the heart. I have been thinking that before long I shall die. Many graces seem to point out to me that my dissolution is at hand. God has for months dealt with me in great mercy. He has given me the habit of making ejaculatory prayers very often during the day, and He has made me more regular and diligent in meditation (though still there is a great want on my part of correspondence). He has made me take spiritual reading more regularly, and for the last month He has been filling my mind with the wish and hope to lead a life of penance. Oh, that I were a true penitent after all my sins, the enormity of which strikes me now more forcibly than ever. I wish I could on my death-bed have my divines around me to tell them to look upon themselves as men called out of the multitude to be Christ's special servants. 'The Master has need of you, die therefore for His sake to the world from which you have in mercy been drawn.' I would say then to all, 'It is what I myself most regret in my life, that it has not been a life of penance;' if I am spared yet longer, a life of penance, by God's grace, it shall be; it will make me a happier and better man. Now I am very weak. I wish I could fill the hearts of my penitents with the lasting wish to lead a penitential life and each according to his grace. There is one thing I wish for myself should it be God's will—to live to work for His glory and my eternal reward; to live but a life of mortification and of labour for God's glory. What could be more glorious, what more transporting for a poor servant, than to be allowed to work hard—to live and die after a long life of suffering and endurance for his loving Master? O God, grant me this greatest of graces. O Christ, I am not ready to die yet. St. Charles, I am yet no imitator of your life. I beseech you, preserve me still in life that I may purify my life and give it up entirely to you. If death for me, however, is God's will, I accept it willingly, for I am the servant of the Lord, and if the Lord is glorified by my early death be His will done, for His will is mine also. Yet prepare Thy servant for death, and let Thy servant do his work, whether of an hour or of sixty years, with fidelity and love. Then come, O most adorable and blessed will of my Eternal Master, You have shown me too great love already, for You have pardoned my sins, and my faults have not choked up the river of Your graces to me. If my death come, let it be known that I wish forgiveness of all I have injured or spoken ill of, and that I forgive, and will, if ever I see the Face of God—and by His grace I shall—pray for all whom I have had any communication with. I beg that Masses and prayers be offered, and as many as possible got for me. Also I beg that it may not be made known that I put all the prayers and Masses into the hands of the Blessed Virgin Mary and reserve none to myself, for I love the Souls in Purgatory and the Blessed Virgin Mary. I trust to my Mother for love and mercy. I have two Mothers in Heaven, though I should hardly call them by the same name—I mean my earthly and my heavenly Mother. I beg my dearest father, to whom I owe, oh, so much (to him and my mother all I have), to pay my debts. I beg he will take my books, and if he does not wish himself to keep them, to give them to Manning for the Oblates."

Happily these fits of ill-health were only intermittent, and Herbert Vaughan, in spite of the atmosphere of strife around him, was able to do much to improve the discipline and raise the tone of the Seminary. That his efforts were not unsuccessful is shown by the fact that when in the summer of 1859 there was an investigation at St. Edmund's by Cardinal Wiseman and Bishop Grant, the result was wholly favourable to the Vice-President. Thus Manning, writing to Mgr. Talbot, says: "Even Dr. Grant was compelled to say that Father Vaughan had been the preservation of the discipline at the College."

It is happily not necessary at this distance of time to try to apportion the blame for the unsatisfactory state of things which prevailed at St. Edmund's during these years. Manning's excuse must be that he meant the system of dual control to be only provisional and temporary, and Wiseman's that he was growing old. For, given the system, the rest was inevitable. Here was an *imperium in imperio*, and of the most invidious sort. The young Vice-President and three of his colleagues on the staff belonged to a Congregation which set them apart from their fellows. Known to be the representatives and pioneers of a man who was rightly suspected of wishing to get the whole Seminary under the control of the Oblates, they at the same time were known to be aiming at a higher standard of duty and a closer approximation to the perfection of the spiritual life than that which had hitherto obtained.

A notebook kept by Herbert Vaughan lets us see the inner workings of this sort of esoteric society within the Seminary. Thus we read that on the 25th of August, 1857, there was held the "first spiritual chapter of Oblates in St. Edmund's." There were present "Father Macdonnell, Father O'Callaghan, Robert Butler, and Father Vaughan." The last named is described as "Vicar of the Spiritual Director." These four men were banded apart from the rest of the priests and professors. They bound themselves to attend "a spiritual chapter every Friday," which was to consist of an exhortation based as a rule on St. Charles' first letter to his Oblates and of a "chapter of faults." But there were, besides, little practices distinguishing the Oblates from the other members of the College community to be observed every day. They were to say the *Salve Regina* and the *Oremus* of St. Charles after night prayers, and as far as they conveniently could from that time to remain silent; they were to put aside a quarter of an hour for spiritual reading and to say the Rosary every day; they were to go to Confession twice a week, and, finally, "should any one wish to leave the precincts of the College, he is to get leave from the Novice Master." And that same Novice Master was poor Herbert Vaughan. We have seen him described as the "Vicar of the Spiritual Director." But that functionary was Manning himself, who was not living at St. Edmund's. The objects of the noviciate are described as follows :—

1. To make trial of the Congregation, and in turn to be tried by it.

2. To learn its rules and practices.

3. To acquire its spirit and to love its Saints.

4. To be aided in the acquisition of various virtues by the Novice Master and to begin to be perfect."

In his journal Herbert Vaughan notes the first three points as comparatively simple ; but as he was the Novice Master, whose special business it was to lead the others along the road of perfection, he sees difficulties in the fourth point. The following abrupt jottings in his notebook show the spirit in which he approached the task : "Difficulty with myself who am entrusted with the office which is Father Manning's—for which I am unfit—so hasty, impatient, wanting in fervour of prayer and zeal of mortification." That he did his best to prepare himself for the responsibility his closely written notebooks of heads of meditations and outlined exhortations remain to show. But with whatever simplicity and loyalty this attempt to set up a community within a community was made, it ended in failure. The following letter from Manning to Father Vaughan reveals a situation that obviously could not continue :—

"*October 7th*, 1858.

"MY DEAR HERBERT,—The course to take, as it seems to me, is this : 1. You, Fr. Macdonnell, Fr. O'Callaghan, should draw up a statement to review the past state of the College and its deficiencies. 2. To state its present state — what has been done. 3. To show the present evils and discontents without naming any one. 4. To set forth the only way in which you believe the College can be raised in its studies, discipline, and ecclesiastical spirit ; *i.e.*, (*a*) by a higher standard of ascetical teaching and practice ; (*b*) by encouraging such a sacerdotal spirit as the Congregation sets forth, by unity of mind in government ; (*c*) by earlier and better studies in Holy Scriptures ; (*d*) by making the office of *Praefectus Spiritualis* more effective *et ita porro ;* (*e*) to declare that you three are united as one man in the readiness to labour in this sense and way, and that you are unable to work otherwise ; (*f*) to set forth that you have obtained the Cardinal's permission to enter an Ecclesiastical Congregation with a view to rendering your work in the College more efficient by being under a rule. And that you feel unable to serve it except in the way to which, with the full permission of your Bishop and your own deliberate act, you have offered yourselves. This, I think, will make all concerned see that it is a question, not of a chip, but of a block.

"Always yours very aff.,
"H. E. M."

This was practically a defiance of the President, or at any rate an attempt to manage the Seminary without reference to him. It is not surprising that he and the majority of his colleagues felt that Archbishop Errington had been right when he declared that the Oblates must go.

Meanwhile, though Herbert Vaughan was thus mainly exercised with problems of the spiritual order, it was under another guise that he appeared to the students and young divines of the Seminary. He was the man they were proudest of; young, handsome, and, in spite of intermittent ill-health, of splendid vitality, open of heart and of hand, his contagious enthusiasms made him the hero of them all. The feeling of the students is well brought out in the following reminiscences, for which I am indebted to the Rt. Rev. Mgr. Fenton, Bishop of Amycla :—

"It was in 1855 I first saw Dr. Vaughan, at St.

Edmund's College, Ware. He was then Vice-President; quite a young man, not yet twenty-four. He was a great hero with the students (when I speak of students I mean those who were studying all the subjects below philosophy). He was a tall, fine, handsome man and a beautiful rider; and the boys were proud of him as their Vice-President when they saw him galloping over the park on a fine charger his father, the Colonel, had given him. He was very popular with the boys, and rightly so, because he was very kind to them. The Vice-President was always the Head Infirmarian to the College, and in the winter, when boys were suffering with coughs and colds, he would go round at night with a large jug of black currant tea to give them. I need not say this won the boys' hearts, but I am afraid that, as it was very cold in the dormitories (there never being a fire in them), the number of boys with coughs increased. In another way he won their affections. Many of the students were there on scholarships or free bursaries, and some of them belonged to families in straitened circumstances. At Christmas-time the Church students were not allowed home for the holidays, and they naturally made themselves as comfortable as they could at the College, and went out for excursions, being supplied from home with funds to enable them to do so. Dr. Vaughan knew that some of the students could not be supplied with these funds from their families, and he would come down and take the boys one after another for a walk, and then give them money to enable them to do as the others. No one knew what he was doing except himself and each separate boy who received his help. These, however, in the fulness of their hearts soon told the other students about this kind thoughtfulness, and I need not say how it increased their affection and regard for him. At other times during the year, or in the holidays, the students used often to go out for long walks, and he noticed that some appeared never to go out. These he saw and chatted with, and drew out from them the reason why they always remained at home. He was told they did not like to go out with the others, because they always on these occasions were allowed to take refreshment or tea, and they had not the money, and so stayed at home. This was enough for him, and often he was to be seen on holidays looking after the boys quietly, and in such a way that no one should know what he was doing, and then he would give them money, so that they could go out and enjoy themselves with their fellow-students.

"Again, if a boy got into any serious trouble with the authorities, he would send for him to his room after supper and have a quiet talk with him, and beg him always to come to him if he found himself in any trouble or difficulty. With those who were his penitents he made it a rule that they could go to him any night after supper, his free time, and chat with him about their vocations or their difficulties in College life, and often he asked them if they had any trouble in their families at home. He was liberal in all his subscriptions to all the public games. Again, throughout the College, in the galleries, he put up a series of religious prints, and erected Stations of the Cross in the College chapel. He used to give a monthly conference to Church students which was always found most encouraging and consoling. I know nothing about how he was liked by the senior students, whose immediate superior he was, but I believe he had some trouble with them. Many were nearly his own age, on the point of being ordained.

"In the summer vacation of 1856 I remained behind for a few days. A message came from Royston that there was a German woman dying there who could not speak English, and was a Catholic. They asked if anybody could go to her from the College. Dr. Vaughan, who spoke German, at once volunteered to go. He asked me to go with him, and I drove him to Royston, which was thirteen miles from the College. It was in the month of July, and I remember it was a very hot drive. He found the poor woman alive, heard her confession, and gave her the Last Sacraments. I believe she died the next day. Some forty years afterwards, on my recalling this to his memory, he said, 'Ah, yes; I remember it well, and I have often quoted it as an instance that we never know how anything we learn may be turned to God's account. He has His own design in prompting us to acquire, say, a language, and I have often cited this example of my visit to that poor German woman as an illustration of this, for it was the only occasion in my whole life that I ever had any practical need of the German language. I have no doubt that God inspired me to study German for the sake of that poor woman's salvation.' "

Naturally, the delicate position in which he stood with regard to the President and the majority of the Professors —in whose eyes he was a sort of Oblate hostage in their midst—led Father Vaughan to throw himself more and more into work external to his duties at the Seminary. The whole neighbourhood was the scene of his activities, but the mission at Hertford he made specially his own. He collected money from his family and friends, and built a permanent church there, which he served Sunday after Sunday. Bishop Fenton continues :—

"He struck the students as being a very apostolic priest. He would be off on Sunday mornings to Hertford, or Waltham Cross, or St. Albans to say Mass and give the Sacraments, for in those days there were no Catholic missions at those places, and he would come home late on Sunday night worn out. We were very proud of him when we heard how, late one Sunday evening, as he was driving across Hertford Heath in the college gig, wrapped in his old Roman cloak, his horse was stopped by a man who demanded his money or his life. This was too much for Dr. Vaughan, who cried out, 'Wait a bit!' and jumped out of the gig. Whether the robber was frightened by his stature I cannot say, but he beat a hasty retreat, and then dodging round the gig, jumped into it and drove off, leaving Dr. Vaughan to find his way on foot to Hertford. There he found the man had left the horse and gig at the inn. We boys said, 'He will go again next Sunday,' and he did."

In the spring of 1860 Herbert Vaughan was again ill, this time with small-pox. Writing to his father, he says:—

"Of course, I may live and I may die. And, thank God, I am quite ready—nay, I hope, willing—to do whatever Our Lord may be most glorified in. If I am to die I have every reason to be grateful to God for having given me graces which not only I have never merited, but which I had no reason for expecting or hoping for—I allude more particularly to my priesthood. And during the last five years, with much of imperfection, I am well aware, I have done little else than work for His honour and His love. He called me to leave that which I was about to embrace as my profession in order to follow Him, and I have striven, however unworthily, to give Him all I have. Now five years are nearly up during which I have worked as a priest in this country ; I have many consolations in those whose lives seem to have been affected by me—young men, good priests, others rescued from an unworthy life, besides the work of the mission at Hertford, which is now rising into importance. These are my consolations, and there are others, and if I tell them to you it is in order that if I die they may be a consolation to you. I have much, however, to reproach myself with, particularly in allowing external work to take the place of the interior, and the being an active man rather than an interior man. You will think I am worse than I really am from the tone of my letter perhaps, but I hope I do not deceive you. The small-pox will probably be very mild, the doctor says, if small-pox it be. But I write because no man knows the day or the hour—mine may be at hand. I never looked at the possibility of death with more calmness, thanks to Our Lord."

Meanwhile the litigation in Rome between Cardinal Wiseman and his Chapter and some of the Bishops was drawing to a close. In the autumn of 1861 it was known that in the matter of the Oblates and their connection with the Seminary the opponents of the Cardinal had been successful. He wrote a kind letter to Manning, acknowledging the services the Oblates had rendered; but it was well understood that their work at the Seminary was at an end. Father Vaughan left with the other Oblates and with them took up his residence at St. Charles', Bayswater. Probably the decision came none too soon. Even allowing for the fact that Manning's expressions may have been coloured by his feelings, the following sentences from a letter written to Mgr. Talbot just before the withdrawal of the Oblates suggest a very unsatisfactory state of things: "As yet I have not seen many of the priests, but from one very competent informant I hear that the staff at St. Edmund's is worse than ever. I am told that smoking goes on contrary to the known rule; that H. V. was barred out of a room where the boys were smoking and drinking; that the Cardinal is detested by the boys and Dr. Grant in great repute; that the Oblates are hated as sneaks because they enforce the rules; that if a student makes a visit to the Blessed Sacrament he is an Oblate; at which I say *Deo gratias*."

In withdrawing the Oblates from St. Edmund's, Dr. Manning fully hoped that sooner or later they would be recalled and to an undivided dominion. He expressed confidence that the step backwards in 1861 would be followed by two steps forwards in 1862. To Mgr. Talbot he writes: "If the Seminary were offered to us now we would not take it, and that because we hope to do it some day, and to do it as it should be done. To try too soon would be to fail, and a failure would be the greatest obstacle to succeeding some day when our men are ripe."

It may be doubted whether Herbert Vaughan actively shared in these hopes of his Father Superior. He had come to look back upon his work as Vice-President of the Seminary with a sad sense of frustration and disappointment. His position had been a hard one from the outset, and the subsequent litigation in Rome, and the partisanship it engendered at home, had left him lonely and powerless. Early in his stay he had come to the conclusion that it was extremely desirable to remove the lay students, and to make the Seminary a purely ecclesiastical institution. He notes in his diary, "But I was very silent about this." He was always practical, and where words could not change anything it was best to say nothing. He writes: "In proportion as I saw I could do nothing at St. Edmund's in the direction I wished, the idea of foreign missions grew upon me." And in these words is foreshadowed the beginning of a new chapter in his life. Perhaps the best tribute to the work he accomplished during his stay at St. Edmund's is the fact that when Cardinal Wiseman was drawing up for Propaganda his formal defence of what the Oblates had done in England, he added a separate paragraph as follows:—

"Lastly, Father Vaughan, the Vice-President of the Seminary, has opened a mission, which has been needed for many years, in the neighbouring town of Hertford, the capital of the county, and has built an elegant church, schools, &c., all of which, though not belonging to the

Congregation of St. Charles, are still the work of one of Dr. Manning's disciples in it, and are the fruits of its spirit. The same ecclesiastic is occupying himself with another mission at Enfield, where the new rifles are made."

The following extracts from a notebook kept at this time—just after the Oblates had left St. Edmund's—lets us see the sort of mingled sincerity and humility with which Herbert Vaughan was striving to get free from himself, and to learn the will of God in his regard:—

"*May* 14*th*, 1862. The last two days Our Lord has led me to meditate upon the abuse of grace during my past life. And the conversation in my walk to-day with Father Superior has added new light. Here am I past thirty, second in the new Congregation, a priest eight years, and only beginning, as it were, to come out of the darkness into twilight; only that just what I am and what I am not, I only half see yet. Yesterday I proposed a plan for treating certain propositions—like the meeting at Issy—and I took pride to myself for the idea, and wished it to be recognised as my idea. I saw at night in my meditation that this was vanity, self, ambition—I saw it then for the first time; another grace from God; resolved never even to suggest that I had originated the idea. God gave me a great calm and peace in this resolution, and I was able to pray with much greater ease. Then yesterday I learned that the old habit of contradiction, of which I believed I had almost broken myself, was very manifest and sensible to others. How little I thought of this! How much more I had been resting and taking consolation in the fact that I continually do violence to myself to agree with people, to interest myself in their pleasures, and to sympathise, where I felt but little inclination to do so, with them. And now a new light is open to me that I am contradictious and contentious, and wanting in amiability, or, to say more truly, in real charity. To-day I learn yet more; from what was said I infer that I am still short and authoritative and full of assumption; that those at Bayswater see it and feel it. And what is this but the pride of Lucifer, vanity, and mere selfishness?"

Then another note is struck. Thwarted as they had been at St. Edmund's, his pent-up energies were again blindly stirring, and leading him to look for some wider field of labour. As yet he distrusts his own impulses. The diary continues: "And what conclusion can I or ought I to draw? Surely no other than this, that those desires which call me to a life of external activity and anxiety are to be restrained and mortified. Why? Because they will lead me away from myself, they will be full of the temptations into which I most easily fall; because the most important thing in the world for me is to save and sanctify my soul; and the past six months' experience has taught me that to have time for prayer, self-cultivation, and training is the greatest grace I could have, and is more fruitful than all the years of work I have had since I have been a priest. To allow myself to be led out of this opportunity for making up lost ground, and to plunge into a thousand cares through external work, will draw me away from the care of my own soul and from the penance and reformation which my soul requires. Why am I anxious for this external work? Because I am anxious for God's glory, and that His Kingdom should come more and more upon the earth; but perhaps more and very much more than I have now an idea of, because I am restless and love activity and to be employed in the eye of the world. It is a mystery to one's self very gradually unfolded. And there may be much more of evil in all the desires which I have considered so holy and so zealous, and so directly, I may almost say, from God, than I am aware of. It may be that Satan has appeared to me as an Angel of Light, and has laid before me the kingdoms of the world to convert, if but, neglecting my soul, I will give myself up to external works."

As Herbert Vaughan's work during the years he was at St. Edmund's was less blessed with visible and immediate results than perhaps any he undertook in his life, it is pleasant to think that reward came to him in another guise. In those years began his friendship with William George Ward. Dedicating his *Essays on the Church's Doctrinal Authority* in 1880 to Herbert Vaughan, then Bishop of Salford, Mr. Ward referred to their common work and companionship at St. Edmund's in the following terms: "From the time when our friendship commenced with our united work at St. Edmund's in 1855 and 1858, you have been associated, I may say, with every event of my life, public and private. Your incessant activity and labour have never prevented you from giving me patient attention and carefully considered advice under my various perplexities and troubles. And I hope I may add without impropriety that I have found my knowledge of *yourself* a greater blessing than even your acts of unwearied kindness. I account your friendship as amongst the highest privileges I possess."

Among the letters written immediately after his leaving St. Edmund's are three or four relating to his sister

Teresa which are worth quoting because they illustrate so well his attitude towards death.

"12, PARK STREET, WESTMINSTER.

"MY DEAREST FATHER,—I have this morning given Extreme Unction and Holy Viaticum to dear Teresa, and as I held the Blessed Sacrament in my hand before giving it to her she made her solemn profession, and as a Virgin consecrated to God she received her Lord, Whom she is to follow whithersoever He goeth. She is decidedly worse. Father Gallwey came down and heard her confession, and she is now as happy as it is possible for her to be, perfectly tranquil, without any pain, and less drowsy than yesterday. Dr. Fincham thinks that she may perhaps get through the night, but her case is aggravated by congestion of the lungs as well as by the rapidly increasing disease. I have been with her all day and shall remain with her till death. She is, I need not say, confined to her bed, and can take no nourishment except a little wine and water. Nothing can exceed her calm and patient state of mind, her tender love for Our Blessed Lord, and her desire to see Him and to be with Him. She will be with Him soon. Kenelm came up this morning, as he thought to see her off to Paris, but her journey is further, and she is professed and ready. I will write to-morrow again.

"Your loving son,
"HERBERT."

"*Tuesday.*

"MY DEAREST FATHER,—Teresa is gone—5.30 p.m.—most calmly and happily, united to the Holy Family as their handmaid. Her last word was 'Jesus,' and she died most beautifully. My own sweet mother, I am sure, was with her.

"Yours most affectionately,
"H. V."

"ST. MARY'S, BAYSWATER,
"*May 29th.*

"MY DEAREST FATHER,—I don't know whether my last letter was in time for yesterday's post, or whether you will receive this one. Kenelm, as he walked with me after her death up to Montagu Square, said he used to think that he should go mad if Teresa died, but that he felt that he had good news to give, so consoling and even joyful an influence has dear Teresa's spirit left behind her. I think I told you she was professed and took the name of Mary Magdalen, her favourite saint. Just before she entered on her gentle agony she exclaimed, 'Oh, I cannot express how happy I feel, I cannot express it!' And well she might feel happy—she had every grace she could desire. She is laid out now in her dress as a Sister of Charity.

"In haste, your ever aff. son,
"HERBERT VAUGHAN."

"BAYSWATER,
"*May 31st.*

"MY DEAREST FATHER,—The funeral will take place to-morrow at Kensal Green, and she will be buried simply as a Sister of Charity in the ground set apart for nuns. Bayswater is on the way to the cemetery, and I shall sing a Black Mass for her here and bury her. I quite enter into your feelings about staying away. I should not myself go through the profitless pain of personally performing the burial or going to it, but that I have been told to do so. I have a feeling of simple joy and refreshment which seems to be in strange harmony with a sister's corpse and the grave—yet so it is. She has herself left the feeling on me. And though I am haunted with the image of her dying expression and her last kiss of gratitude for the spiritual help of aspirations which I was suggesting to her up to the last, yet the thought of her going off with the freshness of the grace of her second baptism and martyrdom upon her soul, and the being away from the trials and temptations, stays, if not weeping, at least all mourning. The first of the thirteen has broken the ice: we may expect to go now one by one. I for one shall delight to go whenever it will give God the greatest glory—though that time has not yet come. In death I have had but one great sorrow. I shall never have but one more, and possibly I shall be gone before that comes. Teresa has had many Masses and will have many more.

"Your ever affte.,
"HERBERT VAUGHAN."

The death of Teresa Vaughan was followed a few months later, in January, 1862, by that of her sister, Clare, after she had been a nun at Amiens for only nine months. During the last days of her illness she was visited by her brother Herbert. Writing to another sister, Gwladys, he says: "I have seen Clare; she was brought into the church carried in a chair—very thin and much changed in face. Her voice was very faint, but in other respects she was her old self, though very weak. She spoke about you and about Teresa. Her eyes were all the time fixed on the Blessed Sacrament. I did not stay long, as I feared to tire her. Next morning I went into the monastery, and gave her Holy Communion in her cell. She may yet live for several days. I should not be surprised even if she lingered on a month. Her great mortification now is not to ask for death, but to be resigned to God's will without asking to die. She is immensely happy, nothing could exceed her joy ; but she is purified, chastened, and perfected, and therefore improved and ready for admission into the bosom of the Lord Our God."

There was a strange kinship between the death scenes of these two sisters of Herbert Vaughan. Teresa, the Sister of Charity, " said a quarter of an hour before she died she could find no words to express the extent and intensity of her happiness." She had had a triple desire fulfilled—to die young, with her faculties unclouded, and as a professed nun. And this is how the other sister, the Poor Clare, in the way of her innocence, told the news that her death was coming. Writing to her uncle, the Rev. Edmund Vaughan, she said : " I would certainly have written to you before this and thanked you for your two letters, but you do not know that during the great Advent of St. Martin, which begins on All Saints and lasts until Xmas, we are not allowed to write letters, though we may receive them. I am astonished that I have enough patience to explain all this to you when I have such *glorious news* to tell you—namely, that I may hope in a very short time, in a few days perhaps, to see my Celestial Spouse in Heaven, and to gaze for ever on that Face the beauty of which no words can tell. I am writing to you from my bed, ill in the Infirmary. The doctor came to see me last Saturday and said that my recovery was an impossibility, and that I might at any time receive Extreme Unction. He says that not only my chest but everything in my body is attacked."

And so, with running pen, this poor child—she was only nineteen—goes on to tell of her "unspeakable happiness" at hearing she must die. For the brother, who watched her, these eager beckonings to Death held nothing that was strange. For him, too, death was the beginning of the only life that counts.

CHAPTER V

JAPAN OR DEATH

DURING all the activities and perplexities of those first busy years of his priesthood, Herbert Vaughan was never wholly free from the old haunting wish to get away from civilisation altogether, and in some far land devote himself, body and soul, to the work of converting the heathen. At times it seemed that this desire was crowded out of sight by more pressing projects, and for years together it presented itself as a desire which hardly dared to be a hope. But all the while it was there, at the back of his mind, as something to be compassed somehow.

In the early days at St. Edmund's it seemed possible that he might be able to unite the work of the Ecclesiastical Seminary with that of caring for the Pagan. He had it in his mind to remove the lay students and take in their place young men who were willing to give their lives to the Foreign Missions. As that prospect died away he became more and more out of sympathy with the authorities at St. Edmund's, and the thought of the millions who, in Africa and Asia and the Isles of the Pacific, were passing to the grave without having ever heard of Jesus Christ became a sort of oppression to him. He brooded over the thought until he could hardly look at the map of Africa without tears rising to his eyes. He thought of England's influence in the world, of her traffic and her power, and he knew what the great Protestant Missionary Societies were doing, and it seemed a reproach that the Catholics of this country should be content to do just nothing at all. He knew, too, that it would not be easy to get them to do anything. How reply to the obvious easy wisdom which was so quick to point out that the Catholic body was an insignificant minority, conspicuous for nothing but poverty? With schools unbuilt, with churches little better than barns, with a clergy condemned to work for a starvation pittance, how could the Catholics of Great Britain be expected to do anything so quixotic as to send men and money to be spent in the service of the dim millions of Africa? The means seemed too hopelessly out of proportion to the end.

Herbert Vaughan looked all that in the eyes; he knew it as well as another. Not the less the memory of these Pagan peoples, whom no one was lifting a finger to help, was always with him, and the thought of Africa pursued him like a shadow. The feeling became so strong that he notes in his diary how, on one occasion, meeting a negro in the streets, he felt an almost irresistible longing to go up and embrace him. "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh," and Herbert Vaughan at length, in the summer of 1859, determined to open his heart to his Religious Superior. Dr. Manning listened patiently, and counselled prudence. He said something might come of it some day. He was very kind and tolerant of the visionary schemes of the young priest, and perhaps trusted to the sobering effects of time. The immediate consequence of his words was to strengthen Herbert Vaughan's desire. He had not yet reached the stage when it became necessary to think of ways and means;

his immediate difficulty was to decide whether this overmastering impulse to tear himself away from his present work and all the old associations, in order to consecrate his life to the service of the heathen, came from Heaven or was only a temptation. Overjoyed with the slender encouragement of Manning's words, Herbert Vaughan then decided to lay his plan before Cardinal Wiseman. He did so, and with dramatic results. I quote from Herbert Vaughan's diary:—

"I feared to speak to Cardinal Wiseman on the subject lest he should consider the idea a mere illusion; and because he was fond of me, I thought he might be displeased at my expressing a wish to go abroad.

"In 1860 I was with him in the Isle of Wight. We were driving out, and he was half asleep. The idea was working within me, and at last I asked him whether he had any interest in Foreign Missions. 'Yes; why do you ask?' said he. 'Because I have something on my mind, and I fear to tell you. You will snub me. I believe England ought to do something for the Foreign Missions,' said I. 'Then I will tell you,' he replied, 'why you need not think I will snub you. I have never yet told this to any one; but the time, I believe, has come. When I was in Rome before my consecration I had great mental troubles, and I went to a holy man, since dead and declared Venerable (Pallotti).[1] He made me sit on one side of a little table; he sat on the other. A crucifix was on the table between us. After I had opened my mind and laid bare all its trials to him, he slipped down from his chair to his knees, and after a moment's prayer said, 'Monsignor, you will never know the perfect rest you seek until you establish a College in England for the Foreign Missions.' These words fell on me like a thunderbolt; I was in no way prepared for them. I had no interest at the time in Foreign Missions, nor had the Abbate Pallotti. He gave no other answer to my difficulties. I went home and into retreat previous to my consecration. I then made a resolution to try to form a society of priests who should establish a College for Foreign Missions. On reaching England I at once explained my plans to Dr. Walsh.[1] He opposed them definitively, and said that Oscott was to be my Foreign Missionary College. Being only a coadjutor, I felt that I had no choice but to obey, and that God's time had not yet come. I determined to wait till the person who should undertake it should be presented to me, and never to pass a day without praying to know God's will and His time for its execution. You are the first person who has offered himself for the purpose. I am now old and cannot hope to do much myself, but I see that God has heard my prayer, and that the work is from Him.' He then laughed about my idea of his snubbing me, and became quite bright and cheerful, rallying from his previous low spirits and depression, and returned to the subject three or four times that day and the day following. We determined to do nothing for some time but obtain prayers. He wanted to know what Dr. Manning thought of it, &c."

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[1] Founder of the Pious Society of Missions, 1835.

To any one familiar with the habit of quick decision and energetic resolve which marked Cardinal Vaughan during the last thirty years of his life the story written in these faded diaries will come as something of a revelation.

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[1] Then Bishop of the London District. He was afterwards nominated first Archbishop of Westminster, but died before he could be installed.

The forceful, confident character we knew is so little foreshadowed in these records of hesitations, and doubts, and scruples, and self-distrust! Wiseman's warm approval of his great plan, though it gave pleasure at the moment, in no way put an end to Herbert Vaughan's mental troubles. For the next two years he was the victim of a torment of doubts, considering whether, after all, some touch of self-love was not the secret motive of his wish to begin a new work. He prayed and he sought prayers; he visited one shrine after another, in Spain and in Italy; he begged advice of holy men, and still was not satisfied. "I went down to Courtfield in order to pray at the tomb of my mother, to beg her assistance to teach me how to begin, if it were God's will that I should begin at all. And after several days of prayer an answer seemed to come to me in the Chapel, saying distinctly, 'Begin very humbly and very quietly.' It came to me like a revelation, with all the force of a new idea."

From that time forward his prayers to know God's will were constant. During the winter of 1861 he had a severe illness at the house of the Oblates in Bayswater. At first it seemed that death was coming to solve all problems, but he became slowly stronger, and in the time of his convalescence he fed his mind with the heroic stories of St. Francis Xavier and Blessed Peter Claver. Referring to the former Saint, he says in his diary: "I felt almost beside myself with a desire to carry Our Crucified Lord to the heathen as he had done." The first six months of 1862 were spent in Rome and were given up wholly to prayer for grace to know the Divine Will. At the outset he proposed a sort of compact with the Almighty by which any possibility of self-seeking should be excluded from his scheme. "I have offered my life as a sacrifice to God if, at the expense of my death, He would establish in England a Seminary for Foreign Missions." Then in the diary comes a list of the churches he visited, and the prayers he said, and the confessors he consulted—but the haven of peace was not yet.

The Easter-time of that year was spent in making a retreat in the Franciscan Monastery at Castel Gandolfo. In the course of a memorandum written a few weeks later he writes: "The more I thought on the words '*Sanctificetur Nomen Tuum*,' '*Adveniat Regnum Tuum*'—and God was very good in keeping these words continually in my mind, so that even out walking I was continually saying them and singing them over like a favourite song—the more I seemed to burn with a desire that I might sanctify His name among the heathen and make His Kingdom come in the uncared-for regions of the earth. But with this continual thought, which seemed to become more and more possible as I contemplated the means of carrying it into effect, there came the suggestion, 'This is but a delusion of the devil; you have not health for it,' and then I began to feel that after all I had health enough, and that the very delicacy of my health would even help to keep me dependent on God in prosecuting such a work, and I began to feel stronger. But I have been, and continue to be, in constant questioning of myself as to whether the whole of this be not a mere delusion, and the doubt comes whether I am not feeding myself upon wind and living upon my imagination. I have tried to put the thought away sometimes, and treat it as absurd, but my only rest and satisfaction was in saying '*Sanctificetur Nomen Tuum*,' '*Adveniat Regnum Tuum*,' thinking always of the Missions and adding, '*Fiat Voluntas Tua,*' with, I believe, as perfect resignation as I have ever felt. Various circumstances seemed to turn up to my knowledge to stimulate this chief desire of my heart, *e.g.*, one day I heard of fifty-three Franciscans having just started for South America. Another day I fell by accident on this incident in the life of St. Francis—that he came to Rome purposely to pray at the shrine of St. Peter and seek light upon a design which his breast was full of, to carry the faith to the heathen. And all this filled me with a sweetness which brought tears again and again to my eyes as I thought of these glorious examples of love for Our Blessed Lord, and I felt how unworthy my past life of sin and neglect of grace has made me to partake in any such privilege. And a good deal of sadness came over me as I felt my own sinfulness and unworthiness of God's love and of being used in such a work, and my only happiness was in again and again going back to those three petitions, and, in spite of fears and doubts, I could not but feel persuaded that God calls me to take part in this great work.

" Another time it seemed to me impossible that God would answer my prayers by allowing me to be the dupe of delusions, for, poor and defective though they have been, they have been said sincerely and perseveringly. For seven Sundays I had offered up the Holy Sacrifice in honour of St. Joseph's Joys and Sorrows; and each of these Sundays I had been to St. Peter's and had earnestly prayed at the Blessed Virgin Mary's altar and to St. Joseph and to St. Peter in order to obtain a knowledge of God's will in respect to these Foreign Missions. Every day in March I read a meditation on St. Joseph, and recited the prayer for the same intention. And every Friday I attended the Stations at St. Peter's, and there prayed for the same purpose. And, moreover, I promised that, so far as my influence could affect it, the Seminary should be dedicated to St. Joseph and St. Peter. It would be too long to say what were the various impressions I received during these last two or three months—how at times it seemed to me perhaps God's will to accept my good intentions, instead of their accomplishment, as my health felt worse, or as things were said by Father Superior which seemed to indicate this. This had the notable effect of making me resigned to do nothing, and ending in '*Fiat Voluntas Tua.*' But throughout there has not ceased to be a thread of confidence that after all God would use me for the work. In order to put myself in better dispositions I resolved to make a general confession, dwelling particularly on what would most naturally humble me in the particulars and details. Again, one day, as I was walking and praying for light, the thought flashed through my mind that I would go to Egypt next winter, if sent away from England for my health, and accompany the Bishop or priests there into Abyssinia or Galla, and either stay in Africa or come home later with useful experiences, as I might obtain leave and as God might wish. The thought was pleasant for a time, but in the evening it became bitter because I seemed to feel it was a delusion, and that the Seminary was my work. For I seemed to see that I had health for one and not for the other; and that for me to go after martyrdom would be a presumption, much as I have longed so to die."

Then follows a curiously subtle examination of conscience—a sort of cross-examination as to his own secret motives: to see how far the emptying out of self had been complete, or whether any motive of lingering vanity was the mainspring of his desire. He closed the retreat by putting on record the following resolutions:—

"Have nothing of my own—that is, let all I have given me and all I buy become the common property of the Community, *e.g.*, books, clothes, &c. My fortune I am to consider as belonging not to myself, but that I am Our Lord's agent, or, I may say, St. Peter's, and have to dispense it as far as I can for the good of the Church, always giving due consideration to the claims of family, &c. My character is naturally inclined to stamp its superscription and image upon all it takes in hand. I am inclined to monopolise, to possess, and to have a strong propensity to appropriate everything I have or undertake. As to things material, the resolution just recorded is meant to destroy the passion for proprietorship. But this alone is not enough. The *Spiritual Conflict* says, 'I desire to be wholly thine, and that thou shouldst be wholly Mine. This will never be until thou hast made that entire resignation of thyself which is so pleasing to Me, and become detached from all self-love, self-opinion, and self-esteem.' I have, therefore, a second resolution to make which must accomplish the 'entire resignation' of myself, and it is the following: Twice a day, at Prime and Compline, and as often besides as I can think of it, I must resign into God's hands all my works, enterprises, ideas, and life, divesting myself of all propriety in them, and making myself ready in will and affection to leave off any work I may have on hand, the execution of any idea I may entertain—in a word, to give up all things, and life itself, for Our Lord's love at any moment, without anxiety.

Twice a day I must renew this resolution, and it must affect specially whatever I may be engaged in or upon. And in order to better remember this, I will notify it in all my Breviaries at Prime and Compline."

It was in keeping with this new resolve to let his life be guided by the words "*Fiat Voluntas Tua*" that he at last determined once more to lay the matter before Dr. Manning, and to be guided wholly by his decision. We read in the diary, "I asked him to delay giving me his decision in order that I might become quite indifferent to all but God's will." He thought it a happy coincidence that Manning's answer reached him on the Feast of the Japanese Martyrs. The answer was favourable, and some months later the Congregation of the Oblates finally committed themselves to the principle of the establishment of a Seminary for the education of priests for the Foreign Missions. But the majority of the Fathers received the proposal with great coldness, and it soon became apparent that no practical steps would be taken to carry out the idea. And so the year ended in disappointment.

Early in 1863 Herbert Vaughan was obliged to go to Spain for the sake of his health. In spite of sickness and hopes deferred he was very happy, believing that the desire of his heart was about to be satisfied. "I felt a conviction that, in spite of my health, something would come of my journey to Spain, so that I used to say 'Japan or Death' would be the consequence of it. Indeed, I had so much grace to pray and to constantly refer my thoughts to God, that it seemed to me clear that I was being prepared for death." It must be remembered that Japan in those days was not the modern progressive Power we know to-day, or even the pleasant land of Geishas and peach-blossoms we knew twenty years ago; but rather a sullen, secluded country, jealously guarded against all intercourse with Europe, and resolved to stamp out Christianity in blood. No country in the world then seemed to offer so easy a prospect of martyrdom.

But this mood of exaltation, born of the expectation of Japan or an early death, quickly passed away, and once more Herbert Vaughan found himself in the valley of desolation and doubt. The want of sympathy shown by his brother Oblates had chilled him, and he again vacillated and went from pillar to post in search of guidance. He was not altogether happy in his advisers. From some good practical men he learned that his whole scheme was fantastic, and a perverse abandoning of the ordinary duties of a priest—the work that lay to his hand—in order to go seeking for spiritual adventures. Others, looking at him, and kindly sceptical whether one in such fragile health need think of work of any sort, would tell him to take care of himself and to try to get strong, and in the meantime to be content to pray without reference to any particular scheme, and that God's will would make itself known. Then followed a period in which he tried to put the thought of the missions out of his mind. In his attempt to attain to this state of perfect indifference he almost persuaded himself that his hopes were now in the other scale. He says: "To have known that God's will was against the idea would have been a great help, for the uncertainty was a trial, and the work itself held out prospects of much pain."

Then came misgivings of another sort. How was he to begin, or how carry on the work if begun? "I could not but feel that I should not have health to carry on the education of young men myself during the winter. I said to myself, 'I have not for one whole day felt equal to such a work, how can I expect to feel equal to it when in England with all the anxieties of material things, house, money, education, &c.? Surely as I feel nervous and am unequal to any very heavy responsibility, how can I prudently begin such a work alone?'" In his trouble he had recourse, as many a one before him, to active works of charity. He visited the sick, he attended the hospitals, he doubled his alms, and he volunteered to preach to English visitors in the Spanish cities. To this period also belongs a carefully drawn-up statement of the difficulties which threatened to make it impossible to carry out the scheme. It is characteristic of him that placed sixth and last on his list was the detail that he had absolutely no funds for founding a Missionary College, and no means of obtaining any. His was the faith that ought to move mountains—it certainly unlocked purses.

The time of his long uncertainty was nearly at an end. He says: "On the 20th of April, as I said a votive Mass of the Blessed Trinity with great devotion and sweetness, as I had Our Lord before me, the thought flashed across my mind, 'Begin quietly at Bayswater, taking rooms for the candidates for the Missions, and letting them go to class with our own Postulants. And in the winter you can go to South America to beg and recruit your health.' I put the thought away as a distraction, but I was in the enjoyment of great peace, and this idea seemed to have obtained a substantial existence in this peace and to be God's will. I felt after Mass a great transport of joy, as though I knew God's will, and had found out what I never knew before. I felt as I went home from church, and during the day, like some one who has found a rich treasure, and longs to communicate his joy to some one."

Happily at this time, too, he came across a singularly sane and level-headed man, a Spanish Jesuit, Father Medrano. Making a retreat at Puerta de Santa Maria early in May, he laid his case before the Jesuit—playing the part of the devil's advocate in his own cause. Father Medrano's answers seem to have combined a high spirituality with excellent common sense. He urged that a start should be made with only a few students, perhaps living in a hired house and attending the Oblate classes in Bayswater.

"'If,' he said, 'they go upon the Foreign Missions your idea is realised; if they become priests and remain in England it is so much gain to the Church. In either case God's glory is promoted. We must leave the development of the idea to God and be content to work step by step as God shows us. It was thus St. Ignatius founded his Order. In the beginning he had no idea of the immense Order which was the development of the first steps he took. It was God's work, and He was pleased to do it Himself. St. Ignatius, too, had great difficulties in the beginning. All his first companions left him, and those whom he united with himself were his second effort.' And Père Medrano gave several instances known to himself of work begun by persons in the Society under the conviction that they would prosper, but without the means being at hand and in perfect trust in God. 'But,' I urged, 'the Gospel says "*hic homo coepit aedificare et non potuit consummare*," and may not this be said of me if I begin the work of the Foreign Missions and no priests ever reach the Foreign Missions?' 'No,' he replied, because if only twelve people are saved by your efforts to save the whole world a perfect work is done. We must often begin good works and bear to see them come to an end after a short time; during the time of their existence they have produced good fruit; if their existence is short we must bear with this as God bears with it. Let us do good while we can.'"

At the close of the retreat his mind was fully made up, and he was resolved to do all that was humanly possible to found a College from which should flow a never-ending stream of Missioners for the conversion of the heathen. Before the end of the retreat he had drawn up another table of advantages and disadvantages, and we may trace the influence of Father Medrano's words in the following items, which are placed to the credit side of the account, even in the event of ultimate failure to obtain the desired result. "If the plan be not successful, and none go on the Foreign Missions: (1) some supernatural acts of charity will have been performed by those who promoted the work; (2) some students will have been educated in part or entirely for the priesthood; (3) the idea of the Foreign Missions may be sown in the minds of some, and may grow up and succeed later; (4) personally nothing could be a greater mortification and humiliation than its failure. And what could be a better antidote to my pride, ambition, and vainglory than a failure? And in what way could I more closely imitate the life and sufferings of Our Lord? Personally, then, I may be a gainer by a failure. (5) The having attempted such a work I should feel to be a consolation at the hour of my death and a favourable witness to me at the hour of my judgment. (6) Nothing during the last two years has had such an influence upon my spiritual life, keeping me so much to prayer and so dependent upon God, as the idea that I may be called upon for such a work. And I can imagine nothing that would help me to persevere in this state so well as the attempting to carry the idea into effect. (7) Were I not to take all the steps that lie in my power (asking permission, &c.), I should feel that I am resisting the will of God, seeking my own ease, and putting my salvation in danger. I have never had peace of mind when I have put the subject from me, and have had upon me a growing sensation that I am called to begin such a work."

In such tribulation of soul was born the Missionary Society of Mill Hill. From that hour onward Herbert Vaughan never faltered. And here in retrospect it may be noted that during nearly the whole of this period Father Vaughan's mind was kept alternating between two plans of action. When he had first thought of the Foreign Missions his only wish had been to go out and preach to the heathen himself, and in his own person to become the servant of the negro. The ease of this simple personal service was a strong recommendation—that seemed to need nothing but his own will. But as his thoughts grew and matured he came to want something greater and more permanent and less dependent upon the accidents of an individual's life and health. A College made secure against all chances by settled endowments, and pledged to continue the work year after year, regardless of this or that man's fate, seemed a worthier thing to work for. The ill-health which made him doubt his fitness to bear the trials of a missioner's life at first strengthened this inclination to try to found a permanent institution. Then at other times this same weakness made him feel hopelessly inadequate to the work of managing a College and threw him back upon the first plan. He could at least work until his strength was used up, and every day well employed would be something saved—something to the good. It was largely due to the influence of the practical Spanish Jesuit that his mind was finally made up to devote himself to founding a permanent Missionary College.

And now, when the old prayer that he might be allowed to lead "an intense life" and to do "something heroic" for God seemed on the way to fulfilment, he found himself faced with the question of ways and means. He had no money, and to build a Seminary and provide for the maintenance of the students would require a large sum. He determined to go out and beg, and chose South America as the scene of his labours. He would no doubt have gone first to the United States, but that the Civil War was then at its height. South America must have seemed a poor alternative. In those days communication was difficult and infrequent, and in England little was known of the internal condition of the South American republics. The idea caused something like consternation among his friends, who protested that he could never stand the fatigue of the journeys proposed, and, besides, how could this sick and inexperienced young priest, a stranger, and knowing very little Spanish,[1] expect to collect any sum worth talking about in those undeveloped and distracted countries? A friend who had recently been ordained volunteered to be a companion on the journey, but he was an only son, and at the entreaty of his parents he gave up the idea at the last moment. But for Herbert Vaughan the days of indecision were over, and, setting aside the fears of friends, and laughing at the prophecies of failure, he determined to go alone, and at once. He had lived long with the thought of death—a thing so familiar had no terrors. The money had to be got somehow, and he saw no prospect of getting it at home, and so clearly it was once more a case of calling in the New World to redress the balance of the Old.

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[1] How he learned Spanish appears from a letter written from Seville to his brother Kenelm, in March of that year. "I am living in lodgings and my one occupation is learning Spanish. An old aunt is my padrona, who cooks and messes for me, and her nephew, who is in minor orders, lives with her. He attends lectures in theology, but comes and chatters away incessantly when at home, and at breakfast and dinner, so that I think a few months will see me over the first difficulties of Spanish.' He afterwards spoke it almost like a native.

Certainly that year 1863 was crowded with events fateful to the future Cardinal. In March he had still been walking up and down the streets of Seville half distracted with doubts, and trying to school himself into indifference as to whether the work of the Foreign Missions was to be undertaken or not; in May he resolved to make it the work of his life; a month later he was begging Wiseman to get for him the sanction and approval of the whole bench of Bishops. Then he went to Oscott and saw all the Bishops himself; in August he sought a yet wider approval and journeyed to the great Catholic Congress at Malines, and, in the presence of Montalembert and many of the leaders of the Catholic movement on the Continent, he pleaded his own cause and succeeded in persuading the Congress to pass a resolution in favour of his work by acclamation; in October he was in Rome to commend his plan to the Sovereign Pontiff, and received a solemn and special blessing for his undertaking from Pius IX. From Rome, after drawing up a petition for Propaganda, he hurried to Lyons to enlist the support of some of the members of the Council of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith; in December he was back in England, and by the end of the month he was sailing for the Caribbean Sea.

Cardinal Wiseman seems to have been a little taken aback by the proposal that the Hierarchy should express its approbation of this lonely effort on the part of a single priest to evangelise the Pagan world. He thought it could not be done, and said so. To Herbert Vaughan such approbation had seemed essential, and so Wiseman shifted the responsibility on to the shoulders which were now quite equal to the burden, by inviting Herbert Vaughan to come with him to Oscott, where he could interview the Bishops on his own account. The experiment was quite successful—only one Bishop, Dr. Goss, of Liverpool, declining to do what was asked. For the Congress at Malines Herbert Vaughan had written a pamphlet to explain the scope of his scheme. Of the effect of his interview with Pius IX on his work, he says, "After the blessing of the Pope, I never felt another temptation to desert it." Further comfort had come to him the day before he sailed for America—a letter from Cardinal Wiseman.

"*16th December*, 1863.

"MY DEAR HERBERT,—It is only now, when you are on the eve of starting for your noble mission, that I seem to realise the greatness of your devotedness and self-sacrifice in separating yourself from home and friends, and from all that is naturally dear to you. I say naturally, because I know that *spiritually* the souls of poor Heathens, and the most Precious Blood which redeemed them, are infinitely dearer to you. Were I not sure of this, I could not dare to accept such a surrender as you are making of all human comfort and even religious consolation. Health even, of which I hope you will be *most* careful, seems risked in such an undertaking. Indeed, did I not feel an impression which I can scarcely describe of the solemnity, or rather sublimity, of our cause, I would hardly allow you to embark in the double ocean of the work and of the Atlantic. But I feel an inexpressible confidence in the power and goodness of God, that He will prosper this work, such as I have never, perhaps, felt in any other. Especially, while I am myself in so much darkness and depression about myself, this feeling shines brighter and seems given to me to compensate for my past and actual sufferings. I therefore give you a parting, though, I hope, not a final blessing. May God preserve you through all the troubles and dangers of your mission; protect you, support you, and guide you by His wisdom, power, and goodness. May He prosper your work, and crown it with success, and bring you home safe and well, to carry out here to completion what you are so piously beginning at a distance.

"Yours very affectionately in Christ,
"N. CARDINAL WISEMAN."

Some time after he had come to London as Archbishop, Cardinal Vaughan, referring to this letter, said that for many years he could never read it without tears. He added, "I read it a few days ago, and it left me quite unmoved—that shows that I am getting old."

Of his own letters of farewell, the following, addressed to the wife of his old friend, W. G. Ward, and written when he was on board the steamer, has been preserved:—

"'ATRATO' STEAMER,
"*December* 17*th*.

"MY DEAR MRS. WARD,—Here I am and fairly settled, and not much the worse for it. There are some seven or eight Spanish and Italian Jesuits on board, and two young Ushaw men going to Vancouver

Island to settle there. I have a cabin to myself and can put up an altar. What more could I desire in a large ship? It is impossible to say all that is in one's mind at parting—one's only resource is to be silent, and yet one desires to speak and to write some of those words of affection which it is not so easy to utter. It is great pain to leave you in your many anxieties, and what would I not do to cheer and help you along that which, to you above most others, is a path of suffering and battle on your way to Heaven? But how good is God! He provides for us all, and He leads some in one way and another in another, by various routes, till at last we shall meet in Him and in the embraces of the Sacred Heart. We shall all be apostles together—you by prayer and I by work; for what is there to compare to souls—immortal souls—which are His image and the work of the Precious Blood? Once more goodbye, and God bless and lead, protect and sanctify you in the blessed charge He has given you of little Angels belonging to you both. Love to Ward and the children.

"Yours affectionately in Jesus Christ,
"HERBERT VAUGHAN."

CHAPTER VI

BEGGING THROUGH THE AMERICAS

ON the 17th of December, 1863, Father Vaughan sailed from Southampton. It was before the railway had begun to span the American Continent, and his shortest road to the goldfields of California, his immediate objective, was by way of Panama. Perhaps he had never fully understood till now the meaning of the words, "And to beg I am ashamed." Begging is not a thing which comes easily to an English gentleman, even in a good cause. There is surely some pathos in this brief entry in his diary: "Had no courage to beg much on board." That first shrinking was afterwards fairly overcome; but though few men ever begged so successfully, he hated the process until the end.

After a voyage of fourteen days the *Atrato* arrived at the Danish island St. Thomas, in the West Indies, and a week later, after a storm in the Caribbean Sea which smashed the paddle-wheel of the steamer, Father Vaughan was able to land at Colon. The entry in his diary for that morning runs: "A body (the trunk) was found bobbing in the water, a shark playing with it. A sailor had tried to get ashore by a rope the night before, but the wind moved the vessel, and the rope dropped into the water. He swam towards the next rope, but was seen to go down—a shark had taken him, and now nothing but the trunk remains, and one leg peeled of the flesh." That was a gruesome beginning, and during his few days' stay at Colon, described as a town of two thousand inhabitants, the missioner saw much to dishearten him. No priest had been near the place for months, and no one cared. In his diary he says, "As the French Consul said to me, 'the people die like beasts.' I baptized six black children—only one born in wedlock."

The scenery of the country between Colon and Panama is described as "like Milton's picture of Paradise in *Paradise Lost*." The Isthmus of Panama then formed part of the Republic of New Granada. The Government, having no revolution on hand at the time, was making war on the Catholic Church, and the clergy were forbidden to administer the Sacraments, or to exercise any priestly function, until they had taken an oath to accept the Constitution, which required what was regarded as an acknowledgment of the supremacy of the Civil Power in spiritual matters. To Herbert Vaughan, shocked at what he heard on all sides of the state of the clergy, the persecution which had now gone on for some time seemed less a scourge than a providential chastisement. Among graver matters he notes, "Priests scandalise the people much by cock-fighting. I have been several times told of priests taking their cocks into the sacristy, hurrying disrespectfully through their Mass and going straight off from the altar to the cock-pit. They are great gamblers."

It was no part of Father Vaughan's intention to stay in Panama a moment longer than was necessary, but, arriving on the 7th of January, he had to wait a week for a steamer which was to take him along the Pacific coast to San Francisco. It was a week of strain and excitement. He says in his diary: "I found that twelve hundred persons had died of small-pox without any spiritual ministration. The people had not had a Mass since July. The churches were all closed and weeds were growing up through the pavements; all the altars were dismantled, except here and there where the candles and flowers before some image of Our Lady showed that there were some attentive and devout hearts amidst the desolation. Some women, early and late, come together to pray in the Church and recite the Rosary. Meanwhile, children are born and men go to the grave as the animals of the field, without spiritual help."

But there, ready for the work which clamoured to be done, was a young Englishman—for whom the police-courts of Panama had small terrors. What happened is set down in the fewest and simplest words in his diary: "I said Mass in private houses on the 11th, 12th, and 13th of January, and the people came in numbers. I attended people dying of small-pox, and heard confessions, and baptized—in private, of course. The Governor, or President, of the State of Panama, Santacolomba, summoned me. I was forbidden to officiate unless I asked his leave in obedience to the Constitution. The next day I had promised to say Mass at the house of a dying woman in order to give her Viaticum. I did so, and shortly afterwards was summoned before the Prefect of the town. I pleaded my rights as an Englishman secured to me by treaty, and refused to treat with the Government on any other ground. The Consul, Mr. Bidwell, urged the Treaty, but our interpretation was overruled. I was examined; pleaded having said Mass. It was a criminal offence. Orders were given to the Port Officer not to allow me to leave the Port, and I had to give a bail of fifty dollars to appear to take my trial. Having entered a protest against the proceedings of the President for the sake of those who might come after me, I left on the 14th for California, on the steamer *St. Louis*." That more than ordinary courage was needed to mix with people stricken with a dreadful illness, to sit and listen to the confessions of men and women dying of the small-pox, to bend over them to catch their whispered words, probably never occurred to him. If he had ever adverted to the risk he was running, he would have dismissed the thought with a laugh, and said it was all part of the day's work. And in truth, perhaps, one should not use the word "courage" here at all. It all depends on the point of view—upon the presence or absence of faith. Given an effective faith—the faith that represented the dynamics and motive power of Herbert Vaughan's whole career—and there could be no room for choice when risking a life meant the saving of a soul. Besides, death by small-pox among the sufferers in Panama might prove as short a cut to Heaven as any other.

The voyage to San Francisco took several weeks. Father Vaughan mixed much with the steerage passengers, many of whom were Irish men and women going out to California, some attracted by the gold-diggings and others to avoid the drafts then required for the Northern armies. On the first Sunday, after saying Mass in the steerage, he asked the Captain's permission to hold a service in the saloon in the afternoon. The

Captain replied that personally he thought all religions "equally useless," but not the less, if Father Vaughan wished it, he should hold a service under the protection of the Stars and Stripes. Accordingly, with the Captain sitting by his side, Father Vaughan preached his first sermon under the shadow of the American flag to an almost exclusively non-Catholic audience. He was listened to with patience and attention, and was well pleased with his experiment.

In San Francisco he met with his first real disappointment. Considering the object for which he was begging, he had some reason to expect that his mission would be looked upon favourably by the local ecclesiastical authorities. Seeking an interview with the Archbishop, he was received with frigid politeness, and given to understand that he was a sort of spiritual poacher from whose raids the country must be protected at all costs. He had travelled so many thousands of miles only to be told that he might as well go home, as on no account would he be allowed to beg for funds in San Francisco. Archbishop Allemany was good enough to give the reasons for this refusal, which he added had the full approval of the Council of the diocese. They came under six heads: '(1) There was a rule against foreign collectors; (2) the taxes and import duties had been doubled on account of the war; (3) there was a 10 per cent. debt on every church; (4) great domestic wants; (5) immense subscriptions for the war; (6) collection already going on for a female penitentiary, and one going to begin for a bishop's house." One small concession was made—he was given permission to preach one sermon in aid of the Foreign Missions in the country parts of the diocese.

"Had recourse to prayer," he writes. "The Presentation Nuns all March implored St. Joseph. All said the Archbishop never changed his mind—he boasted of it himself. Yet the last day of March and almost the last hours of the day, after being with the nuns, who lamented that their prayers had not been heard, and I had gone home rather disconsolate, I found a letter from the Archbishop giving leave for one sermon in each church and one collection at such sermon, on condition of no private collection, and of the sermons being on consecutive Sundays. First sermon produced £200, the second £250, all the effect of prayer—for no one ever expected so large a collection to be possible. The other churches were in proportion—St. Joseph did the work."

A letter addressed to Mrs. Ward, and dated some weeks before the Archbishop's prohibition had been relaxed, shows the spirit in which he faced the disappointment. "The Catholics are very numerous in California. They are the largest and most important community. In the public conveyances nuns go free of charge, and priests sometimes at half-price. In consideration of my mission I obtained a free passage across the Isthmus of Panama—a saving of about eight pounds, and instead of paying forty pounds, I was let off with ten up the Pacific. The devil has been very active in his measures to prevent the success of my undertaking. I thought, of course, the Archbishop of San Francisco would encourage my begging, bearing with me such a letter as I do from Rome, but no—he called a Council, and it was decided that I should not be allowed to collect in San Francisco, nor indeed in the diocese at all from house to house. But it was deemed prudent to permit me to preach a few sermons in country churches, and take an offertory, and half a promise was given to allow the same in a few churches in San Francisco if I am not successful in the country. Now I came to California simply to collect in San Francisco—a town of 150,000 inhabitants, immensely rich and generous. Without difficulty I could collect £4,000 in San Francisco if I were permitted to go round to the Catholics, so the Jesuit Fathers tell me, as well as others. This has been a severe trial, but it is like Our Lord to send the cross with His choicest works. And I feel, thank God, a deeper and deeper conviction that it is a work dear to His Sacred Heart which He Himself has suggested, laden though it be with crosses. Thank God, I am nothing discouraged.

"The Convents—excellent fervent Communities—at San Francisco and here at Marysville are busy praying for the work. They see how ungenerously I have been treated (the reason given was that if I collected I should thereby diminish the collection the clergy might wish to make, and that I should take the money out of the country). And they are truly animated with the apostolic spirit. The object of my visit is becoming known, and I trust it will not be an unprofitable one by the time I leave California. I have come up here to Marysville, Bishop O'Connell's diocese. He was a professor of All Hallows in Ireland. I have found a large and warm heart in him. His diocese is very poor, and he has just sent a priest to collect to pay off the debt on his Cathedral. He has given me leave to glean, like Ruth, after his collector, and I have been here a week preaching—collecting in his own little cathedral town.

I have got about £100 only, but this was more than it was thought possible to collect here. To-day has come another little cross—the priest who is collecting for the Bishop writes that it is useless his collecting if Father Vaughan is to come after. The people tell him, he says, that they have given enough to California, and they intend to give to Father Vaughan (of whom they have read in the newspapers), and tells the Bishop he will resign his work of collector if I am to follow him. The Bishop says that this is the fable of the wolf and the lamb who drank below him in the stream, but he is perplexed, for he says that this is his best priest, and he must humour him. I believe Our Lord will open a way. It has been put into the head of a friend at one of the Convents to give a thousand pounds towards the work in honour of the Sacred Heart. I suppose I shall receive it about Easter, so with many crosses come many blessings too. But, as I said, I am full of confidence that the work will succeed in spite of the devil and my own shortcomings.

"I have been preaching a good deal on devotion to the Sacred Heart, and am much consoled to find the faith and fervour with which it is taken up. If my visit had no other result than to spread this devotion it would be well paid. I am very glad to hear what you tell me—that Ward has written to Father Superior to say that when he returns he will settle with him about a country house. It will be a part of the work done. But I cannot too often counsel—though I believe you have no need of such advice—that he should be left as unfettered as possible by conditions. The result will certainly be materially to advance the cause we have at heart; the freer he is left, and the less he is spoken to about Foreign Missions till I come home with funds collected, the more easily and certainly will all things work together for good. Many thanks for the Masses you have got for the work and for me. I value them extremely, and I often remember with gladness that I have the fervent and acceptable prayers of your dear little community. Oh, how much we can do for Our Lord when united together round His Sacred Heart in prayer! Here we find help and counsel in all we undertake for Him."

The excellent priest who found it quite impossible to beg if Father Vaughan was allowed to come after him had his way, and the English missioner, in spite of the goodwill of the Bishop, had to turn his back upon the diocese of Marysville. For a moment he may have thought during that visit to Marysville that his prayers for help were going to be answered in a quite unexpected way. He discovered what promised to be a gold-mine, and promptly staked out a claim. The diary says: "On my return from Tarbestown saw Mr. Harrison, eighteen miles from Marysville. He was not well and was staying at Swain's Ranch. I got out of the stage and determined to remain with him until Monday. On Saturday evening he said, 'Let us go and prospect.' 'Very well,' said I, and we started with a small pick. We found a lead of silver and gold, but it was claimed. We followed it and found it again and then lost it. 'It's higher up,' said I. Harrison thought not. We tried several rocks cropping out of the ground, but without success. We then walked along a little path and I struck it a blow with the pick and said, 'That's like mortar.' 'Strike it again,' said Harrison, 'that looks good—that's good, you bet, you bet,' said he, and then he took the pick and found a quantity of gold.

Father Herbert Vaughan.

AGED 29.

He thought it the best he had ever prospected. We drew up ten names and a notice which ran thus: 'Notice we, the undersigned, claim ten shares of 266 feet each, and J. L. Harrison 200 feet, for discovering this gold quartz, with all the spurs and angles and sufficient land to work the same, and for the erection of machinery necessary for the works.' Here followed the names, my own appearing among the number. 'Dated, Swain's Ranch, March 5, 1[illegible]4—the Company known as the Harrison Gold and Silver Mining Co.' Mr. Harrison is already at work and declares that the lead is very rich."

But, apart from any illusory visions which may have been conjured up by this momentary connection with the gold industry, his stay in California was destined to be both successful and pleasant. The people were kind to him with a kindness which to the day of his death he never forgot, and money flowed in steadily. And sometimes it came in unexpected ways. When the month of May arrived it seemed that he had got all that he was going to get. But he prayed to the Blessed Virgin to send him another £1,000 to enable him to found another burse in her honour. The days went on, and the money came very slowly. Says the diary: "The last day I was minus 700 dollars and knew not where to turn for it—could not beg from the poor, and the Bishop only tolerated begging from the richer Catholics of the city. A man met me as I knew not which way to go and gave me 200 dollars, saying he wished to become a special benefactor. In the evening I was minus 400 dollars. I went into Mr. Donohoe's bank to sit down. I told him my case: he had no sympathy for the work and had given 250 dollars to please his wife. Said he would lend me 400

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[illegible]

He thought it the best he had ever prospected. We drew up ten names and a notice which ran thus: 'Notice we, the undersigned, claim ten shares of 266 feet each, and G. L. Harrison 200 feet, for discovering this gold quartz, with all the spurs and angles and sufficient land to work the same, and for the erection of machinery necessary for the works.' Here followed the names, my own appearing among the number. 'Dated, Swain's Ranch, March 5, 1864—the Company known as the Harrison Gold and Silver Mining Co.' Mr. Harrison is already at work and declares that the lead is very rich."

But, apart from any illusory visions which may have been conjured up by this momentary connection with the gold industry, his stay in California was destined to be both successful and pleasant. The people were kind to him with a kindness which to the day of his death he never forgot, and money flowed in steadily. And sometimes it came in unexpected ways. When the month of May arrived it seemed that he had got all that he was going to get. But he prayed to the Blessed Virgin to send him another £1,000 to enable him to found another burse in her honour. The days went on, and the money came very slowly. Says the diary: "The last day I was minus 700 dollars and knew not where to turn for it—could not beg from the poor, and the Bishop only tolerated begging from the richer Catholics of the city. A man met me as I knew not which way to go and gave me 200 dollars, saying he wished to become a special benefactor. In the evening I was minus 400 dollars. I went into Mr. Donohoe's bank to sit down. I told him my case: he had no sympathy for the work and had given 250 dollars to please his wife. Said he would lend me 400 dollars. 'But I can't lend them to the Blessed Virgin,' said I, smiling. I told him I had not come with the intention of begging of him—he had given generously already. Finally I said, 'What interest do you require?' 'Never mind that,' he answered. 'When do you want the principal back?' 'Never mind that either,' said he. And so that night Our Lady had her burse completed."

The general result of his visit to California may be gathered from a letter to Mrs. Ward written towards the end of June: "As to the College of Foreign Missions, I am more convinced than ever that it is in the designs of Our Lord to establish it. I am collecting funds to form burses for students; you will perhaps build the College itself, or at least in part, or its first part or wing. Having met at first with some opposition, I have at last succeeded up to my expectations. I shall have from San Francisco four or five burses, possibly six or seven. These represent the funds for as many students. Finding that the people take to this work of apostolic charity, I have delayed here beyond my first intentions. I am now collecting for a few days in the country, but shall certainly start by the steamer of the 23rd for Panama and Lima. I am told that Lima will yield a larger harvest than San Francisco, but I fear that the devil is before me with the difficulties between Peru and Spain—they threaten war. I shall be three months in Peru, I should think, four in Chili, and four or five in Brazil, before I get home. I expect this time next year will see me on my way to England. I am getting stronger and better in health, and I hope that another year will set me up physically, and our College financially. If you consider for a moment—and you know what housekeeping is—you will see the prudence of providing for these things beforehand, and not breaking down with anxiety after money when the College is built and the students are admitted."

All his life those months in California remained as a happy reminiscence. Hitherto he had looked at the great world, as it were, through the window of a sacristy. Here he came in contact with the elementary facts of life, saw a people in the process of making, a nation in the raw. He was delighted with the country and he loved the people. The only passage in all his writings, published or unpublished, in which, as far as I know, he ever speaks of natural scenery with anything like enthusiasm, occurs in the journal kept at this time. It describes the Sacramento River as it rolls into the Bay of San Francisco, and declares that for sheer beauty there is nothing in Italy or anywhere in the Old World to touch it. All the rest of his days he was partial to everything American. And to say the truth, there was something in his own nature which answered to the restless energy, the spirit of high adventure, and the willingness to risk everything for a good cause which he noted then, and in later visits, in the people of the United States. I find this passage in the diary at the time when the depredations of the *Alabama* were making bad blood between England and the United States: "The American is prodigal of money, health, home, lands, and all. So he will sacrifice this for the success of an undertaking. If that be war with England, he will go to every imaginable length of exertion."

After a stay of nearly five months in California, Father Vaughan took passage on board the *Uncle Sam* for the return journey to Panama. His intention was to beg his way through Peru and Chili, and then to ride across the Andes into Brazil, and to sail from Rio, either for Australia or home. His friends in San Francisco did their best to dissuade him from this tremendous journey. But if he had listened to the counsels of prudence he would never have got to California, and so, telling his friends to pray, he sailed. He found both passengers and crew in a state of great excitement because a San Francisco vessel, the *Golden Age*, was reported to have been captured by the *Alabama* and it was feared that the *Uncle Sam* might share the same fate. Herbert Vaughan seems to have contemplated the possibility of being made a prisoner with considerable equanimity. In his diary he notes down a resolution that if forced to go on board the *Alabama* he will seize the earliest opportunity of having an interview with the redoubtable Captain Semmes, and trying to interest him in the Foreign Missions. The voyage, however, proved uneventful, and in due course Lima was reached. As he had been warned, he found Peru in a very disturbed condition, and the state of religion even worse than it had been described.

In a letter written at this period, after noting the persecution to which Religion was being subjected by the Civil authorities, and which had had the result of completely paralysing the authority of the Bishops, he adds: "The Monks here are in the lowest state of degradation, and a suppression of them would be an act of Divine favour." Undeterred by these discouraging circumstances, he set to work to beg, going from street to street, from door to door. "There is much humiliation and many little crosses in begging," is a remark he jots down at this period; but the humiliation was sweetened by success. In the first three weeks he had collected £200 in this strange city. Then, as money began to flow in faster, a watchful and paternal Government became alarmed, and a decree was issued to stop the activities of the young priest who had been dumped on the shores of Peru, and seemed likely to take so much money out of the country. It was a case of affording protection for home charities. Writing to his father, Herbert Vaughan says: "The Government has issued, and sent round to the Prefects of towns and departments, a proclamation forbidding me to collect from the inhabitants of Peru. But as laws here are of no consequence, so was this inhibitory decree; the President's wife, in the presence of her husband, gave me 250 dollars when I went to the Palace to try my luck with the President's purse, and he actually apologised for the disgraceful decree which he had passed against me, saying I could collect privately."

From Lima he journeyed into the interior, and on one occasion rode thirty-three miles before breakfast, starting at 2.30 a.m. Writing to Mrs. Ward, he says: "My last journey has been to Arequipa. It had the best Bishop in Peru, but, alas! he was buried just before I reached there. It is south of Lima, and ninety or one hundred miles from the coast. The ride across the Pampa Grande, or great desert of Peru, was a great novelty. The road, or rather pathway, is strewn with the bones of horses and mules. And after the vast plain of sand is passed the track between and over the Coast Range of the Andes is covered with the remains of animals that have fallen by the way, exhausted by fatigue or thirst. As soon as an animal can no longer go on, after he is relieved of his burden (everything that is carried into the interior has to be borne by mules—there are no roads for carts or carriages), he is necessarily left behind by his owner, and then, before the drove of mules is out of sight, great vultures, gathering from all parts, come down upon him. One alights upon his head—the poor animal seems to have lost all sense of self-preservation—and plucks out his eyes. The poor beast is soon despatched, and the next day the carcass is dried up and abandoned by both man and beast. Not always, however, by man, for whether it be to remind him of death, or as an ornament to the wilderness, these dried horses, mules, and asses are made to stand up, some headless, some on one or two legs, in every shape and form that a dried, broken-up carcass can be turned into."[1]

After collecting 15,000 dollars in Peru, Father Vaughan crossed the frontier to visit Santiago and Valparaiso. Here again the outlook was dark, but Father Vaughan had got beyond caring for probabilities. After noting that everybody told him he had no chance of getting money in Chili for such a quixotic enterprise, he writes: "Well, my only hope is God. If He wishes to find the money, I suppose He can, even where they say there is none." But though the sole object of his visit was to collect money, he was determined it should come by clean ways. At no time in his life had he any sympathy or tolerance for concerts or fashionable bazaars as a means of helping charitable institutions. An influential lady in Santiago offered to get up a big concert for him. Referring to the incident in a letter to Mrs. Ward, he says: "I declined as politely as I could. I think the money got by begging is better coin and goes further. Such means tend to degrade the purity of charity, and, though lawful when properly conducted, we are not obliged to use such means."

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[1] Purcell's *Life of Cardinal Manning*.

In Chili he notes the religious habits of the people, and in his diary sets out some curious facts to show the scale on which Religious Retreats were conducted. After describing Santiago as the most Catholic town for its size in Christendom, he speaks of these retreats as the means of the people's sanctification. There were six establishments endowed for the purpose, and from five to six thousand people made use of them every year. The retreats lasted ten days, and complete silence was enforced for the whole period. The poorer classes are represented as so eager to take their turn that some would "get over the walls and let themselves down into the *patios* of the Retreat House." The method of these retreats was that of St. Ignatius' Spiritual Exercises.

From Valparaiso Father Vaughan travelled from town to town and from *estancia* to *estancia*, explaining that he wanted to found a house for training priests for the Foreign Missions. And everywhere he was received with great kindness, and specially by his own countrymen. Again and again in the journals and letters comes the phrase "very kind to me." Certainly many of the Englishmen whom he found on their lonely ranches in Chili and Peru can have had little enough sympathy with either the Catholic Church or the spiritual needs of the heathen. But they gave open hospitality and generally a parting gift. I find that he collected in Chili 25,000 dollars in cash, and had promises of 35,000 dollars besides. The money was collected from all sorts and conditions of men. The Archbishop of Santiago contributed £40, and the Bishops of Coquimbo and Concepcion each gave £50.

Nor was there any difficulty on the part of the civil authorities. The President and the Ministers received him kindly, and gave him permission to go where he liked and to collect what he could. To quote his own words: "I went up and down the country, preaching in the churches, begging alms of the faithful from door to door. One day, as I was walking along the street, a man came up to me and said in Spanish, 'Are you the person who is begging for the establishment of a Missionary College in London?' 'Yes, I am,' I replied. 'Then,' said he, 'take these hundred dollars.' 'Who are you?' said I, 'that I may put your name down in my book?' 'I am nobody,' he replied, and away he went, and I saw him no more. Another day I was begging from house to house, and I entered the house of a washerwoman. She gave me the coppers that were standing by her soapsuds. The next house I went into was that of a rich man. I asked him for alms, and he put his name down for £1,000."

In March, 1865, Herbert Vaughan left the cities of the Pacific and started for a voyage round the Horn to Rio. He had originally intended to cross the Cordilleras and to begin a campaign in Buenos Ayres, but gladly accepted the offer, made to him by Captain Turner, R.N., of a passage to Rio on board H.M.S. *Charybdis*. The journal says, "Everybody very kind to me on board. Captain gave me half his cabin." When the vessel was off the island of Chiloe the weather became rough, and the Captain was afraid to try the voyage through the Straits of Magellan, and so the *Charybdis* rounded the Horn "with royals and studding sails." When off the Falklands bad weather was again encountered, which is referred to laconically thus: "I was lashed to the table." Altogether the voyage of thirty-three days seems to have been an enjoyable experience, and Herbert Vaughan made friends with everybody, and, among other things, learned to take the ship's latitude.

At Rio he heard of the death of Cardinal Wiseman. The diary says: "It left me stunned, though it did not surprise me. I was broken down by sorrow at the thought." Writing to Mrs. Ward, who at the time was almost his only correspondent, he says: "What sad news on reaching Rio! I cannot get out of my mind the death of our dear friend, the Cardinal. No doubt his great work was done, and he had got into the evening of his days, but I did not love him the less for that he was human. The condescension and humility with which he would listen to my remarks and comments on things unpleasant to himself, his willingness to advance all that was good for the Church and the glory of God, the dereliction and loneliness of the last season of his life, his patience under long suffering—all these things come with an inexpressible vividness before me as I sit, or walk alone, here in the midst of this great city. Of priests he was, as you know, my great friend and supporter. Who in the Sanctuary has given me the help and sympathy in my hateful mission of getting money in these strange countries of South America which he gave me? With whose views was I so closely associated, or rather, whose agent was I but his? . . . And now another thought presses—who is to sit in his vacant place? Who is to put on his armour? Who is to continue the work of which he laid the foundations? It seems to me that the future is more difficult than the past; it is a work more interior, more spiritual. It will require very delicate and prudent fingers to draw the threads which must bring into closer relationship the Church and the State; and, above all, it will need a very clear head and a very unfaltering hand, and the seven gifts of the Holy Ghost, to meet the disloyal Catholic intellect, which seems to be growing with a luxuriance and the strength of a weed. The only man I see is my Father Superior. What are his chances with all the Bishops and the Chapter and Barnabo against his appointment? The Holy Ghost has hard times of it with us English Catholics. I suspect Rome will choose '*Dignus*,' or '*Dignior*.' Expediency and the Devil hate '*Dignissimus*.'

"In losing the Cardinal I have lost more than a person I loved. As I look back on my past life I can see along its path those by whose side Our Lord led me at different times, in order that from them, and through them, I might learn some one or more things which are necessary for me, and which are graces from Him. I feel specially indebted to the large-mindedness and generosity of the Cardinal's views on government, his forgetfulness of injuries, and his exhibition of Our Lord's doctrine of mercifulness. Others have helped me in other ways—Fr. Whitty, Fr. Superior, Ward, and then in another and unconscious way, yourself. We are touched by the love of our God as shown towards us in the ministry of His hidden angels, but I think the exhibition of His love is even more touching as vouchsafed through those who are our fellow-travellers along the road of life. I arrived here (Rio de Janeiro) on the 4th of this month by the man-of-war *Charybdis*—a pleasant passage and agreeable companions. Thirty-three days at sea—rounded the Horn. My movements have been completely overruled by Providence. I had at first intended visiting Buenos Ayres. Had I done so I should have reached this in the bad season; as it happens, I am here in the cool of the year, and the best time. My prospects are, however, humanly speaking, gloomy in the extreme, but you know I do not much care for the human side of the question. As a fact, Brazil is at war with two Republics. But a few months ago there was a tremendous commercial and financial crash here, and the English are in bad odour. Moreover, I believe the people are not rich; certainly religion is at a lower depth here than in other parts where I have been. The plague of Rio is Indifferentism. I had a long audience with the Emperor, who talked for half an hour about Cardinal Wiseman, &c. He and the Empress have become patrons of our work. This fact will induce the Brazilians to think and speak about it. I have just this morning been reading some words of St. Ignatius which well sum up what I have felt since I have been in America: 'Dans les entreprises difficiles il faut s'abandonner à Dieu avec une parfaite confiance comme si le succès de l'affaire devait venir d'en haut par une espèce de miracle; et il faut néanmoins mettre tout en œuvre pour la faire réussir comme si le succès dépendait de notre industrie.' I remain here for three months."

The news of Wiseman's death made no immediate change in Herbert Vaughan's plans. Now that there was the Atlantic ready to bridge his way home it was inevitable that the echoes of the old strifes should again sound in his ears. His mission was nearly done and he must needs think of returning. The life he had led so long had been one of almost absolute silence and freedom, and the purpose of his toil had been its evident justification. He had often to walk the way of humiliation, but his soul had known a peace that was very sweet to him. He had been hardly less alone in these crowded alien cities than when at sea, or riding companionless across the Pampas. He had been cut off from Europe by a gulf of silence ; for a year together he was almost without letters. His family contributed one letter amongst them, and Manning wrote once, and Wiseman not once. Mrs. Ward wrote, but her letters went to the Pacific when he was by the Atlantic, and he got a batch of them together when they were a year old. He had grown strange to Europe and was not quite sure what reception would await him. He will make no plans because Manning's approval is indispensable and uncertain. Then what will be the attitude of his brother Oblates ? His scheme had seemed mad enough at the outset, and would they now care to let him be free to carry out his own work ? He seems to begin to hope that the world will adjust itself quietly without him, and that if he stays away long enough he may come back as a harmless ghost that would trouble no feasts.

"Would it not be well," he writes to his friends the Wards, "to let the Roman arrangements connected with our Congregation be made and carried out during my absence ? The work of the Congregation itself would be completed without me, and when I return, if I go to labour upon our Foreign Missionary College, the Congregation will not miss me or feel that I am taken from the work which they are just now anxious about." He seems to contrast the absolute simplicity of the work he is doing—just begging from door to door for help to bring the message of Christ to the Pagan lands—with the rivalries and contentions and perplexing problems which await him in Europe. He speaks of himself as one who, as far as the Old World is concerned, had "been asleep for two years," and then goes on, "I almost think that for one's personal peace and happiness it were better to be, as I almost am, a dead man to the many momentous questions which are astir, and the solution of which will affect the salvation of souls for centuries."

Wiseman's death, therefore, made no difference in his work, and he at once began to beg again. In his wanderings he met with some strange experiences. One day, in the streets of Rio, he found himself in the midst of a crowd, and he knew he was in the slave-market, and watching to see a woman knocked down to the highest bidder. "I heard a stentorian voice, hard as iron, repeating '*Duzentos mil reis*, *duzentos mil reis*, *duzentos mil reis*.' I stood by on the edge of the crowd and saw the salesman, a tall, broad-shouldered man, enormously stout, wearing a light-coloured waistcoat. He had a heavy protuberant under-jaw, deep-set dark little eyes, a little hair on his chin, but his round cheeks were bare. On his head was a new silk hat, in his shirt was a diamond pin, and a long gold chain fell from his neck all over his waistcoat. '*Duzentos mil reis, duzentos mil reis*,' he repeated, and then went inside the door and came out again. Just outside, leaning against the door, was a black girl of about twenty. She looked cowed, and wrapped a woollen shawl tightly round her shoulders. 'Nobody say more than 200 dollars? Look at her, fit for any purpose; examine her arms' (they did so); 'show your teeth' (she lifted up her lips with both hands to show her teeth); 'put out your tongue.' The bidders asked her a number of questions and then began to bid against one another. Then I heard again the iron voice, '*Duzentos cinquento mil reis*'—260 dollars, 270 dollars, 300, 400, and kept at that sum for three or four minutes. The girl was pulled about and questions asked. Then some one said five dollars more, then ten more, and finally she was sold for the sum. I went away feeling sick."

It was in Brazil as it had been in California, and Peru, and Chili. The money poured in, and Father Vaughan began to feel that he had enough to justify him in beginning his College. Writing to Mrs. Ward in May, 1865, he says: "To-day I received your letter of May 24th, 1864, and Corpus Christi. I have interrupted my weary begging expedition among the merchants in order to read your history and enjoy the pleasure of mentally weaving it into its proper place. Though nearly a year old it contains much that is new, details, &c., though there have been modifications since, I presume, brought about by time. I feel very sensibly your kind expressions and the lively interest which you and your husband take in the work which I believe I am called upon to promote. Amid many anxieties and doubts as to the co-operation of others, and uncertainties as to the future decisions of those upon whom it is my duty to depend, it is a very grateful balsam to feel that there are two at all events as to whose sympathy and interest I can have no doubt. I begin to feel in a strange way, since I have got around to the Atlantic, that I am approaching the trials and anxieties of home, and my mind directs itself much more to the contingencies of the future than it did two months ago when I was by the Pacific. I expect now to be in England in July or August at latest. I shall bring with me ten burses for as many students for the Foreign Missions—*i.e.*, I have collected about ten thousand pounds in money, and have some other promises which must not be counted until they are realised. My wish would be to make a start at once, hiring a house in or near London for that purpose. If we have not Oblate Fathers for the work, then horse the coach from other stables, jobbing our horses until we can keep our own. Next mail will take me to Bahia or Pernambuco; you may write to me at Lisbon *poste restante*. My reason for this is a conviction that it is prudent to begin the Seminary now, and to trust to Providence for the remainder of the means we may require.[1] Please do not open the subject at Bayswater. I privately tell you my plans, but they must be subject to Father Superior, for the sheet-anchor is obedience, and it is also the compass which fails not the individual. God, I am sure, will do His own work, and confidence and trust in Him will make us His instruments. I had intended to go on to Buenos Ayres, but give this up under the impression that it is God's will that we should not delay for more money, now that we have what is enough to secure us against imprudence or tempting Providence."

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[1] No one knew better than Herbert Vaughan the importance of laying the financial foundations of any institution well and surely, but he thought there was a certain margin which should be left to the care of Providence. Some years later, writing to his brother, Father Kenelm Vaughan, who was begging in South America, he said: "I wish you would come back speedily and begin your work in London. Cannot God put it into hearts here to give you what is needed to complete what you have begun so zealously at a distance? It looks almost like a want of faith to delay so many years for the sake of the brass.

"I hope you will try to take a little more care of yourself. I have just been reading in the Life of B. John Colombini that his wife one day reproaching him for bringing all sorts of beggars into her house, and even filthy lepers, he replied, 'But did you not yourself pray that I might learn to practise virtue and charity?' 'Yes,' she retorted, 'I prayed for rain, but not for the deluge.' Apply this to yourself, and come home."

Then came the news of Manning's appointment as Archbishop of Westminster. Herbert Vaughan's delight broke out in the following letter :

"Hospital da Misericordia,
"*Rio Janeiro*, *6th June*, 1865.

"My dearest F. Superior,—I suppose I should say Archbishop. Mr. Ward, in a little note sent off by the sailing mail, let me hear the good news. Thank God! What a relief and what a realisation of all my hopes and prayers! My first impulse was to start by the packet which is to carry this letter. It would be such a gratification to me to be near you, and to watch the beginning of that Pontificate which I have so worked for and looked forward to. It would indeed be a deep and intense pleasure. But finally I have come to the conclusion on cooler thoughts that my presence could be of no real value in London, and that I had, therefore, better finish my work here as quickly as I can, and then go home. I propose to leave this next week and to be in England, after visiting Bahia and Pernambuco, in the beginning of August.

"This must be the most perfect compensation you could receive for all you have suffered—this expression of the confidence of the Holy See, this power to carry out those noble inspirations for the Church in England of which we used to speak. But I am sure, while admitting fully these considerations, you will be almost entirely preoccupied by the burden which is now upon your shoulders. It could not well be heavier just now, nor could you have taken it up at a more critical moment. But the Holy Ghost, whose Apostle you have become in England, will be your Light, Strength, and Consolation. I suppose by this time more than half of those who used to bite their lip on seeing you have humbly bent their knee, and forgotten their former thoughts. You will have trouble from a few of the —— school perhaps, but it will be as nothing. You have been splendidly trained, however, to suffering and contradiction and public abuse and misrepresentation, and I suppose all this has not been in order that it should cease now on this side of the Grave station. As you near the terminus the stronger may be the heat of the fires, but it will enable you surely to draw in after you the vast train of spiritual interests and human beings which must receive its motive power to Heaven through you. Our Lord's greatest sufferings were in the end, and so may it be with His servant. Would that I could share them ever so distantly with you. It always seems to me more glorious to be a partner with a man in his sufferings than in his triumphs.

"The Cardinal had quite finished his work. His last four years appear to have been a mere waiting till circumstances should ripen for you to begin yours. Yours is the more difficult and the less popular, but the more ecclesiastical and the more spiritual. England wants to see an Archbishop whose house and way of life is such as we read of in St. Charles and in the B. Bartholomeo de Martyribus. You must do for the Episcopate what you have done at Bayswater for the clergy. I cannot write now all that is in my mind, nor indeed is there any reason that I should do so, for you have much better thoughts and more perfect inspirations than mine.

"And to utter expressions of attachment, affection, and obedience to you as my new Archbishop would be superfluous in me, for I think you must know them better than I could express them.

"Poor Searle! I wrote him a very kind letter on the death of the Cardinal; I think he must have been nearly broken-hearted—at least he ought to have been, reviewing all the past—and I wrote to him as such. I am sure you will be magnanimous to him, and a hundred other poor devils who will think 'you are come to torment them before the time.' I am looking forward to the first Pastoral.

"I look upon this as the final seal set upon the Congregation. It now may do its work. What a wonderful retrospect is the past, leading up to the present moment!

"I heard of your appointment on Whitsun eve. I am saying Mass for you all on the Octave. Perhaps you were consecrated on Whit-Sunday. Begging your Grace's blessing,

"I remain,
"Yours most affectionately in J. M. J.,
"HERBERT VAUGHAN."

Father Vaughan was called upon to admit the claim of obedience sooner than he expected. He had made all arrangements for going to beg in Pernambuco when a sudden summons from Manning called him home. He had such promises of help at Pernambuco that to leave Brazil without going there seemed almost like throwing money away; on the other hand, it was good to obey—that was a safe rule.

Writing to his father on June 16th, 1865, he says: "I left Bahia for England to-day. I received your note, and the same post brought me a recall from the Archbishop, and I had to obey it at once and give up my prepared and advertised visit to Pernambuco much against my wish. The report of £50,000 has a very slender foundation, I am sorry to say. What I have in hand is about £11,000. I don't count promises until they are realised, however sure they may be. I am surprised I have got so much. It has been by God's special blessing. I have met others on the same errand, only for a different object, and they have comparatively, indeed absolutely, failed. It has been a good school of patience, and knocks a man's pride—at least a certain feature of it—into a cocked hat. The Spaniards used to say that America made the patient impatient, and the impatient patient. I am returning to England with some anxiety, scarcely knowing what to expect under the new *régime.* I have the more anxious part of our plan to realise, and, indeed, I want more money before much can be done; and then I know I shall have more than enough to think of in talking over with the Archbishop all his plans and measures. He is badly off for men of whom he can take counsel, and for real friends. I shall be glad if I have not the responsibility of our house at Bayswater thrust upon me in part. In health I am better than when I was on the west coast. Certain pains in the shoulders are perhaps only rheumatism. I know not."

Leaving untouched the golden harvest he thought awaited him, Herbert Vaughan at once made preparations to return, in obedience to Manning's summons. He took a passage by the French steamer *Guienne*, and sailed from St. Vincent on the 7th of July for Bordeaux. The following fragment from an undated letter to Mrs. Ward was written while he was at sea: "I quite agree with all you say, and share all your feelings of joy and thankfulness concerning our new Archbishop. He has a far greater work and a more difficult work than his predecessor—a work which the Cardinal did not clearly see or appreciate, and which God did not give him the vocation to do. And I also quite agree as to what you say of the Cardinal's affection for me. I believe it was much more on one side than on the other; indeed, how could it be otherwise? For there was so much to admire and love in the Cardinal, in the great mission he had, and in his personal character. I am not so conceited as to imagine that a young priest of very indifferent parts, and no learning, could be the object of his affection as he was of mine. I was always the receiver in that which is of real import and dearest to a Christian's heart. But all this matters little in the presence of the work we have to do for God under the present administration. I thank God that you have lost, as you tell me, the personal antipathy you used to feel towards His Grace H. E. M. I think it is a very good sign of what Faber calls 'Spiritual growth'—a sweeter patience of human infirmity and a clearer insight into God's graces. What was Our Lord's life left us a model of but continual sweet patience with men and the joyful vision of God as He is in Himself and as He dwells in His creatures? By this one virtue He was able to bear with us, and by the other He loved us to the death. I was very glad that you have done whatever you have for our Roman 'squad,' and I thank you much for it. Pray much that God may make known to us clearly His Will, and that we may do it with all our strength. The future seems to me to be more important than was the past—not that it is in itself, but that 'the light increaseth unto the perfect day,' and that the midday seems more perfect than the morn. I have been enjoying my rest on this immense solitude of the ocean, and am all the better for it. I have written something on the state of religion in California, but I think it not equal to the *Dublin*—it may do for the *Lamp*—but Ward shall judge."[1]

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[1] The *Dublin Review* of January, 1866, was, in fact, its destination.

CHAPTER VII

HIS MISSIONARY COLLEGE

AFTER a brief stay in Paris Father Vaughan reached England in the last week of July. The journal says: "Thus ended my journey to collect in America. As I look back upon it, it seems wonderful how God led me through so many trials and sufferings, making the cross easy and light when it was on the shoulder, though so hard to contemplate that the foresight of it might have discouraged me." No records exist to show the exact sum his tour realised. We have seen that he brought back £11,000 in cash, but he had promises which, if duly kept, must have produced a much larger sum. Indeed, for some years after his return to England he continued to receive occasional sums on behalf of the Missionary College from California and South America.

On his return Herbert Vaughan at once reported himself to the Superior of the Oblates, Henry Edward Manning, now Archbishop of Westminster. Manning received him with the utmost kindness, and encouraged him to devote himself to the work on which his heart was set, and did all that was possible to facilitate an arrangement by which he was set free by his brother Oblates to carry out his scheme of founding a College for the training of priests who would devote themselves to the instruction of the Heathen. In the letters to Mrs. Ward there are clear indications that Herbert Vaughan had some misgivings as to how far Manning and the Oblate Community would be willing to allow him a free hand in carrying out the project for which he had worked so well. He had long ago settled with himself that obedience should be his strong safeguard against his own wayward impulses or the promptings of self-will or personal inclination. But however well he may have schooled himself into readiness to accept whatever way of life was marked out for him by his Superiors, it must have been an unspeakable comfort to find that no mist of misunderstanding had grown up between him and Manning during those eventful years of change and absence.

At a Chapter of the Oblates held early in November Manning took the opportunity to express his full sympathy with Father Vaughan's plan for a College for Foreign Missions. Thus armed with the approval of his ecclesiastical Superior, Herbert Vaughan got to work again with his usual energy and directness. He was certainly not minded to spend the money he had so carefully collected in any ostentation expressing itself in bricks and mortar. From the outset he wanted his work to be permanent. A freehold site was perhaps necessary, but the building should be as simple and unpretentious as possible. He grudged every penny that was spent because it diminished his fund for founding burses for the maintenance of students. These burses gave stability to the institution, and were an assurance that the stream of missioners should never run dry. Happily his friends came quickly to his aid, as they did throughout all his life. This time it was Mr. W. G. Ward who came forward with a gift of £2,000.

Then Father Vaughan set out to look for a suitable home. He wanted it in the country and yet near London. In the event it was Mrs. Ward who reported that she had found just what was wanted in Holcombe House, at Mill Hill, some eight miles from town. As soon as Father Vaughan saw the place his mind was made up. That was the spot, and no other would do. That the place was not for sale, or even certainly to let, was a difficulty which hardly troubled him. Faith could move mountains, and who should set limits to the power of prayer? The occupier was apparently well satisfied with his position, and, finally, bluntly gave Father Vaughan to understand that he had better go about his business. Instead, however, of giving up the idea Herbert Vaughan had recourse to a sort of spiritual prank, very characteristic of the schoolboy element in his temperament which the years never quite effaced. He wanted the house and wanted it badly, and as a house of studies to be dedicated to St. Joseph. To pray unceasingly to St. Joseph was the obvious thing to do, but Father Vaughan was determined also that the Saint should be interested in the matter in an even more direct way. In a symbolical fashion he should straightway be put into possession of the house, whether its owner wished it or not, and left there as caretaker. Accordingly, having provided himself with a small statue of St. Joseph, carefully wrapped up in brown paper, Father Vaughan, one fine afternoon, presents himself at Holcombe House, sees the lessee and once more tries to induce him to part with his interest in the house. He finds the man quite obdurate and even irritated at such importunity, and he has no choice but to take his leave. As he rose to go he noticed in the corner of the room a cupboard with the door partially opened. He said to his involuntary host, "I am going on further, sir, and I am sure you will not mind my leaving this parcel till my return." And without giving time for any objection he just slipped the parcel inside the cupboard and politely took his leave. The owner made no demur, and Father Vaughan's confident belief that St. Joseph had come to stay was justified by the event, for a few days later the lessee agreed to transfer his interest in the lease.

Then new difficulties arose. It was discovered that the house was wanted for a Catholic Seminary, and the discovery caused an immediate rise in the price. Finally, after many questions had been answered by Mr. Ward's agent, who acted for Father Vaughan, he was instructed to sign the contract, provided the lease contained no clause inconsistent with the use of the house as a place of studies for young ecclesiastics. The lease was signed, and only when it was too late was it discovered that a prohibitory clause had passed unnoticed. Herbert Vaughan had the right of possession, and then found himself forbidden to use the house for the only purpose for which he wanted it. There was nothing to do but to try to buy the freehold. There was some difficulty in finding the owner, but eventually he was traced and consented to sell. At the last moment, however, the lawyers refused to let the sale be completed, and intimated that if Father Vaughan felt aggrieved he could always try to obtain redress in the Court of Chancery. But Herbert Vaughan was in a hurry, as he often was, and he had not the least idea of waiting for months or years for redress. It seemed simpler to pray and then begin, and risk the rest. He decided that Holcombe House should develop into a

Seminary without more ado. A house with one professor and one student would at least be a Seminary on a small scale.

The start was made on the 1st of March, 1866. A brother Oblate, Father Bayley, walked out from London to help to start the new establishment. The diary says: "I had sent on a cart with a few blankets, chairs, and bedsteads for the night. I myself started in a snow-storm. We began in real poverty—six mugs, or rather college pudding basins, for our tea and beer, and borrowed a few chairs and plates. We started that night with reading at supper—the Life of St. Joseph."

The work was at any rate begun, in however humble a way; still it was not satisfactory to know that at any time proceedings might be taken against him for the breach of one of the covenants of the lease. Accordingly prayers were said and sought on all sides that the owner's heart might be changed and that he might be induced to part with the freehold. In the following year the diary says: "On the 17th of March I received a letter saying that Mr. Shuter [the owner] had signed an agreement to sell the property. We therefore saw the fulfilment of the prayers of the good nuns, and we kept the Feast of St. Joseph two days later as freeholders of the property, and with the certainty that we might begin our College in it. We celebrated the Feast in the best way we could. The Archbishop came down and made a little discourse in the Chapel and declared the College begun."

Father Vaughan was specially anxious not only to place the College on a permanent basis, but to see the greatest possible result for the money spent. He saw that the more frugally the community managed to live the larger would be the number of students who could be supported for a given sum. He accordingly tried many experiments in search of the most economical way of keeping body and soul together. When beds were short he thought of how the hare lies in her form, and a truss of hay was ordered in for the dormitory. Another time it occurred to him that a great saving might be made if they all agreed to dispense with the services of a cook, and did without fuel. Father Cyril Ryder relates how on a visit to Mill Hill in 1867, when the College had been in existence for about twelve months, and had about a dozen students, he found this theory, that cooking was an unnecessary expense, being rigidly acted upon. Herbert Vaughan would make occasional excursions to town, and return with a supply of tins of preserved meat. "At dinner a tin would be opened and emptied out into a dish, and he would serve it around." In those early days Herbert Vaughan did much of the marketing for the College himself. He used to drive about London in a small cart. To save the expense of a carriage licence, this vehicle carried a board at the back, on which, in big letters, were painted the words, "Herbert Vaughan, Mill Hill." Father Ryder on one of these occasions was his companion, and tells how Father Vaughan, trying to take a short cut across Hyde Park, was stopped by a policeman with the remark that only carriages were allowed there. Herbert Vaughan in his gravest manner suggested that his, at least, was a poor gentleman's carriage, and the policeman, partly impressed by the clerical dress, was just going to let them pass when the tell-tale board caught his eye, and cart and occupants were ignominiously turned out of the Park.

But the first students at Mill Hill, besides being taught to regard cooked food as a luxury they could hardly expect, were from time to time subjected to such impromptu forms of discipline as the enthusiasm of their Rector might suggest. In the early days of the College Father Vaughan's attention was drawn to the fact that there were some gold-fish in a pond near the house. It occurred to him that the capture of these little fishes might serve a double purpose. Father Cyril Ryder writes: "There was a pond in the garden full of gold-fish. These he wanted to sell; so he got his young men to wade into the water up to their middle in their clothes, and to remain in this occupation for some hours. He told me it would harden them, and prepare them for crossing rivers when they became missioners. I am afraid I was profane enough to think that they would in all probability not survive their training, so that the only river they might be called upon to cross would be the Styx."

It was probably inevitable that a man of Herbert Vaughan's impetuosity of character and abandonment of devotion should be betrayed into some extravagances. They did little harm, for two reasons. With him it was always a case not of "go on," but of "come on." The youths who lived on tinned meat, or stood for hours numbed to the bone using buckets to catch gold-fish in the garden pond, knew that the man who imposed these privations and penances had gone further than ever he was likely to ask them to go. And in him there was no small fear of seeming inconsistent. If experience showed that a cook was necessary for a college, or that it was not wise to expose young men to damp and cold, he could be trusted at once to end the experiment. He would turn back as readily as if, trying to make a short cut across country, he was satisfied that the way by the road was quickest. We shall see many instances in his later life in which he disconcerted friends and foes by the absolute simplicity with which, without casting about for excuses, he just reversed his policy. Once convince him that he was following the wrong track, and the order to reverse the engines came just as a matter of course. And so experience came as a corrective to many a theory in his work of founding a Missionary College, and his adaptability and readiness to subordinate his own preconceived ideas were never found wanting. The result is the St. Joseph's College, Mill Hill, of to-day.

At first distrusting his own fitness to manage a Seminary, he had thought of calling in the aid of some Religious from abroad, whose traditions and inherited experiences he valued highly. I remember well the occasion when twenty years later he told me how and why the almost completed negotiations were broken off. We were walking in the garden at Mill Hill, and he had told me how for years this work of the Foreign Missions had been the obsession of his life, and how he had gradually got together the means of making a start. He then described how he had asked the Superior of a Religious Order to take over, as it were, his work, to use the fruits of his labours, and to conduct the Seminary. Everything seemed to go smoothly, and he had high hopes that his own part was played and over. Then he told why the negotiations had failed at the eleventh hour. He had described how everything had been arranged down to the last detail when a point arose about which neither side would give way. The Superior of the Community in question had mentioned that at dinner the Rector and Professors would have an extra dish. I remember well how, standing still abruptly in his walk, and with a look of eager questioning in his eyes, he said, 'Do you think that a trivial thing—too trivial to change every plan and hope I had had for months?' Perhaps I was slow in answering, for still standing there in the shadow of the trees he had brought as seedlings from California, he flashed out, 'Can you imagine St. Peter and St. John bargaining for an extra course to distinguish them from the rest of the Apostles?' In what precise way it was conveyed to the foreign monks that their services would not be required does not appear—possibly Father Vaughan incidentally mentioned that he thought of trying to manage without a cook. At any rate the College opened with one student and one professor—and the professor was Herbert Vaughan.

Let us consider what was Herbert Vaughan's idea of a missioner—what sort of man it was he hoped to send to the Heathen lands. It was a high ideal and one difficult to flesh and blood. There was no room here for half measures, or for compromise between the world and God. He was no believer in any short-service system, or even in a long-service system. The sentence was to be for life. The missioner who goes out from St. Joseph's College leaves England for ever. It is not a case of furloughs, or periodical visits to England on the ground of health, or for the sake of wife or child. The missioners are Catholic priests, and therefore vowed to perpetual celibacy—and that is a difference which cuts deep.

No one had a warmer admiration for the unstinting generosity with which the British public, year after year, supports the efforts of the great Protestant Missionary Societies of this country. He believed it would bring a blessing on England, and in his constant appeals to Catholics he often gave point to his words by quoting statistics as to the amount of money annually spent by both Anglicans and Nonconformists to carry the message of Christianity and civilisation to the Heathen. Not the less he looked forward to a type of missioner very different from theirs. He called for a measure of devotion and a completeness of surrender not to be thought of in connection with men who had given hostages to fortune —who had wives to cherish and children to educate and settle in life. Given the conditions, and he would have recognised that the thousand household and domestic cares which beset and distract the Protestant missioner were natural and good, but not the less they carried with them a sense of divided allegiance for which there was no place in his ideal of what a missioner should be. The praise of the great Missionary Societies was deep in his heart and often on his lips, but the men who were to be after his own heart were to give themselves to the work after quite another fashion.

The late Sir Charles Clifford, who had a wide experience of the undeveloped lands of the world, speaking in the presence of Herbert Vaughan at a great meeting held at the St. James's Hall in 1868, in aid of the College at Mill Hill, alluded to this aspect of the Missionary question :—

> "The Protestant missioner," he said, "has a double duty to perform. They will all tell you that it is necessary for the proper carrying out of their mission that they should have wives. The natural consequence

of that is that they have families. They cannot, therefore, go and stand the brunt of the pitiless storm. They cannot go, as I have seen Catholic missioners do, and stand between two sets of savages in the act of fighting. They have to think of the little ones at home. They have to think, moreover, how, when these little ones grow up, they shall be supported. The consequences are that, with the best intentions in the world on their part, the savages among whom they dwell see that they are collecting property about them, that they are dealing in land, that the spiritual welfare of the people, although it is one great object with them, is not their sole object. Until you send from England men whose sole object is the spiritual welfare of those among whom they dwell, you will not have performed the duty which you owe to those countries which are enabling you to be a great nation."

These words are quoted here, not to contrast one system with another, but only to make it clear that Herbert Vaughan's idea of missionary life was not the one which commonly finds acceptance in this country. In the days when he first conceived the project of founding a College for Foreign Missioners his imagination had been set aflame by the examples of St. Francis Xavier and Blessed Peter Claver. The glorious successes of Xavier seemed to widen his horizon, and to flatter his hope of doing something great for God; but the dominating influence was that of Peter Claver. The thought of this seventeenth-century saint who vowed himself for life to be the "slave of the slaves," who were then being brought in shiploads from the coasts of Africa to the great market in Carthagena, coloured his thoughts for years together. Peter Claver had gone out to New Granada, not for a term of years, or till a pension had been earned, or till health failed him, or his family wanted him home, but for all his life. And his purpose held.

Year after year he was there to meet the survivors of the dreadful " middle passage," to face the sickening sights of the huddled masses of diseased and bruised humanity brought again into the sun, after burial for weeks in the darkness and stench of the crowded ship-holds. He lived his life so—trying to bring the message of hope and to preach the gospel of love to the most miserable and unbefriended people in all God's earth. The days of his strength went, and old age found him still at his work, still looking out for the slave-ships, still serving the slaves. And when death came at last to bring release and reward Peter Claver was found faithful at his post. That was the type of man which Herbert Vaughan had in his mind when he thought of the Foreign Missions. He wanted men filled with the Apostolic spirit, who in a spirit of perfect detachment would consecrate themselves to the service of the Heathen, not for a term of years, but without reserve and for ever. They go, and have gone continuously, from Mill Hill for more than thirty years, not into exile, because exile means absence from home, but simply into new homes to labour there until the end.

During the next few years Herbert Vaughan lived and worked unceasingly for the cause of the College at Mill Hill. His health, however, which had greatly improved during his stay in South America, soon began again to give way. During a journey to Rome he had bruised his leg, and erysipelas had set in. He lay ill at Genoa for some weeks, and though eventually able to continue his journey and transact the business with Propaganda which had taken him to Rome, the wound refused to heal, and continued to trouble him for some time after his return to London. His friends began to be seriously anxious and to suspect that perhaps insufficient or badly prepared food was at the bottom of the trouble. At Mill Hill they had probably by this time got beyond the stage at which a cook was regarded as a superfluity, but the spirit which suggested that bold experiment still ruled.

Sometimes on his way to an office in the Strand, where he worked in connection with the *Tablet*, he would take his lunch at Herbert House, where he was always a welcome guest. Lady Herbert of Lea, whose constant benefactions through a long course of years to St. Joseph's College, Mill Hill, earned for her the title of "the Mother of the Mill," resolved to take one of these opportunities to get a competent medical opinion as to his condition. Anticipating objections on the part of the patient, she engaged two eminent doctors to come to Herbert House at a time when her guest was expected. She then explained to Father Vaughan that whatever expense was involved had been incurred already, and that under these circumstances he would simply be wasting money if he now refused to allow himself to be examined. Accordingly, the doctors examined and cross-examined the patient, and when he had gone on made their report to Lady Herbert. She says: "They reported that his serious state of health was entirely owing to insufficient food and nourishment during so many months; that they had ascertained that he had lived on dry bread, potatoes, and rice during the greater part of the year; that he had rarely any meat, save bad Australian mutton, not properly cooked, and no drink but water. They added that if he persevered in this diet he could not live six months longer." Armed with this opinion, Lady Herbert went straight to Archbishop Manning, told him what the doctors had said, showed what they had prescribed in the way of diet, and called upon him to take action as in a matter of life and death. Manning was equal to the occasion. Father Vaughan was sent for, told to pack a portmanteau, and to come and live at Archbishop's House for the next three months. The plan was completely successful, and in a short time the wound which had caused him such trouble was healed.

Meanwhile the work at Mill Hill, which had been started in such humble way, continued to grow and to prosper. The second anniversary found it with three priests and twelve students, and the necessity of permanent and more suitable lodgings became apparent. Appeals for more funds were made both publicly and in private. The foundation-stone of the present noble College was laid in June, 1869. In March, 1871, it was opened free from debt, with a community of thirty-four. It had the drawback of being only partly furnished, but the furniture would come as the College itself had come. Dr. Vaughan prayed and begged, and begged and prayed, and in due course all that was necessary was obtained. But so far the work had been only in the stage of preparation. Now, at last, the end for which so much toil and anxiety had been borne was in sight. Father Vaughan was to see the fruits of his labour, and a result which presented itself in such beautiful guise that he saw it only as the saving of souls. For in the autumn of the same year, 1871, St. Joseph's College had assigned to it, by the Holy See, its first sphere of work. Its missionaries were called upon to go to America, and there consecrate themselves to the special service of the negro population of the United States. Nothing could have been more welcome to Father Vaughan or more in keeping with the hope with which he had first thought of St. Joseph's College.

The first missionaries who left Mill Hill for the United States were four in number, and the vow by which they consecrated their lives may well have recalled the memory of Peter Claver. It ran thus: "*Ego N.N. ad uberiores fructus adquirendos spondeo ac voveo me Nigrorum memetipsum Patrem et Servum exhibiturum, nec unquam quodcunque aliud opus assumpturum, quod ad Nigrorum specialem curam ullo modo vel negligendam vel deserendam conducere posset. Sic Deus me adjuvet et haec Sancta Dei Evangelia.*" The departure of the first missioners was marked by a special ceremony of farewell and by a sermon by Archbishop Manning.

It must have been with a delicious sense of achievement that Herbert Vaughan watched the preparations for the departure of those first four missioners from St. Joseph's College. They were the first-fruits of his long labours, and were visible proof to him that the seed-time was over and done, and that the harvest was near. One last service he could do—he would go out with them to America and see them settled in their new home in Baltimore. Accordingly, towards the end of November, 1871, he sailed with his little band who had vowed themselves for ever to the service of the negro race. The little party met with a very friendly reception in Maryland, and the Archbishop of Baltimore at once placed at their disposal a large, if somewhat dilapidated, house, with sixty acres of land. After doing what was possible to settle the missioners in their new field of labour, and after preaching and lecturing in their behalf in Baltimore, Father Vaughan set out on a voyage of discovery and inquiry through the Southern States.

For already he saw visions as to the future extensions of his work. To anticipate that it would overrun the South and in time minister to the needs of the negroes in all the old Slave States, was to look forward only to what might be regarded as a natural development. Father Vaughan's hopes went further. Might not America prove to be the half-way house to Africa, and negroes from the plantations in the Carolinas or Alabama prove to be the most effective missionaries for the conversion of the Dark Continent itself?

The first task, however, was to study the negro problem on the spot as it presented itself in America. For this purpose Herbert Vaughan made a tour through the Southern States of the Union, everywhere eagerly asking for information, cross-examining his witnesses, and carefully noting down his conclusions. What he saw filled him with pity and compassion. For ignorance and spiritual desolation he was prepared, but it came as a shock to find how little was being done for the negro, and how far he seemed left outside the area of philanthropic and religious effort. He had heard all this, had been warned of it before he left England, and by none more emphatically than by the representatives of the Catholic Church in the United States. So conscious were the American Bishops at that time of their inability to deal with the great problem at their doors, that at the Plenary Council of Baltimore in 1866 a special appeal was made to Europe to come to the rescue, and to send out priests ready to devote themselves entirely to the coloured population. As in answer to that prayer Herbert Vaughan had come.

He now visited all the great centres, and his notebooks show with what care he collected information as to both the spiritual and temporal condition of the negroes in every place where he stayed. He quickly found that slavery had left the negroes in absolute ignorance of even the elements of Christianity. His diary tells of "one old man who, on being shown a crucifix and told it represented the death of Jesus Christ, looked at it steadily and then said slowly, 'How wicked of those Yankees to treat that poor Southern General like that!'" Amid so much to discourage him, Herbert Vaughan seems to have found some consolation in putting on record whatever testimony he could collect as to the intelligence and docility and natural virtues of the negro. From the local clergy he appears to have got a somewhat mixed reception. Many of them, who worked unceasingly among the whites, regarded the blacks as hopeless, or at any rate outside their sphere of labour. From St. Louis, under date January 25th, 1872, he writes: "The Archbishop thought all my plans would fail; could suggest nothing for the negroes, and refused permission to collect and declined to give a letter of approval." A few lines further down he adds: "Father Callaghan, S.J., who has for seven years worked for the negroes, disagrees with the Archbishop on this question. Speaks of the virtue and simplicity of the negro." In Memphis he notes: "Negroes regarded even by priests as so many dogs." What perplexed him more than anything else was the inequality before the Blessed Sacrament. There before the altar all men should be equal, and the colour-line should fade at the church door. In New Orleans he notes the case of a wealthy coloured man married to a white woman: "Pays for a pew in the Cathedral—his wife sits in it, but he is obliged to go behind the altar." Perhaps the following entries, taken from the commonplace-book he kept at the time, may serve sufficiently to convey his impressions of the field of labour on which his missioners were to enter.

"A common complaint that white and black children are not allowed to make their First Communion on the same day. A coloured soldier refused Communion by a priest at the Cathedral. Delassize's inclination to shoot the priest. In a church just built here, benches let to coloured people which are quite low down. A lady—coloured—built nearly half the church, another gave the altar; both refused places except at the end of the church. A Fancy Fair—coloured people allowed to work for it but not admitted to it. It is still unlawful in Alabama for coloured and whites to marry. Before the War it was unlawful not only to teach slaves, but even for coloured freemen to receive any education. During the Slavery days the priest had no chance. A bigoted mistress would flog her slave if she went to any church but her own, and if she persisted in going to the Catholic church, would sell her right away. I visited the hospital, where there were a number of negroes. Talked to many in it and in the street. All said they had no religion. Never baptized. All said either they would like to be Catholics or something to show they were not opposed to it. Neither the priest with me nor the Sisters in the Hospital do anything to instruct them. They just smile at them as though they had no souls. A horrible state of feeling! How is it possible so to treat God's image!

"In Georgia the State makes no provision for the education of coloured people, and refuses them admission into the public schools.

"Visited 'The Hermitage,' four miles out of Savannah —a plantation belonging to Mr. McAlpin. He was a wealthy planter before the War. He complained niggers would not work regularly, but neither would the whites. Twenty whitewashed huts, miserable inside, as containing no conveniences or partitions, were the negro quarters. He said they would not live in them now for any consideration—they said they were haunted. No wonder. And what a proof of the negro's hatred of slavery! Yet Mr. McAlpin was a model planter and a gentleman. Kept an infirmary, which stood in the centre of the quarters, for men and women. Close by was the overseer's house, comfortable and roomy. Mr. McAlpin's own residence is in the Italian style. Saw an old negress, ninety-two years of age. Said her prayers to me in French. Raised on a Frenchman's plantation in Georgia."

But however shocked Father Vaughan may have been at what he saw to be the moral and material conditions of the recently emancipated slave population, it was not in his nature to be fanatical. His sanity of judgment was in no danger of being unbalanced by his emotion. He had been an ardent abolitionist years before, on that day when he stood in the slave-market in Rio and saw a woman knocked down to the highest bidder, and he went home with his Northern sympathies strengthened and deepened, but he never ceased to be practical or to make allowance for men with an inherited difficulty, with a burden which had been shaped to their backs before they were born. For instance, the very idea that colour should be treated as a disqualification in the House of God was revolting to him. He could never have tolerated a rule to rail the negro back from kneeling near to the sanctuary; but, the idea of compulsion being removed, he quite saw the advantage of having separate churches for the blacks, and thought such an arrangement as much in the interests of the coloured people as of the whites. The following entry from the diary is to the point: "Father Mandini, of St. Stephen's Church, has got up a little chapel for coloured people, which they highly appreciate. He says they like to have a place of their own without its being determined that no white shall enter. This is the common opinion of intelligent people, and I think true." Of the practical wisdom of separating the two races even in church, he grew more and more satisfied as he prolonged his stay. In Charleston he writes: "Father Folchi the priest of the coloured people. There may be two thousand nominally Catholic negroes in Charleston; about three hundred attend his little church. But he has admitted the whites, and this, the Bishop says, has ruined his chance of success with the blacks. He has a school in which there are about fifty children. Father Folchi very anxious for us to come and help him—so also the Bishop."

It will be remembered that this was still the period of reconstruction: the reign of the "carpet-bagger" was not yet over, and neither the master nor the slave had had time to settle down to the new conditions brought by the success of the Northern arms. Bearing this in mind, the reader will not be tempted to draw rash conclusions from the following description: "Visited the Legislature (Louisiana). Half blacks, many unable to read—legs on desks, smoking, eating apples, fourteen trying to speak at once. In Senate, a coloured man, Pinchbeck President."

While in the South Father Vaughan sought an interview with Jefferson Davis. He found the ex-President of the Confederate States quite unrepentant in his views as to the natural destiny of the black race. His opinions are recorded without comment in the diary thus: "Called on Jefferson Davis. He said the negro, like a vine, could not stand alone. No gratitude, but love of persons—no patriotism, but love of place instead. He says that men are warring against God in freeing the negro, that he is made to be dependent and servile; that in Africa wherever a community does well an Arab is to be found at the head of it. I urged that this was a reason in favour of our mission, that no one but the Catholic Church could supply the guidance and support the negroes need. Mr. Davis quite agreed with this. 'The field is not promising,' he said, 'but you have the best chance. The Methodists and Baptists do much mischief among them; their religion is purely emotional.'" Jefferson Davis may have thought that, when denouncing the emotional appeals of the Methodists, he was speaking to a sympathetic listener. It was hardly so. Again and again in his diary Herbert Vaughan deplores the want of "popular devotions," which he thought almost essential for success among the negroes. In fact, in some ways he seemed almost to envy the organisation of the Methodists, and in one place exclaims, "Why cannot we have catechists or brothers like the Methodist preachers?"

As might be expected in the case of one so deeply interested in trying to understand the mental attitude of one race towards the other, Father Vaughan was struck with the fact that the feelings with which the North regarded the negro differed from those prevalent in the South, not in degree only, but in kind. He puts the case thus: "In the North the prejudice is against the colour, while in the South it is against the blood." He instances a case in which children, apparently of white parents, have been excluded from school because, in spite of their appearance, they were known to have some taint of black blood in their veins. The distinction thus noted thirty years ago is true in its degree to-day, and is the outcome of different political conditions. Herbert Vaughan was quick to see that in the North, where the political or social supremacy of the negro is unthinkable, there is little hesitation to throw open all careers to him. That liberality, however, is accompanied and qualified by a very general feeling of repulsion for the person of the negro—a feeling almost unknown in the South. How could it be otherwise? The sort of physical shrinking from contact with the person of a negro to which so many, whether in the Northern States of the American Union or here in England, would confess, can find no place among people who have had negroes around them all their lives—who from their earliest infancy have been accustomed to negro nurses and negro servants. The Southern prejudice is not, and never was, against the person of the negro. On the other hand, repugnance to the thought of the supremacy of the servile race, or even its existence on a footing of equality, amounts to a passion. In the North a white negro—there are white negroes as there are white blackbirds—meets with little prejudice. The fact that a man's lineage would show that in his blood he has a "touch of the tar-brush" would affect him as much and as little in Boston or New York as in London or in Birmingham. The visible marks of race disability are absent, and it is they that matter. In the South the mere question of colour counted for little. What mattered was the blood. To Herbert Vaughan, who thought not about skins, but about souls, these differences of prejudice were things to be noted, perhaps, but were really of remote interest. A few years before he had been tempted, on meeting a negro tramp in the streets of London, to stop and embrace him in public, just as an act of reparation to the member of an outcast and unbefriended people, and he had now small sympathy with race-prejudice, whether based on political feeling or on such incontestable facts as skin or smell. He summed up his impressions of the South in these words: "My impression of the Southern States is that of a territory where the work of creation is only half finished. The water is still in process of separating from the land. That which is not ooze and swamp is poor, covered with pine-forests. People without vigour or energy, without capital, without industry, without good government, and without prospects. The whites abuse the blacks, but the blacks don't appear to be much worse than the whites. But to be excepted from this description are the planters—fine old aristocratic people in their own way, hospitable and kind. The planter was a great man on account of his slaves; but he never raised cattle, sheep, or articles of common daily use. For these he depended on the North—he grew cotton, rice, and sugar."

After visiting St. Louis, New Orleans, Mobile, Savannah, Memphis, Vicksburg, Natchez, and Charleston, and making careful inquiries in each place, Father Vaughan returned to New York, and began a campaign in the Eastern States. Addressing a great meeting in New York, he congratulated the people upon the fact that the great result of the War had been the final Abolition of Slavery. "I am not going to enter upon politics. This is neither the place nor am I the person to take up American politics. We have been sent out here to souls—to souls the most abandoned and helpless; we have to labour simply for souls. We have nothing to do with any other subject, however tempting. But it is impossible to enter upon the subject without saying that, as a man and a Catholic, I rejoice in the fact of Emancipation, however it may have been brought about. I rejoice that all men upon this Continent are free. I may say more than this. Those who have suffered as you have not, those who were formerly slaveholders, now rejoice in the freedom of their own slaves.

"I have travelled all through the Southern States, and do not recollect to have met a single Catholic, who had possessed property in slaves, who did not think it well that all were now free, or who would upon any account bring back slavery if he could. I do not say that this feeling is peculiar to Catholics. I believe it to be the all but universal feeling in the South, springing out of the rectitude of human nature and the dignity of manhood. And I believe that Southerners will prove to be the best friends of the coloured people. Of course, they do not rejoice in beholding themselves forcibly despoiled of their property. Many a heart is wrung with sadness and bitterness, and feelings of vengeance may for a time assert themselves as their eyes gaze upon desolate homes and poverty and ruin in the place of plenty and happiness. Could it be otherwise? I speak for myself; my own heart has bled as I have seen, and conversed with, those sufferers, and heard their tale of woe. And, as I have witnessed their manly, and I will add heroic, behaviour under the most trying circumstances, I have been filled with admiration for them in their sufferings, and have been instinctively led to pray that God would bless them and heal their wounds, and give them some better and more lasting good than any they have lost."

He then went on to unfold his own hope that the American negroes might prove the willing means of evangelising Africa itself. "We have come to gather an army on our way, to conquer it for the Cross. God has His designs upon that vast land. It may be a thousand years behind our civilisation of to-day, but what were our forefathers a little more than a thousand years back compared to our present condition? They were sunk in an apparently hopeless barbarism. But God sent missioners to them from a Christian nation, and they brought them into the light. Nation is dependent upon nation, and we have to carry on the light. In less than a thousand years Africa may be as civilised as Europe or America. The mission of the English-speaking races is to the unconverted, especially to the uncivilised, nations of the world. God calls upon you for co-operation: His plans are prepared from afar. The branch torn away from the parent stem in Africa by our ancestors was carried to America, carried away by divine permission in order that it might be engrafted upon the Tree of the Cross. It will return, in part, to its own soil, not by violence or deportation, but willingly and borne upon the wings of Faith and Charity."

After collecting £800 in New York, Dr. Vaughan crossed the frontier into Canada. There he hoped to win, not money only, but men. He thought that among the French Canadians he might find some workers ready for the mission-fields. The Archbishop of Quebec received him kindly, and allowed him to address the students in the Seminary, and, further, promised to allow any two of them to cast in their lot with him altogether, if they could be persuaded to go. Apparently the prospect of leaving home for ever to labour among negroes was not sufficiently inviting. One of those who were present writes: "J'eus l'avantage de faire partie de l'auditoire et d'entendre les éloquentes paroles de cet apôtre; mais je dois avouer à ma confusion que, comme bien d'autres, je ne me crus pas appelé à tant de sacrifices. Deux d'entre nous, parait-il, furent sur le point de partir, mais il faut croire que si la grâce fut suffisante elle ne devint pas efficace. Quoiqu'il en soit, le R. P. Vaughan s'en alla les mains vides." From Quebec he went on to Montreal, and there succeeded in getting one recruit, Arthur Bouchard, who went to Mill Hill and afterwards served on the Foreign Missions until his death.

It was now time to think of returning to England. The main object of the visit had been accomplished. By personal investigation Herbert Vaughan had learned the nature of the Negro Problem in the United States, and he had fairly started his own little band of missioners on their great work. One of the last entries in his diary before sailing runs as follows: "Bishop Gibbons, who has just come from Baltimore, says our men are highly esteemed by the Vicar-General and the clergy. They are intent on their own business and understand it, and are very popular for their simplicity and hard work."

Herbert Vaughan may have done more conspicuous and more important work in his life than the founding of this great College at Mill Hill, and the equipment and endowment of it with his own ideals, but assuredly there was none that was closer or dearer to his heart.

He saw the seed-time and he saw the harvest, and he knew that when he was gone others would continue to reap where he had sown. The College he built is there, and doing to-day the work he planned. His missioners, under their sentence for life, are at work to-day in the Philippines, in Uganda, in Madras, in New Zealand, in Borneo, in Labuan, in the basin of the Congo, in Kashmir, and in Kafiristan. In 1908 they gave baptism to nearly 10,000 Pagans. In his busiest days, as Bishop in Salford, or Cardinal in Westminster, Herbert Vaughan was always glad when he could snatch a brief time for silence and retreat at Mill Hill. He went to the College when his time came to die, and he chose it for his place of burial.

CHAPTER VIII

THE NEWSPAPER APOSTOLATE

AMONG the results of Father Vaughan's first visit to America, and especially of what he had seen in California, must be counted a new appreciation of the power of the Press. On his return to England he determined at once to have a newspaper of his own. In the summer of 1868 he was in negotiation with the proprietors of two of the existing Catholic papers, and finally decided to purchase the *Tablet*. Up to this time the leading Catholic journal had had, it must be admitted, a somewhat variegated career. Founded in 1840 by Frederick Lucas, it soon fairly astonished and even scandalised those it was meant to represent by the uncompromising boldness with which, in season and out of season, it advocated all Catholic claims. English Catholics had never had a newspaper before, and they soon began to regard their own organ with wonder and dismay. If a newspaper was desirable at all—which was very doubtful—it should be distinguished for its tact, and reticence, and conciliatory language. The remnant of the English Catholics was convinced that its safety was bound up with the universal belief in its harmlessness. Small wonder, then, if the *Tablet*, as conducted by Lucas, was regarded, first as an uncomfortable phenomenon, and then as a dangerous firebrand. For Lucas, far from showing any becoming anxiety to avoid treading upon the toes of Protestant statesmen, wanted to stamp upon them at once, if that seemed the quickest way of drawing attention to any Catholic grievance.

And, unfortunately for Lucas, there soon were difficulties of a more sordid sort. The failure of one of the men who had financed the *Tablet* gave the printers a lien on the paper. Presuming on this, they soon developed a tendency to attempt to control its policy. Lucas made short work of these pretensions, and in consequence one morning found himself locked out of his own office. To a man of his temperament the obvious thing was to get together a gang of men, fetch a couple of ladders, mount to the first storey window, and take the place by storm. Then came the threat of Chancery proceedings on the part of the evicted publishers. Lucas had to pause. His opponents knew that he had alienated and alarmed many of his supporters, and, sure of their legal position, felt strong enough to defy him. They called in to their aid a well-known journalist, Michael James Quin, who, with Cardinal Wiseman and Daniel O'Connell, had been one of the founders of the *Dublin Review* and its first editor. To Lucas's friends the situation seemed pretty hopeless. To him, the fact that he had been robbed of the paper he had made was only a fresh incentive to the fight. If the *Tablet* had passed out of his hands he would conquer it with the *True Tablet.* Accordingly, from February 26th, 1842, the English Catholic body had two papers—the *True Tablet* and the *Tablet*—each claiming to be their sole organ in the Press, and each denouncing its rival as apocryphal, and between the two it was war to the death. It was a struggle between timidity and respectability on the one side, and reckless, ruthless courage on the other. It lasted something over a year, and then a letter from Daniel O'Connell, which is said to have brought Lucas five hundred subscribers in a single morning, ended the contest. The *Tablet*, as edited by Quin, disappeared, and the *True Tablet*, dropping the now superfluous epithet, continued the succession.

The following year a new difficulty arose. English Catholics were becoming accustomed to the sound of their own voices, and Lucas had fairly schooled them into the belief that they were as free as other men to urge and claim their rights in public. Then they were asked to follow him in a new departure. For Lucas religion lent their deepest colouring to almost all the problems of life; but, where Catholicism was not directly concerned, the *Tablet* had shown itself a resolute supporter of Whig principles and the Whig administration. So far it was in harmony with the prevailing Catholic sentiment, still grateful to the party which had secured, if it had not granted, the Act of Emancipation. There was the same unity of view towards the question of the Repeal of the Union between England and Ireland—a project to which the bulk of English Catholic opinion was steadily hostile. In the autumn of 1849, however, Lucas paid a visit to Ireland—on the morrow of the Great Famine. What he saw there made him a changed man. A passion of pity swept out all his previous convictions, and he became an avowed opponent of the Union between the two countries. From that time onward he was more and more absorbed in Irish politics, and in 1849 decided to take the *Tablet* to Ireland. In characteristic fashion he thus warned his rivals that in leaving England he meant still to hold the field : " Those who think that my departure leaves an opening for some cowardly, truckling, time-serving Government hack, whose congenial business it will be to indite falsehoods and betray the Church, are respectfully informed that no such individual will have the slightest chance of success, and, if I can make good my footing in Dublin, I will undertake to keep the field as clear of these pedlars and their packs as ever I have been able to do in London."

Published in Dublin, the *Tablet* was carried on on much the same lines as it had been in London—"only more so." We find Lord Clarendon, then Lord-Lieutenant in Ireland, denouncing it as " one of the most offensive and virulent newspapers in Europe." But Lucas was now so devoted, body and soul, to the work of relieving the awful sum of human misery which the Great Famine had left in Ireland, that he wanted another platform besides the *Tablet*, and so entered Parliament as the representative of an Irish constituency. And then, as was said at the time, the "leaders" of the *Tablet* were declaimed on the floor of the House of Commons. His association with Irish politics during the next years was sweetened by his friendship with Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, but it brought in its train disillusion and disappointment.

The end was not far when Dr. Cullen, Archbishop of Dublin, forbade his priests to attend public meetings or otherwise take part in politics. Lucas foamed out his heart in passionate protest in the columns of the *Tablet* against what seemed to him a deliberate stifling of the only articulate voice ever likely to be raised in defence of the unhappy and the oppressed. And when, in 1854, the

Bishop of Ossory prohibited two priests by name from attending a political meeting, Lucas felt the cause was lost unless Rome would intervene. He determined to go himself to the Eternal City and there lay all the facts before the supreme tribunal of Catholic Christendom. In leaving Ireland he declared that " if the decision of the Holy See was adverse, he would leave, without a sigh of regret, the game of politics to the selfish and the corrupt, to the men who thirsted after gold, to the men who sought to make the lives and hearts' blood of the people the mere raw material of coinage for their own pockets."

Running through all his bitter invective of this period there is something like a premonition of what was to come. The Irish members had pledged themselves to send a deputation to the Pope, and the clergy were to sign a memorial. Lucas fretted and waited, and wore out his heart against the eternal patience of Rome, for month after month, and no one came, and the clergy were silent. The Archbishop of Dublin, now himself in Rome, told of his triumph in terms that were almost insulting. After telling how, in spite of all the brave talk in Ireland, no appeal had been lodged against the Bishop of Ossory, how " the famous memorandum " had never been presented, how the lay and clerical deputation, so often announced, had never appeared, Cardinal Cullen went on, with direct reference to Lucas : " There is indeed one gentleman here who took an active part in the meetings of Cavan and Thurles, but he has not exhibited credentials from any party, and indeed I believe he is very meritoriously employed in seeking spiritual advice and instruction from the authorities of this city, who, being anxious to gain all in Christ and to bring those who are astray to the right path receive all with truly paternal kindness and Christian charity."

Lucas knew his defeat, and with a chill at his heart set his face towards home. For him the worst bitterness of death was over. When he returned to London he was a changed man. The doorkeeper at the House of Commons failed to recognise him—he was so thin. With irrepressible gaiety of heart he wrote to an old friend [1] :—

"MY DEAR FATHER TOM,—I don't know whether I am glad or sorry that your notion of my disorder is so mistaken. As Sydney Smith says in one of his letters, 'I have seven or eight complaints, but in all other respects I am perfectly well.' In plain and sober seriousness, my dear Father Tom, I have given up all hope of life, have received the Last Sacraments, and though, perhaps, not immediately to die, for this is in God's hand, yet I have now no other business than to make the best preparation I can for the Judgment Seat of the Almighty, and to request all the prayers of my friends, to help me through this fearful passage, which, I hope, may be from Death to Life. Thank God, I have no wish to live. I ask for no prayers for restoration to health. I have never valued life very much, and now less than ever. Dear Father Tom, it would be a great pleasure for me to see you again before I die. We have fought many a battle together at your imminent peril, and I never found in you less than the courage of a hero, perfect unselfishness, zeal untiring, and a devotion to the cause of God and the poor which it will be difficult to surpass. Now when, perhaps, I am presently to stand face to face with my Creator and Redeemer, I esteem it an honour to have fought so often by your side, and though I do not regret for a moment that my exertions have tended to shorten my life, I do most bitterly regret that your nobleness and heroism have brought on you so sad a persecution. However, my dear Father Tom, let me say to you, and to our friends of your diocese, not to be downcast or disheartened.

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[1] The Rev. Thomas O'Shea.

As sure as God is in Heaven, your cause is the cause of truth and honour; and when your last hour comes, you will all feel what consolation it gives a man never to have flinched in the worst of times—as I may say of you—or given way in the public service to selfish personal considerations. My dear Father Tom, I would give a little world to press your hand once more and to receive your blessing."

His last days were quite peaceful—he knew he had done his utmost; he had always looked to the front, and in the end, to quote the indignant words of Gavan Duffy, he had been "hamstrung by a crozier." He had played his part, and he waited for the end: it came quickly.

With the death of Frederick Lucas came a swift revulsion of feeling among English Catholics. For fifteen years he had fought their battles with a courage which had taken their breath away, and an ability which had compelled their reluctant admiration; and, in spite of his violence, and in spite of his absorption during the later years in purely Irish politics, he remained the man they were proudest of. His death left a great blank, and there was much searching of heart as to how it should be filled. The first thing decided upon was to bring the *Tablet* back to London, and to make it once more an English Catholic organ. Mr. John Wallis, who had recently been called to the Bar, was asked to undertake the editorship. In many ways he was admirably fitted for the post. He was a man of brilliant abilities, and to many of his friends it seemed that he was sacrificing a fine future at the Bar for a forlorn hope as a Catholic editor. From a worldly point of view they were probably right, but Wallis too was something of an enthusiast, and ready to spend and be spent for the cause.

It is hard to say why he was not successful, or why, in the thirteen years during which he ruled at the *Tablet* Office, he failed to do more than lay the foundations of the success the paper afterwards obtained. To say that he had the courage of his convictions would be to understate the facts. His temperament made for a singular independence of view, and at the same time tempted him to go out of his way to lay emphasis on that independence. Lucas had begun his career as a Whig and ended it as a Repealer. Wallis was a Tory at a time when nearly all the Catholic families, still cherishing the tradition of the Emancipation struggle, were Liberals. Wallis rammed his political opinions down the throats of his readers with a fine unconcern, whether for their wishes or his own interests. And not altogether without success. Indeed, it may be said that it was Wallis's advocacy of Tory views in the *Tablet* which, in some sort, prepared the way for that conversion from Liberalism which has been a distinguishing feature in the history of English Catholic opinion during the last fifty years.

But others were to reap where Wallis had sown, and, to say the truth, in his conduct of the paper he was something more than faithful to his own political creed. It is hardly too much to say that during the later years of his editorship he ran the paper very much to please himself. With Cardinal Wiseman he had always been on excellent terms, but to Cardinal Manning he was as a thorn in the flesh. And it was Manning's habit to pick such thorns away. Then with the Irish Members he was always at loggerheads. It was not only that they remembered Frederick Lucas, and all he had been to their cause, but they were met by Wallis with an indifference, and sometimes with an impatient scorn, which was a constant source of irritation. Even when the question of the Disestablishment of the Irish Church began to be discussed, Wallis avowed himself a resolute opponent of Mr. Gladstone's policy. Week after week, in the columns of the *Tablet*, he outraged the opinions of the overwhelming majority of his co-religionists by opposing the Bill, and arguing in favour of the policy of Concurrent Endowment then associated with the names of Lord Mayo and Mr. Disraeli. With all the Whig Catholics, and the Archbishop, and the Irish Party arrayed against it, the *Tablet*, early in 1868, began to be in sore straits. And, worst of all, Wallis himself began to be tired of the work.

A crisis came when a gentleman of the name of Keatinge, with whom Wallis had entered into some sort of partnership, complained that the advocacy of unpopular opinions in the *Tablet* was very bad for business. Wallis replied that if that was the case, he was very sorry for the business —and so the partnership ended. Wallis had now to take the whole of the financial liability of the paper upon his own shoulders, and the load was more than he could carry. His difficulties were soon known, and " A Catholic Liberal " thoughtfully addressed a letter to the *Tablet* to point and rub in the moral. It had been the misfortune of the Catholic body, he said, that their principal organ had been ruled by two Pharaohs, neither of whom had ever had any regard for the people.

> " I think that the first Pharaoh waged war against all whom he believed to be the enemies of God and God's Church because he believed them to be so. I believe that the second Pharaoh waged war against all whom he believed to be the enemies of Pharaoh. I think that whenever he believed any of them to be the enemies of God

> and God's Church, as well as the enemies of Pharaoh, he was glad to press the point against them as a make-weight, and to use it like a lawyer in order to prejudice the jury."

So came the opportunity for Herbert Vaughan, but it was not his opportunity which made him a newspaper proprietor. He would have bought if not this paper then another; and if no paper was to be bought, would certainly have started one of his own. In the event he purchased the *Tablet* for a small sum, and so made what turned out to be the luckiest investment of his life. And his appreciation of the influence of the Press grew rather than diminished. We shall find him in later years trying to acquire a second newspaper, and in fact acquiring the *Dublin Review*. This came to him in 1878 as a gift from Mr. W. G. Ward.

The fact that Father Vaughan was to be the new proprietor of the paper was announced by Wallis himself in a farewell address to his readers. It was written in characteristic fashion, and gave him a last opportunity of preparing pin-pricks for the chief objects of his aversion—the Converts, the Irishmen, and Archbishop Manning:—

> "It is a satisfaction to me to know that I am handing the paper over to one of the old English Catholics. I do not think I would have conveyed it to any one but an Englishman; and, speaking generally, and allowing for exceptions, I should not be well pleased if I had parted with it to a Convert. Most assuredly I feel the greatest possible respect, and even veneration, for the Converts, many of whom have made painful sacrifices to embrace what they believe to be the truth, and have thereby given a noble example to all men. But I do not see how an English Catholic journal like the *Tablet* can be so well conducted as under the responsibility of one who has spent his infancy, youth, and manhood as a member of the body whose counsel he undertakes to be, and on whose behalf

he undertakes to act. To treat of the affairs of English Catholics in the present without knowledge of them in the past must be an extra difficulty; and besides, I confess that I prize the type, the traditions, and modes of thought and action of the old English Catholics, and would rather that the Converts should learn and adopt them than that they should stamp us with their seal."

His difficulties with the Convert Archbishop were thus referred to:—

"I do not think I can be fairly accused of timidity or over-deference for episcopal authority, and upon secular and political matters, or when it seemed to me that the rights of the clergy or laity were at stake, I have never felt much difficulty about expressing myself from time to time, and as occasion might arise, with respectful freedom, although the words or actions of a Bishop were the subject of my comment. But to drift into a settled opposition to the Hierarchy of my own Church, and to be constantly giving expression to that opposition in the columns of the *Tablet*, was a very different thing, and I have made up my mind not to do it."

The letter ends with a reference to his own financial affairs, to the losses he had incurred in the early years of his connection with the paper, and his inability to face further liabilities. On one point he felt he could speak with confidence. He was sure Herbert Vaughan, as the third Pharaoh, would be as little likely as either of his predecessors to put his journalistic conscience in the keeping of his subscribers. In introducing the new proprietor, he wrote:—

"There is no chance whatever that in the hands of the Very Rev. Dr. Vaughan the business of the *Tablet* will be to divine and recite the opinions of its purchasers. We are confident that no journal ever has been conducted under a higher or keener sense of responsibility than will be the *Tablet* under Dr. Vaughan. The change of system recommended—namely, the adoption of the principle of supply and demand, of the commercial principle as the sole rule of the competent journalist—has no chance of finding favour in his eyes."

Certainly nothing could have been further from Herbert Vaughan's conception of the sphere of duty of a journalist than one which would have him listen with his ear to the ground for the first indication of any change of feeling among his subscribers. On the contrary, he thought it was the privilege of the journalist to busy himself with the making of opinion, that his chief work was to shape and guide men's minds by submitting to their judgments a reasoned presentment of the right side of every quarrel. On that score neither of the Pharaohs who had preceded him had anything to teach Herbert Vaughan.

It was no bed of roses into which Herbert Vaughan was stepping. He had at least the advantage of knowing his own limitations. He knew his equipment of special knowledge was of the smallest. He had had simply no journalistic experience and very little literary training. All his life he had an impatience, which was half contempt, for the graces of style, and he had very little feeling for the values of words. His busy, eager, adventurous life, though it had directed his studies into one channel, had left him little time for the acquirement of such learning as would entitle him to be considered, and still less to consider himself, a specialist in any branch of either theology or philosophy. All these deficiencies might have been compensated for by a saving common sense, which he certainly had, but that it was yoked with a certain strange simplicity of heart which sometimes led him into the oddest blunders. His had been a very solitary life—in crowds he had been alone. He had never had the ordinary experiences of a priest, he had never worked on the mission for any length of time, he had known little of that special sort of education which comes to the Catholic priest through the Confessional. His was an innocence which in a journalist became disconcerting. His baffling unworldliness created difficult situations. Quite unconscious of offence, he would take some theological proposition and apply it to a human instance with very little regard for the special circumstances and without a thought for such an irrelevancy as the feelings of the person concerned.

As an illuminating example take the paper's treatment of the late Father Suffield. Father Suffield, a Dominican, left the Church and apparently avowed himself a Unitarian. The *Tablet*, briefly announcing the fact, added: "We take leave of this unhappy priest without dwelling on the sad causes which have gradually led up to his apostasy, instructive though they might be. We simply commend him to the pity and the prayers of all." The world quickly put its own construction upon these words, and the man in the street was confident he could guess the nature of the "sad causes" to which the *Tablet* was evidently too charitable to refer more explicitly. Father Suffield's friends read the same meaning into the words, and he himself appealed to his late Superior, Father Aylward, to clear his character from an odious charge.

Accordingly, Father Aylward wrote to the paper saying its statement had been described to him "as a disgraceful, vulgar, lying paragraph," that it was said that the paper had insinuated what it dared not say, and finally that "none but one himself infamous could impute to Father Suffield any moral blame." In reply—there is no mistaking the hand—Herbert Vaughan first reprints—as though that were the most natural thing in the world to do—the full text of the offending paragraph, and then makes it clear that, while he certainly did impute immoral conduct to Father Suffield, it never occurred to him, even in his inmost thoughts, to use the term in the restricted sense which modern convention assigns to it. It is the teaching of the Catholic Church that no apostasy can take place without grave moral fault. Would the Dominican Superior challenge that proposition? and who are they who would restrict the term "immorality" to the breach of a single commandment? But, as a matter of fact, there was nothing at all about "immorality" or "immoral conduct" in the offending paragraph. The words which the public had interpreted in its own gross fashion were simply these: "The sad causes which have gradually led up to his apostasy." What were these "sad causes" Herbert Vaughan explains with perfect frankness. It had been reported, on what seemed first-hand authority, that Father Suffield "had been so engrossed in external and active works for many years that he had become lamentably neglectful of his own spiritual life of prayer." . . . "Granting the correctness of our information, what more instructive or practical lesson could there be for those among us who are tempted to act as though a life of activity in external good works could secure final perseverance without a life of prayer?" "Those among us"—how often does not that same self-questioning recur in the intimate outpourings of his own diary, that doubt whether delight in external works of charity, and absorption in them and pride in their success, may not mean a deadening of the spiritual life! What he had so often feared for himself seemed, when it was suggested to him by others, as a very natural explanation of another's fall. A gross generation had misinterpreted his meaning, and that was all. But what an equipment was unworldliness of this sort for a journalist!

On the other hand, he had rare qualities—a high and adventurous courage, an untiring industry, great concentration of purpose, unlimited devotion to the work in hand, and a wonderful power of winning and keeping the affection and allegiance of men. He had travelled widely, and was familiar with the ecclesiastical systems of many lands, and had come into contact with some of the best minds of the century; he was wonderfully adaptable; he was sure of the constant support and encouragement of the Archbishop; and he meant to make the paper "hum." At the outset he had need of all the help his friends could give him. He had to gather round him a staff of writers, and the financial resources of the office were of the smallest. He never took the title of Editor, though he did the Editor's work. He had a lay Editor who was also a lay figure. In after years he was fond of recalling those early struggles, and how he served his apprenticeship to journalism. On one occasion, I remember, perhaps a quarter of a century later, when I was editing the paper, he had been talking of it and of its day of small things, and telling of the hand-to-mouth way in which it had to be conducted, when he said suddenly, with a smile, "And now all of you here inherit the fruits of my labours." At the same time the look of laughter in his eyes told of some half-humorous recollection; but, he said gravely, pointing to the Editor's table, "I remember sitting there half through the night translating some Papal document till I thought I was going to get cramp, not only in my fingers, but in my feet as well." Then he added in explanation, "I was afraid to stretch out my legs lest I should kick my sub-editor, who was curled up in sleep under the table."

The *Tablet* passed under the control of its new proprietor in November, 1868. On the front page of the first issue was a declaration of principles signed by Herbert Vaughan. At the outset he pledged himself "to maintain, without compromise and without reserve, the great truths which have been so clearly declared to us by Pius the Ninth." The country was then on the eve of the General Election which enabled Mr. Gladstone to disestablish the Anglican Church in Ireland. The paper in its first number under the new management said: "We cannot understand how any Catholic voter can support a candidate, be he who he may, who will enter Parliament for the purpose of maintaining an unjust and galling religious ascendancy in Ireland. By this test we are supporters, in this Election, of those who will disestablish the Irish Church." Here was the first breach between the old *Tablet* and the new. Between the two party leaders, Gladstone and Disraeli, there could be no question in the mind of Herbert Vaughan. While he was strongly attracted by the religiousness of the former, he had nothing but distrust for the versatility of the latter. With a directness of speech which was characteristic of the journalism of the period the *Tablet* told its readers that " Mr. Disraeli, with that crookedness of conduct which is habitual to him but unparalleled in any other public man, stifles his convictions for the interests of his party."

But though for the moment his paper was throwing the weight of its influence into the scale of Liberalism, there was quite enough in Herbert Vaughan's first declaration of principles to show that this union was accidental and born of the needs of the moment, and that the permanent trend of his mind was towards co-operation with the other political party. Thus we read: "Opposed by every instinct and principle to the spurious Liberalism and irreligious revolution of the Continent, we shall denounce it in all its forms—especially when it manifests its influence among ourselves." But there was more than a common antipathy to prepare the way for a good understanding between the *Tablet* and the Conservative Party. Already the question of denominational education in the schools of the people was beginning to appear on the political horizon. "Whoever," said Herbert Vaughan, "is for an uncompromising scheme of denominational education we shall support: whoever falls short of this we shall oppose."

Meanwhile gossip had been busy, and in the second number of the paper Herbert Vaughan was obliged to set out another declaration over his own name. The odd rumour had gone out that the *Tablet* was now so heavily subsidised that it was quite independent of its subscribers and was indifferent to the support of the public. This was easily met by the statement that the *Tablet* took subsidies from no man. Then it was urged "that this journal will not be an independent organ from the fact that I am a priest, and it has been insinuated that from my personal connection with the Archbishop of Westminster the paper will be practically under his control." To this suggestion the following reply, surely very simple and manly and honourable to all concerned, was made: "I owe to His Grace more than to any other person my education and formation, such as they are. For sixteen years I have lived in close relation with him. It would be strange, then, if my views were not identical with his on many subjects. They are so by choice and by conviction. It would be stranger still if I hesitated to avow my obligation, or were for a moment deterred from the course which I think it right to pursue by the insinuations of any person." For the rest, it had always been the practice and habit of Manning to leave to each of those subject to him the full responsibility for the office he held; it was not likely, therefore, that he would now seek to interfere with a newspaper with which he had nothing to do. Finally it was said that free discussion would not be tolerated in the columns of the *Tablet*. To this Herbert Vaughan made answer: "In pure politics, literature, fine arts, and every other subject proper to a newspaper, I accept no dependence on any person."

But what were the limitations acknowledged by the phrase "proper to a newspaper"? He tells us that "the ecclesiastical decisions of every Bishop in the Kingdom will be respected by the *Tablet*, and no opportunity will be offered for canvassing them in the columns of its correspondence." It is further explained that the decisions to be thus held sacred from criticism are those concerning "doctrine, discipline, or Church Government."

Even so, this statement can hardly have been regarded as quite satisfactory. There are matters which are subject to a mixed jurisdiction, specially when spiritual ends are sought by temporal means, and it may well be that the decision of a Bishop as to the manner in which some object of Church Government is to be obtained may fall within the province of journalistic criticism. And before the end of his life no one recognised this more fully than Cardinal Vaughan. But behind all these apprehensions as to the influence of Manning, and for the liberties of the Catholic Press, was the uneasy wonder as to what would be the attitude of the *Tablet* in the presence of the great issue which already was dwarfing all purely political questions into insignificance. For, at the end of the year 1868, the great Council of the Vatican was beginning to cast long shadows across the world.

CHAPTER IX

ENGLAND AND THE VATICAN COUNCIL

HERBERT VAUGHAN'S simple rule of conduct, his easy test for Catholic loyalty, was always, and under all circumstances, to stand on the side of Rome. Instinctively in any controversy he would be for the Pope against all comers. To uphold and strengthen the authority of the Vicar of Christ was one of the guiding motives of his life. In the case of the Infallibility he thought the fears of the Inopportunist Party utterly illogical. He could not understand the attitude of men who, themselves accepting the Infallibility of the Pope, worked so hard to prevent the definition of the truth they believed in. All Catholics, to whatever theological school they belonged, whether styling themselves Liberals or Ultramontanes, held as an article of Faith that a General Council is under the direct guidance of the Holy Ghost, and that its decrees are necessarily and infallibly true. To be nervously apprehensive as to the consequences of decisions so arrived at, or to show a disposition beforehand to question the expediency of a decision so sanctioned and so certainly true, seemed to Herbert Vaughan illogical and almost uncatholic.

But he, too, had his fears, and they call for a word of explanation—not only because they were very characteristic of him, but because they determined the whole policy of the *Tablet* at this period. It was a singular policy and a very simple one. Side by side with the vehement advocacy of Papal Infallibility as a doctrine recommended at once by reason and authority, and the almost universal belief of Catholic Christendom, was a resolute exclusion of any and every expression of the opposite view. As far as the *Tablet* was concerned, Herbert Vaughan deliberately set himself to strangle and suppress any and every utterance in favour of the Inopportunist Party. A search through the correspondence columns of the *Tablet* fails to show a single letter on the side of which, in this country, Cardinal Newman and the Bishop of Clifton (Dr. Clifford) were the conspicuous exponents. At the same time the *Weekly Register*, then under the control of Henry Wilberforce,[1] was filled with letters, some openly questioning the doctrine of the Infallibility, and others deploring the probable consequences of the Definition. That this policy of wilful and systematic suppression was distasteful to Herbert Vaughan is certain. He was naturally fearless and open, and under ordinary circumstances it was his way to invite the freest discussion, and himself to go out to meet a difficulty or a danger more than half-way.

If he acted differently on this occasion, it was not that he had any doubt about the goodness of the cause he was shielding from criticism in this strange way, and still less that he had any fears lest the forces of the opposition should prevail. That was not his chief concern. Whether the Definition should be made or not rested with other hands than his. His conduct at this time was governed by a great fear, and a fear strong enough to overcome and keep in subjection every natural impulse he had. He not only believed in the Infallibility of the Pope, but was sure, and rightly sure, that it would shortly become an Article of Faith, binding on the conscience of every Catholic. There came in the fear—Might not the Definition bring with it a new peril for souls? And what an awful responsibility would be his who, through the columns of a newspaper, allowed the seeds of doubt to be scattered abroad—doubts which might ripen into such strength that not even the *fiat* of a General Council could still them? What was the gagging of a newspaper by the side of the loss of a single soul? The whole point of view is alien enough to the ordinary British reader, but, given the point of view, who shall quarrel with the conclusion? It was humanly certain that the Definition would come—and Herbert Vaughan was in a position to judge rightly as to that;—it was supremely important that when it came it should be accepted *ex animo* and as of faith by every Catholic. The sands in the hour-glass were running low, but until the Council had actually proclaimed the Dogma there was still room and liberty for discussion. But how if some argument against the Dogma stuck, how if it carried conviction—might not the duty of submission then be made overwhelmingly difficult? Such arguments arrayed in an English newspaper could have no influence on the Bishops assembled at the Vatican, could do nothing at all to avert or postpone the Definition. The only consequence they could have was to harden men's hearts against it, and so prove a snare for souls. This view of the case was well put while the controversy was raging in the columns of the *Weekly Register* by the Rev. David Canty. "Let us suppose that a priest, by his writings in a newspaper against the doctrine of the Infallibility of the Pope, has succeeded in impressing with his arguments the minds of several unstable or half-educated members of his congregation; if the doctrine come to be defined, will he not have to labour to undo his own work? What if he should not succeed?" Herbert Vaughan transcribed those words at the time, and beneath them wrote, "Yes, what if he should not succeed?"

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[1] A son of the great William Wilberforce, a brother of Bishop Samuel Wilberforce. He resigned his Anglican living at East Farleigh in Kent to join the Catholic Church.

This settled conviction, that all further questioning of the inevitable Definition was not only futile but positively mischievous and likely to lead men to make shipwreck of their faith, had another effect upon Herbert Vaughan, and therefore upon the management of the *Tablet.* He might so conduct the paper that its readers need never know from its columns that there was the slightest sympathy in English Catholic circles with the Inopportunist Party. That was the limit of his power. He could not prevent letters and articles, for which "Janus" and others had supplied a storehouse of facts and arguments, appearing in other papers and magazines. The fact that Newman viewed the probability of the Definition with grave misgiving and dislike was widely known, and the fulminations of the Bishop of Orleans were quoted everywhere. To read such articles and letters was to Herbert Vaughan a source of angry unhappiness. He saw their futility, and yet feared that here and there they might make an impression which nothing could afterwards efface. And so it came that in its treatment of the opponents of the Infallibility the *Tablet* was often harsh and sometimes unfair.

This resolve, as far as possible to stifle and stamp out, before they could get a hearing, all arguments against the Infallibility of the Pope, led by an easy transition to a tendency to belittle and frown upon every Catholic who spoke for the minority. When towards the end of 1869 the Bishop of Orleans, Mgr. Dupanloup, issued his famous "Observations" to his clergy, the *Tablet* at once joined issue :—

> "The most eloquent member of their party, the Bishop of Orleans, has lately given us a new example of the temper which animates the heirs of Gallicanism. We have a right to speak plainly of one who attacks with so much bitterness those who have most claim to our respect and sympathy, and we mean to do so. In his recent deplorable publications we detect once more the two prominent features of Gallicanism—servility to those who hate the Church and tyranny for those who love her. We will give examples of both. Mgr. Dupanloup points out by name to the disapprobation of his followers two venerable prelates holding higher rank in the Christian Hierarchy than himself, and appears even to misquote the words of one of them in order to disparage him more effectually. He enumerates, no doubt to the great delectation of Protestants, certain Popes who, either through personal ambition or political blunders, were disturbers of the peace of Christendom. He condemns, in language of great vehemence, two well-known Catholic journals, one of which has been approved during a long course of years by pious French Bishops, and twice commended by the Sovereign Pontiff, while the other is conducted by a staff of writers appointed by the Pope himself. He has no more authority over these journals, which he selects so infelicitously for special admonition, than he has over the *Pensamiento* of Madrid, the *Tablet* of London, or the *Bien Public* of Ghent, which all profess the same principles ; and we may

judge what treatment they would receive from him if the supremacy of the Holy See did not shelter them from his enmity, by the fact that he once forbade his own clergy to receive the *Univers* because it did not share his opinion about the study of classical literature. People in England sometimes say, 'Thank God there is a House of Lords.' How much more reason have Catholics to say, 'Thank God there is a Pope.' But for his supreme protection, the pastoral staff of a Gallican Bishop might happen to be used as a battle-axe. There is no one, with the exception of those who adopt his principles, to whom the Bishop of Orleans does not refuse liberty of thought and speech. Liberal Catholics, of whom he is the most conspicuous, proclaim the right of heretics to teach error, yet deny to their brethren even the liberty of confessing the truth. The doctrine of the personal Infallibility of the Pope is loudly proclaimed by illustrious Bishops and venerable priests, as well as by an immense multitude of the faithful. It is either true or false. If it is false, let Mgr. Dupanloup say so; if it is true, by what authority does he forbid Christians to profess their belief in it? Why must they agree with him, since the most eminent of his own order do not, that in defining this doctrine 'Bishops would decree their own abdication'? No man can abdicate an authority which he does not possess. He may bid us believe that Infallibility resides in the 'collective episcopate,' but if he finds it hard to admit that this gift has been conferred upon one person, we find it still harder to believe that it is dispersed among several hundreds. Is it not more reasonable to attribute it to the Popes, who have always been preserved from error, than to Bishops, amongst whom almost every heresy ever promulgated has found either its author or its patron? We can venerate an infallible authority which is always living and energetic, but we cannot even understand the theory of a living government by an intermittent infallibility, which comes into action only at rare intervals, and then only because the Pope gave it leave to revive for a moment, and lends to its decisions the sanction without which they are worthless."

It is not surprising that an apparent insincerity, or at least want of logic, on the part of a prelate whose words had influence with so many, should have led to strong words on the part of the *Tablet*. A man who in his heart accepted the truth of the Dogma ought not to have argued as if he thought it historically untenable and therefore false, only because he considered its promulgation inconvenient or dangerous. Unfortunately, just because for both sides it was a game of which the stakes were the souls of men, and because the players were in deadly earnest, very human passions crept in, and the struggle became tense and bitter. Thus the Rome Correspondent of the *Tablet*, catching the infection of party, thought like a partizan, and wrote like a partizan, and finally let himself say of the great Bishop of Orleans: "The late unhappy letter is generally attributed in well-informed quarters to an interview Mgr. Dupanloup had with the Emperor Napoleon at Compiègne a few days before, in which His Majesty offered to present him to the see of Lyons in consideration of his taking the lead of the Gallican Party."

Curiously enough, the same libel was published in the *Weekly Register*, a journal which at that time seems to have compounded for the liberality of its own opinions by retaining an Ultramontane of a peculiarly reckless and ferocious type as its Correspondent in Rome. Bishop Dupanloup left the *Tablet* in silence, but sent to the *Weekly Register* the following rebuke:—

"MONSIEUR,—Vous avez inséré dans votre journal une correspondance qui vous était adressée de Rome, à la date du 26 Novembre et dans laquelle je lis les lignes suivantes: 'Les personnes les mieux informées des affaires ecclésiastiques de France attribuent la malheureuse lettre de Monseigneur d'Orléans aux ordres de l'Empereur Napoléon avec lequel il a eu une longue entrevue à Compiègne et qui depuis longtemps a travaillé à créer un corps d'Evêques soumis. La lettre dût être récompensée par la succession au siège de Lyon; mais heureusement on a persuadé le Cardinal de Bonald de retirer sa démission pour le moment.' Les personnes si bien informées des affaires ecclésiastiques de France le sont bien mal. Monsieur, les ordres de l'Empereur, cette récompense, cet archevêché, ce marché, vous comprenez que ce sont là des horreurs où il n'y a pas eu un mot de vrai; et si vous viviez en France au lieu de vivre en Angleterre, vous sauriez qu'il n'y a pas là un mot de vraisemblable. Ceux qui vous ont donné de telles nouvelles sont des calomniateurs."

The *Tablet* referred to the incident in the following terms:—

"The chief Catholic journals have none of them hesitated to deplore the letter of the illustrious prelate of Orleans. It has filled the majority of Catholic hearts with sorrow; some with surprise, because they did not expect it; others, like ourselves, with regret but not with surprise, because we did expect it; while, to quote the words of the holy Archbishop of Mechlin, 'the avowed enemies of the faith and of the Church have rejoiced over its publication.' We, as Catholic journalists, have not been able to remain unmoved or silent spectators of what has been occupying the Catholic world, more especially when the letter in question has been circulated through the English Press, accompanied by comments hostile to the prerogatives of the Holy See. We have not been silent and we could not have been; but we accept the criticism received from a friend in Ireland and from another in England, both of them as Ultramontane as ourselves, that we have not been without reproach in our treatment of Mgr. Dupanloup, especially in having given currency to a rumour which appeared in the letter of our own Correspondent, seriously affecting the Bishop's character. It is fair to state principles and doctrines with the utmost plainness, but the imputation of unworthy motives can only weaken the best of causes. It is needless, then, to say that we desire to treat the illustrious Prelate with every respect due to his office and with perfect fairness. We shall pass no further comment upon His Lordship for his Gallican opinions or for his policy."

As the months ran on, and the doctrine of the Infallibility began to be assailed and ridiculed, not only by the whole of the non-Catholic Press of Europe, but by a number of anonymous writers, professing to be Catholics, in pamphlets and reviews, a certain change was apparent in the attitude of the *Tablet*. At the outset the dominant, overwhelming feeling which coloured and governed all its utterances was a desire, not so much for the Definition itself, as for the suppression of whatever could make the Definition a difficulty or a stumbling-block to any. As the struggle went on the Definition gradually came to be regarded as a thing to be desired for its own sake. It was desired because it would separate friends from foes and rid the Church of men who were her worst enemies, because Catholics only in name. It is with something of an exultant temper that Herbert Vaughan's organ, six months before the Definition, apostrophises the false brethren, and tells them that there will soon be an end to their comfortable security, that the debatable territory, the doctrinal "No Man's Land," will soon be divided between God and the Devil, and that then it will be impossible to remain within the pale of the Church and at the same time make common cause with her bitterest enemies.

"No middle course, indeed, remains between loyalty and rebellion, friendship and enmity. There will no longer be any running with the hare and hunting with the hounds. The situation is accentuated, as they say in France, and no trafficking with error, or with principles savouring of error, is any longer possible. Doubtful books will be condemned; rash speculations from science reduced to harmony with revealed truth; speculations on questions closed by the voice of authority will no longer be consistent with Catholic practice; the strange spectacle of persons utterly opposed to the mind of the Church and manifesting the spirit of revolt in every word, and yet calling themselves her children, will be no longer a scandal and a stumbling-block to those without.

"What if the Professor is no longer to be able to devote his days and nights to sapping the foundations of that Church for whose good estate he offers the Adorable Sacrifice the next morning? What if the worldly parent can no longer secure for his children, at the cost of their faith, the advantages of a godless education, or of a marriage in which the canons of the Church are ignored? The decisions of the Council will come home to every Catholic hearth and home, to every College, to every Seminary and Religious House. If they did not they would fail in their scope of healing the evils of our age. But as human nature is generally averse to heroic remedies, it is no wonder if it cries out beforehand and asks to be let alone. It is the increased executive force which the Definition will place in the hands of the Holy See that, in a human point of view, is the real secret of the Opposition.

"Until now, every one who taught error by his tongue or by his pen has been able to preserve the semblance of Catholicism by an appeal from the reigning Pope to a Council, which he knew would not be called. Such men represented themselves as the victims of personal pique, of the influence of some one religious body, or of anything save their own obstinate and rebellious spirit. The appeals which throughout the last three centuries have from time to time been made have now been answered, and the tribunal which all have demanded and whose judgment they professed to consider final, is now in solemn session. Everything encourages us in the hope that those who turn aside from the straight path will be very few, and will be found among those whose Catholicity has long been little else than a means of more insidious and deadly attack on the teaching of the Church. Already the great mass of Christians are prepared to accept the judgment of the Council, and where it may clash with their liberty of thought or action will willingly make the sacrifice. Some, of course, will offer strenuous opposition up to the very moment of the Definition, but even of these many have already declared that their retractations are ready for publication. The timid, therefore, need fear nothing for the issue. Students of history will recall the fact that the same clamours were raised three hundred and fifty years ago against the Œcumenical and Canonical character of the Council of Trent, and yet it is to the Decrees of that Council that all within the Church appeal. The Council of Trent has governed the world in spite of the questions as to its validity started by the adversaries of the Church, and the Council of the Vatican will do as much in the coming ages for our children and our children's children."

Meanwhile, the confident and rather overbearing tone of the *Tablet* brought up a crowd of enemies against it, some of whom were personal friends of Father Vaughan. Among the latter was Canon Wenham, who put his protest in these words:—

"It is broadly asserted that the opponents of the Definition consist only of a few disaffected persons. This I have come to see is not the fact. On the contrary, a considerable number of the clergy and laity, men of position—men who have shown their zeal for the Church by spending and being spent in her service—are unmistakably opposed to it. They are so, indeed, on various grounds. To some the doctrine itself seems in clear contradiction to the facts of history; they do not think, therefore, that it can come to be defined. And an appeal to history is not treason, while as yet there is no decision to interfere with private conviction. Others, persuaded of the doctrine themselves, are concerned for the welfare of those who see such insuperable difficulties in it that it is feared their faith in the authority of the Church would fail under the trial. Others are aware that there are in this country many religiously-minded and thoughtful men who are quite at sea in the matter of belief. Yet they would willingly bow down before anything they could recognise as indeed the voice of God. Were such persons already in the Church, her teaching and authority might help them to interpret passages of history in a sense friendly to her claims. But they cannot do this while as yet they do not recognise her claims. And it is feared that the Definition would be regarded by them as so inconsistent with history as to be conclusive against her. But, it is said, consideration for the consequences to individuals cannot be suffered to determine a question of this magnitude. Perhaps not; but it is a reason for leaving it to the calm and grave consideration of the Fathers of the Council, and not striving to force it on *per fas et nefas*. The Council may see reasons for the Definition sufficient to override all considerations for present consequences; but it is another thing to pretend that the consequences are trifling. On the contrary, they are grave, and many who would seem to be loyal to the Church by going in for the Infallibility—that is the phrase—do not quite know what they are doing. The other fact, Sir, that I wish to call attention to is that the advocacy of the doctrine as it has been taken up by some of our periodicals has materially tended to its being discredited. Whatever difficulties Catholics may feel about a divine power of inerrancy being invested in a single person, and apart from the concurrence of the Church . . . that the definition of so tremendous a doctrine should be agitated for in the public Press, and that all who venture to question its truth or opportuneness should be stigmatised as semi-rationalists and disaffected to the Church—this is not tending to the reception of the doctrine, but the reverse.

Certainly the advocates of the Definition in this country have by their exaggerated statements and imputation of motives done a great deal to awaken opposition to it."

Canon Wenham felt as a friend and wrote as a friend, but there were many who did neither. The *Tablet* was denounced as "bold, abusive, and disingenuous." One priest, after accusing the paper of laying down the law at once dogmatically and erroneously, wrote:—

> "In the name of religion, of charity for those whom he is so sorely perplexing and driving to utterances which are actually a renunciation of Catholic faith—in the name of the Church upon which is brought, through the controversy among ourselves caused by the *Tablet*, ridicule and blasphemy on the part of its enemies, I adjure Dr. Herbert Vaughan 'not to be more wise than it behoveth to be wise, but to be wise unto sobriety,' and to turn his pen from pernicious endeavours to lower those of the Episcopacy who are discharging a solemn duty for which he ought to believe they are accountable to their consciences and in no manner to his notions."

It is not surprising that in the midst of this far-reaching controversy, and while, week after week, meeting historical and theological objections which called for patience and scholarship and research, the *Tablet* occasionally blundered—and sometimes badly. The wonder is the mistakes were so few. Herbert Vaughan had the whole responsibility of the paper on his own shoulders. He filled its leading columns almost single-handed, and though beset with all sorts of distractions and financial worries in connection not only with the paper itself but also with the Missionary College at Mill Hill, he still found time to make excursions into the columns of other papers whenever he saw an opportunity of answering an objection or clearing up a misunderstanding about the Infallibility. When mistakes were made they were instantly and publicly acknowledged. That they were after all not very numerous is shown by the frequency with which two of them were dragged out and paraded whenever it was desired to disparage the authority of the paper. In November, 1869, one of the staff said in a leader: "The source and inspiring principle of Christian morals is Faith: so truly so that without Faith Christian morality does not exist. All the natural virtues collected together in one individual would be sin in the absence of Faith." Herbert Vaughan saw the offending sentence only when the paper had been published for some hours. He sat down and wrote a correction which appeared in the following number of the *Tablet*, pointing out that though this hard doctrine might be good Calvinism it had been explicitly condemned by Rome. The slip, though thus corrected at once, was eagerly seized upon, and in some quarters held to dispose of every claim on the part of the *Tablet* to have an opinion on questions of theology.

Again, a writer in the *Tablet* inadvertently referred to Arius as a Bishop. The mistake was put right the following week, but it was long before the last was heard of it.

The following letter is typical of the spirit of much of the writing of the time—its literary form, it may be admitted, is excellent:—

> "There was in your last week's issue a powerful article entitled 'The Crisis.' Let me join with the Catholics of the world in thanking you for it. A better timed, more forcible, moderate, or learned paper has rarely, if ever, adorned the columns of any

Catholic journal. You expose to public and well-deserved reprobation the unworthy tactics of those two or three hundred Bishops who form what is termed the 'Opposition' in the Council at Rome. You tell us, with much force, that not all Bishops are models of wisdom, fidelity, and obedience, and—there are times when the truth must be spoken—of these hirelings are the Opposition, who can have consequently no claim upon the respect and submission of their subjects. Many of them, you add with evident pain, but with a deep conviction of duty, have become Bishops although they were 'courtiers and vain and ambitious men.' With warm-hearted charity you defend them. 'In ordinary times,' you say, 'such Bishops reach the term of their career without reproach; if they do little good for the Church, they do nothing to bring shame upon her. But we do not live in such times. A critical moment has arrived, and such Bishops reveal their true character.' In your devoted ardour for the cause of truth, spurning the odium proverbially attached to comparisons, you proclaim to the world with noble courage that those two or three hundred Fathers of the Church have been guilty of an act more worthy of Byzantine than Catholic prelates; and, carried away with the love that thinketh no evil, you declare with rare felicity that 'Gallicanism, like Photianism, always leans on Cæsar.' Nay more: Arius is one of the best-known characters of ecclesiastical history. In our childhood we were taught that he lived and died a simple priest, and later study confirmed us in this conclusion. It was reserved for you, Sir, with that deep historical research and scrupulous accuracy which distinguishes your pages, to discover that he was a Bishop. You are thus enabled to hold him up with withering scorn as a terrible example to the three hundred Fathers of the Church whose intellects have been darkened, whose wills have been perverted, so that they see not the truth as you see it and as it is. 'Arius the Bishop' is a warning to Bishops. He can no longer be a reproach and warning to officious, conceited, and turbulent priests."

It is noticeable that the clergy took a prominent part in the most acrimonious of these discussions, so that there was truth as well as humour in the words of the correspondent who began his letter, "You will easily recognise by the mildness of my language that I am a layman." In the same month occurred an event which still further embittered the controversy among Catholics. So far Herbert Vaughan had not been brought into conflict, or even into contact, with Dr. Newman. That his reverence for the great Oratorian was not incompatible with an independent and even critical judgment, however, appears from the following passage in a letter written to Mrs. Ward in the summer of 1865. Referring to the *Apologia* he says: "I have read it with a mixture of pain and pleasure. The egotism may be disgusting, but it is venial. There are views put forward which I abhor, and which fill me with pain and suspicion. The pleasure is derived from the romance of a life most skilfully depicted, and from the satire and contempt which appeal to one's bad nature, unfortunately." Two temperaments set so far apart had not perhaps the chance of comprehending one another. The comfort is that each was sufficiently understood at Rome to be the wearer of the Red Hat.

On the 14th of March, 1870, the *Standard* startled the world with the announcement that Dr. Newman had "written to his Bishop at Rome, Dr. Ullathorne, stigmatising the promoters of Papal Infallibility as an insolent and aggressive faction, praying that God may avert this threatened danger from the Church, and affirming the conviction that if He does not see fit to do so, it is because He has chosen to delay the Church's ultimate triumph." In spite of the positive statement of the *Standard*, the Catholic public was incredulous. The relations of the *Tablet* with the Birmingham Oratory at that time were perhaps not such as to invite confidences, but the *Weekly Register* was more happily situated. Its Editor, Mr. Henry Wilberforce, was a *persona grata;* he was, therefore, in a position to denounce the *Standard* with confidence and authority, and did so in the following terms:—

> "We are authorised by a personal friend of Dr. Newman's to give the most unqualified denial to this deliberate invention, which is as utterly unfounded as was the unmitigated falsehood ventilated about a year ago by the same unscrupulous print to the effect that His Holiness had telegraphed to the Archbishop of Westminster to thank Mr. Gladstone for bringing in the Irish Church Bill. In all that regards Rome and in all that regards Catholics the *Standard* never hesitates to say what its intense hatred of the old Faith makes it wish to be true."

The following letter from Dr. Newman himself to the *Standard*, dated March 15th, fully confirmed the statement of the *Register* :—

> "SIR,—I am led to send you these few lines in consequence of the introduction of my name in yesterday's *Standard* into your report of the 'Progress of the Œcumenical Council.' I thank you for the courteous terms in which you have, on various occasions, as on the present, spoken of me; but I am bound to disavow what you have yesterday imputed to me—namely, that I have 'written to my Bishop at Rome, Dr. Ullathorne, stigmatising the promoters of Papal Infallibility as an insolent and aggressive faction.'
>
> "That I deeply deplore the policy, the spirit, the measures of various persons, lay and ecclesiastical, who are urging the Definition of that theological opinion, I have neither intention nor wish to deny; just the

contrary. But, on the other hand, I have a firm belief, and have had all along, that a Greater Power than that of any man, or set of men, will overrule the deliberations of the Council to the determination of Catholic and Apostolic truth, and that what its Fathers eventually proclaim with one voice will be the Word of God.

"I am, Sir, your obedient servant,
"JOHN H. NEWMAN.
"The Oratory, 15th March, 1870."

That seemed conclusive. The *Tablet* commented as follows :—

"The *Standard*, always too much inclined to indulge in personalities, wished to persuade its readers that a priest and a gentleman, as conspicuous for refinement of taste as for genius and learning, had bluntly described the advocates of the doctrine of Infallibility as an 'insolent and aggressive faction.' Yet it might have occurred to the *Standard*, if it had taken time to reflect, that no man in his senses could speak in such terms of the great majority of the Bishops, priests, and faithful in communion with the Church. Our contemporary may be assured that grave men, especially men whose words have so much importance as those of Dr. Newman, do not indulge in outrages of this kind. They know their responsibility and speak with all the more care and deliberation because of the influence which they possess."

Still the writer in the *Standard* stood to his guns. He insisted on the accuracy of his statement, that Newman had in fact stigmatised the promoters of Papal Infallibility as an "insolent and aggressive faction." A week after his first letter of denial Newman wrote again, and this time to admit that the *Standard* was quite correct.

"SIR,—In answer to the letter of 'The Writer of the Progress of the Council,' I am obliged to say that he is right and I am wrong as to my using the words 'insolent and aggressive faction' in a letter which I wrote to Bishop Ullathorne. I write to make my apologies to him for contradicting him. I kept the rough copy of this private letter of mine to the Bishop, and on reading the writer's original statement I referred to it and did not find there the words in question.

"This morning a friend has written to tell me that there are copies of the letter in London, and that the words certainly are in it. On this I have looked at my copy a second time, and I must confess that I have found them. I can only account for my not seeing them the first time by my very strong impression that I had not used them in my letter, confidential as it was, and from the circumstance that the rough copy is badly written and interlined. I learn this morning from Rome that Dr. Ullathorne was no party to its circulation. I will only add that when I spoke of a faction I neither meant that great body of Bishops who are said to be in favour of the definition of the doctrine, nor any ecclesiastical Order or Society external to the Council. As to the Jesuits, I wish distinctly to state that I have all along separated them in my mind, as a body, from the movement which I so much deplore. What I meant by a faction, as the letter itself shows, was a collection of persons drawn together from various ranks and conditions in the Church.

"I am, Sir, your obedient servant,
"JOHN H. NEWMAN.

"22nd March, 1870."

The *Tablet* left the thing to the charity of silence. The Editor of the *Register* was chiefly concerned to conjecture to which class of Dr. Newman's opponents the man might belong who had betrayed a private letter to the British public.

"The letter is evidently a private one, intended by a priest for the eye of his Bishop, and of none else. Time will probably explain the matter, but so far as it is possible to judge at present, it appears to us treachery must have been at work, and that a glaring breach of confidence has been committed by some one. There are unfortunately two factions—both alike despicable—ever at work to injure Dr. Newman. The one, very small but very noisy—composed of a few Catholics of what we take leave to call the ultra-dogmatic school—is ever trying to make out that the Superior of the Edgbaston Oratory is not an orthodox Catholic. The other faction—utterly reckless, altogether untruthful, and perfectly Anglican—is ever striving to prove that Dr. Newman is more with them than with us. Which of these parties has got hold of this letter to the Bishop of Birmingham and published it to the world, it is impossible to say. But the Catholic body at large will certainly feel that 'an enemy has done this thing.'"

A fortnight later the whole truth was out, and the most intimate and impulsive letter Newman ever wrote was given to the world in the columns of the *Standard*. Addressed to Dr. Ullathorne, Bishop of Birmingham, the letter ran as follows :—

"Rome ought to be a name to lighten the heart at all times, and a Council's proper office is, when some great heresy or other evil impends, to inspire hope and confidence in the Faithful ; but now we have the greatest meeting which ever has been seen, and that at Rome, infusing into us by the accredited organs of Rome and of its partizans (such as the *Civiltà*, the *Armonia*, the *Univers*, and the *Tablet*) little else than fear and dismay. When we are all at rest and have no doubts, and—at least practically, not to say doctrinally—hold the Holy Father to be Infallible, suddenly there is thunder in the clear sky, and we are told to prepare for something, we know not what, to try our faith, we know not how. No impending danger is to be averted, but a great difficulty is to be created. Is this the proper work of an Œcumenical Council ?

"As to myself personally, please God, I do not expect any trial at all; but I cannot help suffering with the many souls who are suffering, and I look with anxiety at the prospect of having to defend decisions which may not be difficult to my own private judgment, but may be most difficult to maintain logically in the face of historical facts. What have we done to be treated as the Faithful never were treated before? When has a definition *de fide* been a luxury of devotion and not a stern painful necessity? Why should an aggressive, insolent faction be allowed 'to make the heart of the just sad, whom the Lord hath not made sorrowful'? Why cannot we be let alone when we have pursued peace and thought no evil?

"I assure you, my Lord, some of the truest minds are driven one way and another, and do not know where to rest their feet—one day determining 'to give up all theology as a bad job,' and recklessly to believe henceforth almost that the Pope is impeccable; at another, tempted to 'believe all the worst which a book like "Janus" says'; others 'doubting about the capacity possessed by Bishops drawn from all corners of the earth to judge what is fitting for European society,' and then, again, angry with the Holy See for listening to the 'flattery of a clique of Jesuits, Redemptorists, and converts.' Then, again, think of the store of Pontifical scandals in the history of eighteen centuries which have partly been poured forth and partly are still to come. What Murphy inflicted upon us in one way, M. Veuillot is indirectly bringing on us in another. And then, again, the blight which is falling upon the multitude of Anglican Ritualists, &c., who themselves, perhaps—at least their leaders—may never become Catholics, but who are leavening the various English denominations and parties (far beyond their own range) with principles and sentiments tending towards their ultimate absorption into the Catholic Church.

"With these thoughts ever before me, I am continually asking myself whether I ought not to make my feelings public, but all I do is to pray those early Doctors of the Church whose intercession would decide the matter—

Augustine, Ambrose, and Jerome, Athanasius, Chrysostom, and Basil—to avert the great calamity. If it is God's will that the Pope's Infallibility is defined, than it is God's will to throw back 'the times and moments' of that triumph which He has destined for His kingdom, and I shall feel I have but to bow my head to His adorable, inscrutable Providence."

With what feelings did Herbert Vaughan read this letter? It may be safely said that he read it with something like consternation. For him the issues were too solemn and too closely connected with the salvation of souls to leave room for any thought of self or any trace of resentment at the hard words about his paper. But it was impossible not to know that a large part of his work had been undone at a stroke. He had striven so hard to limit the discussion, to shelter the faithful from the suggestion of difficulties, and to persuade the world that all loyal Catholics would welcome the Definition with acclaim. All this was at an end now. It was idle any longer to hope that the opponents of the Definition could be simply silenced, or treated as a group of noisy and disaffected men. The Opposition had now the strength which comes of the glamour of a great name and would be helped by the magic of a great personality. The fact that Newman believed in the Dogma himself, and had taught it long ago, seemed to count for little beside the fact that he now dreaded its proclamation and let all men know he looked forward to a Definition as to a calamity.

The *Tablet*, after taking some comfort from the thought that the letter must have been written in haste and impulsively, "for men do not so easily forget what they have said with their hearts as well as with their lips," went on to say:—

"Dr. Newman has good reason to feel aggrieved by the publication on the housetops of a letter which was sent in confidence to his Bishop. It was shown to a person opposed to the Definition; a copy of it is said to have been sent to the Foreign Office and to have been published in the *Standard* of Wednesday by one of the Secretaries. In it Dr. Newman says he is continually 'asking himself whether he ought not to make his feelings public.' They are now made public, and are therefore a proper subject of comment. The Protestant and unbelieving Press rejoices. We will state briefly why we are unable to do so. But first let us note the passages in the letter which we read with pleasure. They are only two in number, but they are of considerable importance. 'We all,' writes Dr. Newman, 'at least practically, not to say doctrinally, hold the Holy Father to be Infallible.' Thus far Dr. Newman is in harmony with the majority of the Council and of the Catholic clergy and faithful throughout the world. The Dogma itself he accepts, and even the Definition of it will not disturb him, for, he adds (and this is the second passage to which we referred), 'as to myself personally, please God, I do not expect any trial at all.' We are not surprised at these words. They indicate the belief in a doctrine which he urged in more forcible terms in the earlier days of his Catholic life. In his Lectures on Catholicism in England he did not pass over this doctrine of Papal Infallibility as he now would urge the Council to do. His words were: 'Here too is vividly brought out before you what we mean by Papal Infallibility, or rather what we do not mean by it: you see how the Pope was open to any mistake, as others may be, in his own person, true as it is that whenever he spoke *ex cathedra* on subjects of revealed truth, he spoke as its divinely ordained expounder.' And in another page he says: 'Popes are infallible in their office as prophets and vicars of the Most High.'[1] It might have been reasonably supposed that since, as we gather from these various statements, Dr. Newman believes the doctrine of Papal Infallibility, and will be able to accept its Definition without any burden to his own conscience, he would have been willing to wait in silence and composure for the decision which the Holy Spirit will inspire the Council to adopt. We find, however, to our extreme astonishment, that this is not the case. 'Rome,' he says, 'ought to be a name to lighten the heart at all times,' but although that auspicious name still produces its wonted effect upon the hearts of others, it has come to have quite another sound for Dr. Newman. He goes on thus: 'But now we have the greatest meeting which ever has been, and that at Rome, infusing into us by the accredited organs of Rome and of its partizans (such as the *Civiltà*, the *Univers*, and the *Tablet*) little else than fear and dismay.' And it is not only the 'partizans' of Rome, a discordant expression which sounds like an echo of Protestantism, but the Council itself, which is to be blamed: for, after saying that 'no impending danger is to be averted,' an opinion which the Catholic episcopate does not share and which the authority of a private individual is unequal to sustain, Dr. Newman ventures to add 'but a great difficulty is to be created' apparently for the mere pleasure of doing so, and then asks, 'Is this the proper work of an Œcumenical Council?' We cannot doubt that Dr. Newman would warmly repudiate the intention, which these melancholy words seem to imply, of acting as the censor of an Œcumenical Council or teaching the Universal Church, or claiming to know better what is for the glory of God and the good of souls than the six hundred Bishops who wish to define the doctrine of Papal Infallibility. It is his words which are arrogant, not his thoughts. Yet he does not hesitate to ask, 'What have we done to be treated as the Faithful never were treated before? When has a definition *de fide* been a luxury of devotion and not a stern painful necessity?'

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[1] Lecture viii *On the Present Position of Catholics in England.*

"We are not aware whether the Definition of the Immaculate Conception was in his judgment a mere 'luxury of devotion': but it is quite certain that a vast majority of Bishops and Theologians consider that the Definition of Papal prerogatives is a 'stern necessity.' They have said so plainly. Dr. Newman differs from them. Has he a clearer insight into the counsels of God than they? a better right to teach? a vocation to prophesy against and in spite of them? To speak quite frankly, there is nothing in the letter we are noticing to render this supposition probable. But there is a good deal which has a contrary effect. We will mention only two statements in it which seem to us quite irreconcilable with the hypothesis in question. Dr. Newman informs his Bishop that he invokes certain saints 'to avert the great calamity' which the Pope and an Œcumenical Council threaten to bring upon the Church, by defining a doctrine which he himself admits to be true. The second statement is that in which he classes together as agents in 'bringing on us' a common evil, 'Murphy and M. Veuillot'—a vulgar and illiterate apostate with one who has served the Church for many years with fervent zeal, and has been singularly honoured by the Vicar of Christ. In this case we can only permit ourselves to say that, if we are filled with sorrow, it is not for M. Veuillot."

Newman's reference to M. Veuillot led to a bitter attack in the columns of the *Univers*. At the time of the Achilli trial Father Newman had accepted some thousands of pounds which had been collected for him in France mainly through the instrumentality of M. Veuillot's organ, and he was now accused of ingratitude. It was said that he had taken the money, and at the time had forgotten to thank the distinguished journalist to whose sympathy and zeal the initiation of the fund was due. And now, after seventeen years of silence, it was said that he had repaid the benefit with "an inconceivable insult." Newman's friends were not slow to repel the charge, and Father Dalgairns, of the London Oratory, pointed out that he had himself gone with Father St. John to Paris, expressly to be the bearer of Newman's thanks to the French subscribers to the fund. For this purpose a letter was written to all the Bishops in France, and, in acknowledgment of the special services of the *Univers*, a visit was paid to its office, and a separate letter was addressed to a member of its staff with whom Father Dalgairns happened to have a personal acquaintance. To this the *Univers* replied that an acknowledgment made to a subordinate member of its staff "had the merit of thanking every one, and the disadvantage of seeming not to know by whom the appeal had been made."

The controversy is of interest to-day only because it was the occasion of a declaration on the part of Father

Dalgairns—which must have cost the writer much—with regard to Newman's letter to the Bishop of Birmingham. In a letter to the *Monde* he said :—

> "I deplore with all my heart the letter of Father Newman. I deplore it because, like him, I believe in the Infallibility of the Holy Father, when he speaks *ex cathedra*, even apart from a Council : and because, instead of looking, like him, upon the Definition of this great truth as a misfortune, I desire it with all my soul. Before the Council of the Vatican was even convoked Father Knox, at that time our Superior, wrote a pamphlet to prove the Infallibility of the Holy See and to set forth the sphere of its action according to the opinion of the great majority of theologians ; together with all my brethren of the London Oratory, I adhere entirely to this excellent treatise. Yet again I deplore the unfortunate publicity given to a letter in which the writer poured forth to his Bishop his wounded feelings. I deplore it because it gives rise to suppositions of a complicity between Father Newman and a party with whom, practically, I am convinced, he has nothing in common. I am indignant that the few Liberal Catholics who are to be found in England should dare to use his name as their shield. With sorrow I admit that he has done wrong in affording a pretext for this accusation. It is but too clear his feelings have been wounded : in every word of his letter there is a tone of sharpness which fills me with sorrow. The wonderful subtlety of his intellect and the exquisite sensitiveness of his character lead him to suspect others of wrongs which do not really exist. But I believe that I know the greatness of his heart ; he is absolutely incapable of cowardice or treachery. I am convinced that he would die sooner than not submit to the Council, whatever may be its decision. M. Veuillot is utterly mistaken in attributing his attitude to a 'taste for repose.' In retirement at Birmingham, through his modesty and love of solitude he entrusted to his disciples the larger and nobler field for work in London. This arrangement has unfortunately kept him at a distance from the centre of

Catholic affairs. Why should I not say it?—shades of theological differences, rather practical than speculative, have separated him, to their most profound grief, from his old friends. His generous and compassionate heart has opened too much to the complainings of Liberal Catholics. Through their representations, he has ended by falling into the mistake of exaggerating beyond measure the human side which, to a certain extent, always exists, even in the truest Catholics. How else can one explain the otherwise incomprehensible portion of his letter—the gigantic mistake of ascribing the ever rising and irresistible current which is carrying the Church towards the Definition of the Pope's Infallibility to the inspiration of a few newspapers? How else could the cry which springs from the very depths of Catholic hearts all over the world seem to him to be the 'howling' of the *Univers*?

"M. Veuillot will, I hope, allow me to use a word which he himself invented. It is not I who would have applied to a great writer, to one who has deserved so well of the Church, so unbecoming an expression. There is only one good Catholic in the world who would have used it—M. Veuillot himself. He appreciates thankfulness; let him pardon me this letter, which has been dictated by the deepest gratitude towards one to whom, with the aid of grace, I owe the inestimable gift of faith. To differ from Father Newman is the one great sorrow of my life. If ever he sees this letter, I beg him to accept it as a proof of the affection cherished for him by his old friends, his brethren, and his children."

About this time it was Herbert Vaughan's misfortune to become engaged in another controversy with the friends of Dr. Newman. The publication of his great book, the *Grammar of Assent*, had naturally been waited for with eager curiosity by the Catholic public. The Editor of the *Month*, Father Coleridge, as a friend and in some sense a disciple of Newman, had been favoured with the proof-sheets, and from these a notice had been written for the *Month* which appeared before the book itself was published. The *Tablet*, having as yet nothing else to judge by, gave an appreciation of the *Month's* account of the scope and value of the book. Incidentally, the great reserve and caution with which the writer in the *Month* had treated the book was commented upon. The writer of the notice at once complained in the columns of the *Register*, and accused the *Tablet* of trying "to make capital to the prejudice of Father Newman." He went on to say that, whatever the philosophy of the *Tablet* might be, the Catholic public had long ago been in a position to judge of its theology and ecclesiastical history. This referred to the blunders about Arius and the doctrine of Grace of which I have already spoken. Herbert Vaughan was not minded to shelter himself beneath the collective responsibility of a newspaper. He preferred to come out into the open, as his way was. He at once wrote to the *Weekly Register* to avow that it was he who had written the analysis of the *Month's* account of the still unpublished book. He thought the notice of the book both cold and cautious, and said so—*voilà tout !* He had expressed surprise at the apparent hesitations of an organ known to be generally so favourable to Newman's views. But was that any justification for the charge that the *Tablet* had tried to make capital at Newman's expense?

Then, dealing with the *Month* writer's stale repetition of the charge of heretical teaching and false history, Herbert Vaughan went on: "We can 'determine precisely' the 'theology and the ecclesiastical history of the *Tablet*,' says the writer. In what manner? Probably as follows. The *Tablet* admitted an article last year in the middle of which there appeared a little sentence embodying a false doctrine on grace. The Editor, in the press of the last hours before publication, inadvertently passed it. The week after, it was formally retracted in the most prominent way possible, namely, in a leading article devoted exclusively to pointing out the nature and gravity of the error considered in itself. The year after, a similar slip occurred, such as no fairly instructed schoolboy would deliberately make—Arius was ranked as a Bishop. This absurd accident, passed in the pressure of work, was rectified editorially and prominently on the first opportunity. But for some people a slip is unpardonable. And so, months afterwards, a number of anonymous writers, who are angry with the *Tablet* for its maintenance of a certain doctrine and policy, are not ashamed to insinuate against it a charge of heretical teaching. And the writer in the *Month*, being nettled because his article had not been, as he thought, duly appreciated, joins in the chorus, and says, 'whatever the philosophy of the *Tablet* may be, we can now determine precisely its theology and ecclesiastical history.'"

It would have been well, perhaps, if the defence had ended there. But Herbert Vaughan meant to carry the war into the camp of his opponents. They had railed against his paper because it had been betrayed into momentary errors. How, then, on the same principle, would they judge a leader of men who had publicly denied his own words though written a few weeks before, and with every circumstance of care and deliberation? It must be remembered that Newman's letter to the Bishop of Birmingham had presented itself to Herbert Vaughan as an unmixed evil: it could hardly fail to unsettle the minds of many, and to lead them to regard with dread and distrust what they now knew Newman himself looked upon as nothing less than a calamity. And yet the decision was coming. It was humanly certain that, within a few weeks or months, the Dogma of the Infallibility would be an Article of Faith. It may well have seemed, therefore, that an opportunity of showing how fallible were Newman's own judgments, how liable he was to err even in a matter upon which his word ought to have been decisive and final, was not one to be thrown away. At any rate, the *Standard* letter was used to point a moral in this way: "Now suppose I were to take the case of a public man of unblemished honour who, having used certain offensive words in a letter, were to deny, upon having them attributed to him in a public journal a few weeks later, that he had ever written them, and this after an examination of his own manuscript. Suppose, further, that after a few days more, being told that a copy of the letter he had sent to Rome was actually in London and the words he had repudiated were found in it, he were, after another examination of his manuscript, containing many erasures and corrections, to discover that the words were really there, though his use of them had escaped his memory. Suppose, I say, that immediately, or long after, any one were to write to the papers saying, 'Oh, yes, we can determine precisely the habitual accuracy or trustworthiness of this person's word,' or making other remarks of a painful or humiliating kind—what should we say? I will speak only for myself: I should see in such an imputation only a proof of unscrupulous animosity. Yet I must say that I think a slip made by a newspaper writer, having to write against time and for a certain hour, is far less to be wondered at, or to be made a subject of malignant comment (especially if he were himself the first to detect and confess the fault), than the other case to which I have just alluded. I think such an example may teach the writer in the *Month* to be a little more cautious, a little more even-handed ; let me say it, a little more charitable, even to the *Tablet*. Instead of raking up accidents which have been repaired, it would be better to confine himself to an honest attack, if he is so minded, upon the principles or the policy which he disapproves."

The peculiar policy of the *Tablet* at this period made many enemies. Its dogmatism, its intolerance of all opposition, its impatience of the attitude of those who dreaded the consequences of a Definition, and above all its readiness to cry down and discredit its opponents by suggestions of disloyalty or by open accusations of Gallicanism, alienated the sympathy of a multitude of moderate men. Not having the key to his mind, they were indignant at what they regarded as Herbert Vaughan's assumption of superiority, and amazing conceit. Many gave up the paper. It made no difference to Herbert Vaughan.[1]

Meanwhile, the columns of the *Weekly Register* were open to the supporters of the Inopportunist Party, and its leading columns were used to rebuke the *Tablet* time after time. After allusions to the "scalping feats of the *Tablet* headsman," the *Register*, towards the end of 1869, drew comfort from the "letters received from all parts of the country" congratulating it upon the tone it had taken, and then went on to say : "For a long time we have been convinced that the new school of gladiatorial self-constituted theologians that has cropped up amongst English Catholics is doing an immense deal of harm, although, no doubt, its intentions are good. The sermonising, dogmatical, authoritative tone taken in some of our Catholic contemporaries is, as we happen to know, most offensive to the immense majority of Catholic readers."

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[1] A quarter of a century later, when the *Tablet* was engaged in a controversy with some of its contemporaries as to the interpretation and binding force of the Papal condemnation of the Plan of Campaign, I received the following note : "Go on on the same lines ; you will never lose as many subscribers as I did in 1869."

Then a priest wrote: "Many pious Catholics have been offended, if not scandalised, by the constant abuse of Bishops, priests, and laity poured out by the *Tablet* and its reverend head upon those who do not believe in them. For upwards of twenty years I have read or subscribed to the *Tablet*, but latterly its insufferable self-sufficiency and infallible dogmatism have compelled me to have nothing more to do with it."

The *Weekly Register* also thus raised its voice in protest: "What shall we say of the spirit with which an English Catholic journal denounces those who affirm that the definition of this Dogma is not opportune? No longer ago than last week do we find those who hold opinions contrary to those which are laid down *ex cathedra* in Wellington Street denounced as resembling Jansenists, as advocates of Gallicanism, and as enemies in general of the Church of Christ."

Such criticisms, whether aimed at the *Tablet* or more directly against its proprietor, left Herbert Vaughan unmoved. It was another matter when correspondents began to argue against the doctrine of the Infallibility, and, in many instances, to misrepresent it. He had no power to suppress such letters except where his own paper was concerned, but at least he could make sure that the bane should always be followed by the antidote.

And so he set himself the task of replying to the writers in the *Register.* Overworked as he was, it was impossible that his share of the controversy should have always been satisfying. With all the past of the Papacy to quarry from, the opponents of the Infallibility had no difficulty in alleging errors on the part of the Roman Pontiffs which they contended made the Dogma historically untenable. On his side, Herbert Vaughan worked hard, and arrayed catenas of authorities, but he had not always time to verify his quotations, and so mistakes occurred. At other times he would simply brush aside an argument with the remark that he was not going to be drawn into an historical controversy—"it is not my line," and, besides, the difficulty had been met a hundred times. Throughout the letters the note of personal humility is in odd contrast with the writer's absolute confidence in his cause. A gibe at his degree of Doctor of Divinity is met by the frank explanation that it was conferred only *honoris causa*, and so carried no presumption of ecclesiastical attainments. He says he is "no theologian," but when even priests came forward to misrepresent in the columns of a Catholic newspaper a Dogma almost certain soon to be proclaimed an Article of Faith, "it is time that any one, though like myself unskilled in learning and without authority, should interpose and combat these false teachers who gain access to the minds of simple Catholics under names and titles which command their reverence." His feeling was that in a spiritual crisis fraught with such tremendous possibilities for good and evil, every Catholic was called upon to declare himself, and to take his part in the fight, if not as a captain of men, then humbly in the ranks; that if a man felt he was not qualified by education and special training to bring the weight of learning or original research to the discussion it was open to him to apply the conclusions, and to popularise the labours, of others; that at least he could do useful work by clearing away misrepresentations or misunderstandings as to what was meant by the doctrine of Papal Infallibility. It would be hard to recall another controversy in which the need for removing misapprehensions was so imperative. Herbert Vaughan, in this respect, did excellent service, both in his own paper and in the correspondence columns of the *Register*. Taking as his text a letter in which a priest, arguing against the Dogma, had said he knew good Catholics who had declared themselves "unable in any event to accept with inward assent the dogma of the infallibility of any man," he went on to show what a radical misconception of the whole issue underlay that phrase "the infallibility of any man." He showed that no Catholic would be asked to believe in the infallibility of anybody; that the promise of inerrancy was not to a person but to an office; that Popes may blunder in scores of ways, and even when writing books of theology; that Papal Infallibility means only that when the Vicar of Christ is teaching the whole Church upon some question of faith or morals, he will not be allowed to lead it into error.

The letters continued to appear until the crisis of the struggle was over. In his final letter he closes the discussion in these words: "It is this doctrine that I have attempted to defend, however imperfectly, against some who have assailed it in this country as others have assailed it abroad. When, through a formal Definition, it shall become equally clear to the minds of your correspondents, I have not the slightest doubt but that they also will defend it more earnestly (and assuredly more successfully) than they have now attacked it. Perhaps they will defend it with the greater generosity because they once maligned it when they knew not that it was against the truth they were striving, and against the revelation and promise of our common Master."

Shortly afterwards Henry Wilberforce, who, though a convinced supporter of the Inopportunist Party, was too loyal a Catholic to persist in opposition when once the mind of the Church had declared itself, closed the columns of the *Register* to any further discussion on the subject pending the decision of the Council.

Eager as he had been in advocacy and uncompromising in policy, Herbert Vaughan had that generosity of temper which made it difficult for him to cherish rancours or anything in the nature of personal spites. A conspicuous instance of the way in which he knew how to separate a man from his opinions—to condemn the latter without losing his love for the former—belongs to this period. Early in March, 1870, the English papers published the impassioned protest which Montalembert wrote from his death-bed against the policy of the dominant party at the Vatican Council. He poured out his thanks and admiration, first for "the great and generous Bishop of Orleans," and then "for those eloquent and intrepid priests who have had the courage to throw themselves across the path of the torrent of adulation, imposture, and servility by which we risk being swallowed up." Then he raised his voice in protest against "the permanent triumph of those lay theologians who, beginning by squandering all our liberties, all our principles, all our former ideas before Napoleon III, afterwards immolated justice and truth, reason and history, in one great holocaust to the idol they have raised up for themselves at the Vatican."

Such language as this, coming from one who had been so long identified in the public mind with the cause of Catholicism and the Holy See, could not but produce a profound and painful impression. It was deepened when, a few days later, news was received of the writer's death. In Rome a solemn *Requiem* service in the Church of the Ara Coeli, which was to have been attended by the Bishop of Orleans and the leaders of the Inopportunist Party, was prohibited on the ground that what ought to be a purely religious service might take the appearance of a party demonstration. The Roman Correspondent of the *Weekly Register* wrote as follows: "How lamentable that the very last act of his life should have been a vehement attack upon a cause which in the prime of his life he advocated with fervour—a declaration of apostasy into detestable Gallicanism, and a bitter and positively indecent denunciation of one of the purest, hardest tried, most amiable, gentlest, and greatest of the Popes. He shot his poisoned bolt at Pius IX and died." The *Tablet*, on the contrary, thought only of the long service of the life that was closed, and refused to let it be forgotten by reason of the aberrations of a moment. "On the morning of Sunday, the 13th, a little before nine o'clock, the great Christian orator of our generation closed his career. He will be followed to the grave by the regrets, the admiration, and the prayers of all Catholics. Not many men of our time had more claims upon our sympathy and our suffrages, for he was, during a long life of struggle and combat, the advocate of our cause and the defender of our liberties. The desire of our hearts is that he may enjoy eternally the Supreme Good to which he always aspired himself and which he always proposed to others as the only object worthy of their ambition."

Then came a generous and warm appreciation of Montalembert's great and prolonged services. Sincerity required some reference to the recent letter, and the article concluded with these words: "Such was M. de Montalembert during a long series of years, in the face of an assembly always hostile or indifferent, but which his courage constantly vanquished and his genius excited to reluctant admiration. And if, in his last hours, after long years of mental and bodily suffering, he uttered what the *Spectator* calls 'a few hysterical words' and was betrayed into a momentary contradiction with himself, Catholics who love and honour him will not allow them to cancel the whole testimony of a noble life, nor to outweigh the services which it was his glory to render to the Church, and which it will be their duty to keep in grateful memory. 'The recent letter of M. de Montalembert,' as the *Gazette de Liége* well observes, 'will be forgotten to-morrow, while his other works will live for ever.'" It may be added that to the last Cardinal Vaughan held the memory of Montalembert in special reverence. On the occasion of his first visit to Stonyhurst as Bishop of Salford he took the career of the great Catholic orator as the subject of his public address to the boys.

By June, 1870, the long controversy was virtually closed, and it was no longer possible to doubt what would be the decision of the overwhelming majority of the assembled Bishops. Herbert Vaughan took the opportunity to pay a hurried visit to Rome, and he returned bringing with him a special Brief of Commendation for the *Tablet* from Pius IX.

Perhaps it may not be out of place here to quote an outside opinion as to the way in which the *Tablet* was conducted while Herbert Vaughan was at the helm. The *Spectator* of March 19th, 1870, wrote as follows:—

> "A curious illustration of the bitterness of these Roman Catholic amenities has been furnished in the columns of the Catholic journal called the *Weekly Register*, where the proprietor of the *Tablet*, Dr. Herbert Vaughan, has been defending himself, ably enough, against the attacks of some exceedingly bitter anonymous assailants, who have spared neither his paper nor himself, charging him, for instance, with 'falsifying history,' 'assaulting the whole episcopal body by a disgraceful withholding of historical facts,' and again with affixing 'forged appendages' to a quotation from St. Bernard. As far as our knowledge of the *Tablet* goes—and it dates only from a few months back—we should have thought these last charges curiously untrue. The *Tablet*, like the great Ultramontane quarterly, the *Dublin Review*, is, no doubt, exceedingly harsh and, as we should think, uncharitable in its condemnations of heresy, or what it thinks so; but both Editors seem to us to set a rare example of candour to Protestants in the perfect freedom with which they habitually confess their own blunders—the rarest and most unwelcome of editorial tasks, and the one which always excites in our minds the most respect."

CHAPTER X

EARLY DAYS AS BISHOP

DR. VAUGHAN'S work as the Editor of a newspaper was interrupted in 1871 by his journey through the Southern States of America already described. He was preparing to take up the old work at the *Tablet* office, after an absence of seven months, and planning new developments for the Missionary College, when an event occurred which was destined to withdraw him finally from both. In July, 1872, Dr. Turner, the Bishop of Salford, died suddenly. Archbishop Manning went down to the funeral, and during his stay in Manchester found an occasion to ask Canon Benoit how, in his view, the vacant See might best be filled. Then the Archbishop went on to say what he would do if he were a member of the Chapter. In his opinion Herbert Vaughan was a Man of Men, and would make an ideal ruler for such a diocese as that of Salford. He was quite unknown to Canon Benoit, and, indeed, at that time, had few friends, or even acquaintances, in the North of England. But long before Manning had finished telling of Herbert Vaughan's career and character, of his zeal for souls, of his power for work, and his capacity for organisation Canon Benoit was won over. Doubtless Manning tried his powers of persuasion on other members of the Chapter, but in Canon Benoit, who had himself been pointed to as a probable successor to Bishop Turner, he had gained an effective apostle.

There were many difficulties to be faced and some prejudices to overcome. Not only was Herbert Vaughan a stranger to Manchester, but his election would do violence to the tradition which required that the rulers of the Northern Sees should always be men trained at Ushaw. Something of this feeling comes out in a remark made a few weeks later by the Vice-President of Ushaw to the present Bishop of Salford, then a young man studying for that diocese: " I suppose you will *have* to have this Mr. Vaughan for your Bishop."

The Salford Chapter met on the 7th of August to choose a *terna*, Manning presiding. The three names sent up, in alphabetical order, were: The Very Rev. Robert Croskell, Provost and Vicar-General; the Very Rev. Canon John Rimmer, the Very Rev. Herbert Vaughan, D.D. A week later the *terna* was submitted to the assembled Bishops, and in due course was sent, with their comments, to Rome.

The decision of the Holy See in favour of Dr. Vaughan was known in England during the last days of September, but was not publicly announced in the *Tablet* until October 12th. In his letter informing the Chapter of Salford of the choice of the Holy See, Archbishop Manning wrote: "You will soon learn what I have lost and what you have gained by the appointment of Dr. Vaughan. I feel persuaded that it will give general satisfaction. The surprising success which has attended the Bishop-elect in his previous labours, and especially in the establishment of St. Joseph's College, gives us a well-founded hope that he will accomplish great good in the diocese of Salford." When the brief of appointment arrived Herbert Vaughan went into retreat at the House of the Redemptorists at Clapham for ten days, there to prepare by prayer and meditation for his consecration. From the notes and resolutions he jotted down in his diary we learn something of how his thoughts ran at that time:—

"*October* 16*th*, 1872.—To-day I received the Brief nominating me to be Bishop of Salford. This is the Will of God, blessed for ever. I am grateful for the inspiration to take it at once and lay it upon the Altar before the Tabernacle and to take it from Our Lord. I then placed it in the hands of the statue of the Immaculate and received it from her, and finally laid it at the feet of St. Joseph and took it thence. I have promised to propagate devotion to the Blessed Sacrament, to Our Lady, and St. Joseph, and under them I place myself and my whole work of the future."

Another day at that time of self-communing he occupies himself with sketching the following pictures "as for the study and consolation of a Bishop":—

"The Bishop, like Jesus Christ, must be the Saviour of his people—no salvation without suffering; the Saviour must be the first in suffering and must 'go before.' Thus Jesus Christ took up the Cross; fell several times to encourage the Bishop who may fall from his resolutions again and again to rise and continue the journey to the end.

"1. He was derided by the multitude.

"2. Men, women, and children pressed round Him the whole way.

"3. The whole way was marked with His blood.

"4. The people were marked with His blood.

"5. He was comforted by the presence and love of His Mother.

"6. And by that of other holy persons, though few in number.

"7. He left His mark, not only on the earth and on men, but on the handkerchief of Veronica the image of His Face, to console her and all good people.

"8. He received help from Simon to carry His Cross. Simon was neither priest nor apostle, but a layman.

"9. He received gall to strengthen Him to the end and to deaden the pain. Our gall is mortification.

"10. He died, poor, for all, forgave all, loved all, in the midst of all. He was a Light on the mountain-top, visible to all, an encouragement, a consolation, a Saviour for all. Such should be the Bishop.

"11. When He was dead, His Mother and friends honoured Him. May His Mother and His friends receive me when I die, and may I die in the midst of my people, copying Jesus in His poverty and love for all. '*Forma cleri*, *forma gregis*.'"

Other resolutions made during this same retreat are of a more directly practical nature, and show very well in what spirit he approached his new work:—

"The future depends on the start.

"1. I ought to discharge all episcopal duties with honour and dignity—everything relating to them should be of the best.

"2. As to my private life, it should be as severe as I can bear, compatibly with health and vigour for work.

"*Horarium* for the Bishop of Salford:—

"5. Rise.

"5½. Meditation.

"6. Mass.

"7. Breakfast.

"Work.

"1. Dinner with spiritual reading. Then work.

"7. Supper.

"8½. Night prayers for household.

"*Observanda* :—

"1. Avoid the practice of dining out, especially in Salford. It will save time, health, and offence to a multitude of people.

"2. Have three places prepared at dinner for guests in honour of the Blessed Trinity or of the Holy Family, or two in honour of the two disciples going to Emmaus, and let these be for any one, priest or layman. A Bishop must be given to hospitality.

"3. Take the higher line as to bazaars, lotteries, &c., leaving every one free to follow.

"4. Discourage expenditure and luxury among clergy. Advocate the practice of Holy Poverty.

"5. Have spiritual reading-books for people waiting.

"6. St. Charles made his palace *like a monastery*—so says his Life.

"Why not do likewise?

"Holy Poverty:

"I am bound to it as a Tertiary of St. Francis, as a priest, as a follower of Jesus Christ, as a Bishop who, being called to perfection, ought to practise it and give an example of evangelical poverty. 'In everything,' says St. Alphonsus of a Bishop, 'he ought to cause Holy Poverty to shine forth. Let his household be moderate; let him have just what is necessary, not what savours of greater comfort. Let his furniture and dress also be moderate. Oh, what edification is given to every one in beholding the house of the Bishop poor and without luxury of furniture which seculars rejoice in!' St. Charles turned out of his house sofas, carpets, and paintings.

"Let the table also be moderate. Among laymen nothing excites a higher esteem of an ecclesiastic than his frugality, or produces a worse impression than luxury.

"St. Alphonsus recommends a Bishop to follow the example of St. Charles and always to have reading. The recommendation is enough for me. I will have reading."

Another memorandum of this date refers to a comparatively trivial matter, to which, however, he attached a certain importance—how, as Bishop, should he sign his name? At that time it was customary for Bishops to sign their pastoral letters and other public documents by the titles of their Sees; on the other hand, it was usual to sign private letters simply with the family name. Herbert Vaughan thought that this distinction had no foundation in reason, and that a Bishop ought always to lose his family name in the title of his See.

"I feel to have no affection for my family name, or rather I respect and love it as that which was borne by confessors and martyrs for the Faith—but in this wise: That it is worthy to be merged in one of the Sees of the Church of God. I propose, therefore, to call myself 'Herbert, Bp. of Salford,' or 'H. of S.'. A Bishop is nobody unless he is of his See; this is his honour, this is the name God has given him. At the Last Day I shall be examined as the Angel of the Church of Salford. Who knows the *family* names of the Bishops of the Churches of the Apocalypse? Who will hear the Lord call a man by the name which men gave him in preference to the name which God gave him in Baptism or Consecration? It will entail some ridicule and opposition. What matter? The great Oliver Plunket styled himself habitually 'Oliver of Armagh,' and most of the Irish Archbishops in the last century took the names of their Sees. The French Bishops do to this day. The matter is clear." The example thus set by Dr. Vaughan is now universally followed.

From his retreat at Clapham the Bishop-elect went straight to Manchester. Presenting himself, the day before his consecration, at the Cathedral House, Salford, with a carpet-bag in his hand, he was met by one of the resident clergy, who asked who he was and what he wanted. "Oh," was the reply, "I'm Herbert Vaughan, and I have come to be consecrated." On the same occasion his old colleague and Superior at St. Edmund's, Dr. Weathers, was consecrated Bishop of Amycla and Auxiliary to Archbishop Manning. The ceremony of consecration was performed by the Archbishop in the presence of a great gathering of Lancashire Catholics in St. John's Cathedral, Salford, on the 26th of October, 1872. At the luncheon which followed Provost Croskell referred to a rumour that the new Bishop had been forced upon the diocese against the wishes of the Chapter. "That was false," he said. "The nomination of the Right Rev. Dr. Vaughan originated in the Chapter, and it was their wish that he should be appointed their future Bishop. What was true was that they feared the great work he had in hand would prevent his coming amongst them."

The diocese to which Dr. Vaughan was now to devote the undivided service of twenty strenuous years was geographically the smallest of all the Catholic dioceses, but in other respects was one of the most important. His flock was estimated at 196,000 souls, and was rapidly increasing. It consisted almost entirely of people belonging to the industrial classes, and in proportion to its population had probably fewer representatives of wealth and leisure than any Catholic diocese in the country. In one respect its needs had been carefully attended to. Its system of elementary schools had been the special concern of the late Bishop, and was in admirable order. In other respects the ordinary organisation of the diocese was very inadequate, and invited the reformer. The reformer was at hand.

The new Bishop's first public appearance in his diocese was at a great temperance demonstration in the Free Trade Hall, two days after his consecration· It was a trying and critical ordeal. He appeared on the platform with Archbishop Manning on one side and Father Nugent on the other. Father Nugent, through all the North of England, was known as the "Apostle of Temperance," and to-day a public statue in the streets of Liverpool witnesses to his services in the cause of Total Abstinence. Of Archbishop Manning's teetotal principles it is enough to say that they were so strong that, when he lay dying and stimulants might have prolonged his life, his doctors hesitated to prescribe what they knew he would repudiate as long as he had strength to protest. Herbert Vaughan hated drunkenness with a holy hatred, and he prized and reverenced temperance, but in all his war with the drink evil he was careful to make it clear that he could have no part with those who spoke as though total abstinence were a commandment of God.

Seated between Manning and Father Nugent, he knew what he was expected to say. This is what he did say :—

"He would make to his hearers a confession which, perhaps, some of them might not be prepared to hear. He was not himself a teetotaler. He believed that Almighty God had made the elements out of which beer and wine and other liquors were concocted ; and they all believed it. He also believed that those things were, in themselves, good. He further believed—although he was well aware that there was a long list of authorities arrayed against him—that there was even nourishment and strength afforded to the body, and that they were good for medicinal purposes." Then he went on to say that alcoholic drinks were too often adulterated and made poisonous by those who trafficked in them, and to insist that it was the duty of a good Government to see that there was pure beer for the people. He added that there were some who felt equal to the high and heroic mortification of total abstinence. He compared them to the Carthusians who, for the mortification of the flesh, pledged themselves never to eat meat. "That was an act of virtue, but there were few who could do it, especially in England. So also with those who voluntarily, and as an act of mortification, pledged themselves never to touch a drop of intoxicating drink. They must do this without reproaching others for not taking the pledge. If they took it as an act of supererogation, then might God bless them ; but if they said that the pledge was a necessity and that no one was perfect who had not taken it, then he would have no more to do with them."

These were bold words, and if they created something like consternation among the teetotal leaders on the platform, they were received with great delight in the body of the hall. The crowd recognised a man who knew his own mind and was not afraid to speak it. And the note sounded at that first meeting in Manchester echoed through all his life. I well remember discussing with him an incident to which he often referred in later years when the question of a total abstinence policy came up. Among those who, in the early eighties, found occasional employment in connection with the *Tablet* was a poor abstemious youth, in very delicate health, named Staunton, who at one time used to go every Sunday evening to what was then the pro-Cathedral, Kensington, to report the sermons of Cardinal Manning. During the rest of the week he was employed as a clerk in one of the London branches of a well-known Lancashire business, the senior partner of which was famous throughout the North of England for his strong views on temperance, and his vehement advocacy of total abstinence. On one occasion, while under the influence of one of Manning's sermons, Staunton suddenly decided to be enrolled as a teetotaler.

Late that night he called at the office of the manager of the shop where he was employed. He found the manager still at his desk and engaged upon the most difficult task of the week—the letter which had to be written to the senior partner, as part of the discipline of the office. The manager, as usual, was at his wits' end for something to say to fill up his regulation letter. He smiled when Staunton had finished his story, and then wrote quickly as a postscript to his letter, "You will be glad to hear that Staunton has taken the pledge to-night." By return of post the following reply came from the Teetotal Apostle: "You have only done your duty in telling me at once about Staunton. I am not at all surprised. When I last saw him in London I thought I noticed a change in him. Telegraph to me when he has his next outbreak." When we had both laughed over the story, Herbert Vaughan said, "And what is the moral of it all? That we ought all to be total abstainers and, more than that, total abstainers in uniform?" Without giving me time to reply he went on, "No, it will never do to try to divide the world into teetotalers and reprobates. We must leave some room in the world for people who are temperate. It is a faulty classification which leaves out the majority of the people."

As the years went on the Bishop came to modify his opinion that alcohol is actually food, and fully accepted the conclusions on this subject to which scientific opinion now appears to incline. He thought the point not as important as it seems, for even if alcohol does not in any real sense supply nourishment, it still remains true that a stimulant rightly used enables a man to bring up his reserves of strength at the moment when they are most needed. There may be reaction afterwards, but meanwhile the end desired has been achieved. And though he thought total abstinence a counsel of perfection for ordinary humanity, the Bishop threw himself heart and soul into the war against drunkenness. Soon after he was made Bishop he told his people that he had never been in any city in Europe or America where the sight of drunken men and women was so common as it then was in Manchester. He organised a "Crusade of Rescue," and tried to establish a branch of it in every parish in his diocese. The Crusade consisted of ordinary members and pledged members—the latter being total abstainers. The organisation of the Crusade was carried out with great thoroughness and detail. It had a Diocesan President under whom worked District Presidents, Rectors of Mission branches, Vice-Presidents, "Hunters" and "Fishers," and other officers. An important part of the practical work of the organisation fell upon the "Hunters" and "Fishers," to each of whom special streets were assigned. These "Hunters" and "Fishers" were to be persons "nominated for their prudence, tact, and good sense," who were to take the initiative in the Crusade, to visit people in their homes, enlist them in the ranks, encourage them, supply them with literature, urge them to send their children to school, persuade neglectful Catholics to come to the Sacraments, and generally to co-operate with the clergy.

With what feelings the Bishop took part in this Crusade may be seen from the following extract from the report of the address with which he inaugurated the movement: "There was, he well knew, a certain goodness of heart among his people in that diocese, but why did they not all frequent the Sacraments of the Church? It was drink that kept them away, and thus it was that when the total abstinence movement first arose, he felt it was a good thing and a thing to be encouraged. As soon as he became a pastor of souls that conviction became deepened and intensified, and it so became a part of his conscience and his heart that he felt he would be committing a crime and forfeiting perhaps his eternal salvation, and endangering the salvation of thousands of others, if he did not throw himself heart and soul into the movement. His experience during little more than a year that he had been Bishop, the result of his prayers, meditations, and reflections before Jesus Christ in the Blessed Sacrament and on the Crucifix, had led him to feel that it was his duty to do all that he could to raise up an army of faithful, generous children of God—that they might unite together to undertake a crusade against the Demon of Drink that was raging in the midst of them. It was upon his conscience to do this, for how could he behold, as a pastor, thousands and thousands of his people being ruined body and soul, in time and for eternity, through their taste for drink, and not do all that he could to take them out of the way of drink? Women were taking to drink—women who ought to be angels of purity and guardians of the life and joy of the home. Children begotten of parents with blood on fire with liquor, nursed on milk inflamed with liquor, inherited the passion for drink; their first and most frequent errands were for drink. On one Sunday, two years ago, in Manchester alone over 23,000 children had been counted going to public-houses on errands for drink."

The Bishop's first impressions of his diocese were more than favourable. He was in love with Lancashire and the ways of Lancashire folk from the beginning. In one letter, written within a few days of his first public meeting with his flock, he says: "On Wednesday I spoke to about four thousand people in the Free Trade Hall, and you can form no idea of their enthusiastic shouting as soon as they saw their new Bishop. It beat anything I had ever dreamed of." Two months later he wrote to another friend: "This is the grandest place in England for popular energy and piety." In that opinion he never changed.

One of the earliest tasks undertaken by the new

Bishop was a careful examination into his financial position. One branch of this inquiry concerned the sum set aside for the "Episcopal *Mensa*," or household expenditure. He found that in this respect Salford was less well provided than any diocese in England. The *Mensa* fund was indeed so obviously inadequate that an intimation was conveyed to the Bishop, through the Vicar-General, that the clergy would be glad to make an appeal to the whole diocese for its increase. If the Bishop ever entertained the idea, he quickly put it aside. Money was wanted, and badly wanted, but for things much more important.

When Herbert Vaughan looked round the diocese he saw two tasks to which he resolved to put his hand at once and with all his might. The first concerned the education of the clergy. At the Third Provincial Synod the Bishops, under the influence of Manning, had definitely committed themselves to the work of creating separate diocesan seminaries as prescribed by the Council of Trent. "Each Bishop proposes to exert himself in the future, with all care, to found in the best way a Seminary in his own diocese."[1] At the time of the Third Synod of Westminster Herbert Vaughan was not a Bishop, but at no time had he any sympathy with the policy then adopted. When he announced his intention of building a Seminary he was not thinking of the ideals of Trent, but of the practical needs of the diocese of Salford. The candidates for the priesthood were not at that time educated in any separate diocesan institution, but scattered about in five or six different Colleges, some in England and some abroad. When they had completed their theological studies at Ushaw, or in Rome, Paris, Valladolid or Lisbon, they returned to the diocese almost as strangers, and to a Bishop who knew practically nothing of their qualities or capacities.

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[1] Decretum XIII, De Seminariis condendis.

They came also as strangers to each other. Trained in different lands, and under different systems, these young priests, destined to be fellow-workers, arrived in the diocese with very different notions as to what was expected of them. Then, too, the need for priests was always urgent; the supply never seemed to overtake the demand, and the result was that the moment a young priest reached the diocese, he was claimed by half a dozen missions, and generally the most urgent was successful. Thus it happened that young priests of unknown and untried capacities were set down haphazard in situations which sometimes proved very unsuitable. The Bishop resolved, if possible, to do two things—not to attempt to found a Tridentine seminary, which means beginning with boys from twelve to fourteen years of age—but to secure for the newly ordained a period of transition between the Seminary and the Mission. In a letter explaining his scheme the Bishop wrote: " It would, therefore, be in the highest spiritual interest of the clergy and the laity alike to establish a Seminary of Pastoral Theology, to which students who had finished their third year of Theology elsewhere should enter for at least one year. During that time they would live with the Bishop and become known to him and the clergy and to one another. They would continue their ecclesiastical studies under the guidance of one or two Professors, while at the same time they would be carefully trained by a thoroughly skilful parish priest, chosen for the purpose, in the practical work of the parish, that is, in catechising and teaching children, preaching, the management of schools, and the administration of the Sacraments. Being thus instructed gradually and on a settled system in the discipline of the pastoral life, they would then turn out thoroughly efficient assistants to the pastors of the various missions, and spread in time throughout the diocese a good and uniform tradition of parochial work and ecclesiastical life. I cannot help thinking, also, that the gradual transition which would thus take place from the seclusion and privacy of a college to public and parochial life would be attended with excellent results."

The letter then goes on to give an estimate for the cost of building such a finishing seminary on a piece of vacant land adjoining the Cathedral. It is interesting to note how such calculations grow. The Bishop estimated the necessary outlay at from £8,000 to £10,000. In the event it reached £18,000. At the outset the Bishop spoke with perfect frankness of his resources. He told the clergy and people that he stood before them with empty hands—his trust was in God and in them. A few days later, in May, 1873, he sent out a circular letter summoning his clergy to meet him to consider the question. In it he said: "A Seminary is not a mere local or class interest, like the building of a church or of a school. It intimately touches and concerns every church, every school, every mission in the diocese. The *Seminarium* is the *messis in semine.* It is a work, therefore, of such magnitude in itself, so vital to the Church and at the same time so personal in its relation to every soul in the diocese, that I feel the need of being supported and strengthened by the sympathy and co-operation of all my priests."

At the meeting the Bishop unfolded his plan, and showed what a gain it would be to the diocese if he had the opportunity the Seminary would give of getting to know his priests, and so being able to select each for the work he was best fitted for. He had come with plans prepared by Mr. Goldie and a builder's estimate. The cost was now estimated at £15,000, and towards this sum he had not a penny. But Herbert Vaughan put his heart into his words, and before the meeting broke up the priests present had subscribed £2,400. Some of those poor men must have wondered next morning what it was that had made them so reckless. One who was present tells me he can still recall the sort of contagion of enthusiasm with which the Bishop's words fired the whole meeting. Perhaps Herbert Vaughan knew that some of his clergy had given more than generously, but he had no regrets—for was not such giving doubly blessed? Preaching a few days later in the Cathedral on behalf of the Seminary, he went out of his way to say that what he wanted was not gold and silver only but sacrifice—not money merely, but the money which was bought by privation and self-denial. "I ask you to give all that you can and even more. It is a sacrifice I want, and Our Lord receives the least we offer; but He knows our means, and it is sacrifice He asks, and when we are pinched then we make a sacrifice."

The appeal was responded to so quickly that the Bishop felt justified in putting the work in hand almost at once, and the foundation-stone was laid by Archbishop Manning. At the end of another eighteen months the building was roofed and partly plastered and floored. Then money began to fail. Something over £13,000 had been subscribed, but £5,000 more was needed to finish and furnish the Seminary. A loan was talked of, but the idea was rejected by the Bishop on the ground that already there was a heavy mortgage debt upon the Cathedral and schools of the diocese. There was nothing to do but to pray and beg. The foregoing facts were set out in a circular letter in March, with the expression of a hope that the balance of the money would be subscribed within a month. The month went, and in April, on his favourite feast, the Patronage of St. Joseph, the Bishop issued another letter in which he said: "On the 17th of March I no more knew where to find the large sum of £5,000 then required to finish the building of the Seminary than I should now know where to find another similar sum if it were demanded of me. In the need you made petition to St. Joseph for thirty consecutive days. A day or two after the prayers began a gentleman in Manchester, unknown to me at the time except by name, sent me £1,000 as a loan for a year, free of interest; shortly afterwards another person offered the gift of £1,000; another, whose name for charity and zeal for religion is proverbial amongst us, added £500 to his previous donation; others doubled their former gifts; while others, again, who had not hitherto given, made their promises or offerings, till at last, on the very day of St. Joseph's Patronage, the entire sum of £5,000 was secured, either in cash or promises. That during the next twelve months we may still have to collect £1,000 to repay the loan referred to in no way detracts from the favour we have received or from our gratitude. The necessity of having to suspend the works is removed, and we may now finish the building. As further needs arise God will provide."

In the Seminary so built a great deal of quiet, useful work on the lines laid down by the Bishop was accomplished during many years. Some of the priests who lived and worked there with Herbert Vaughan look back upon the time as the busiest of their lives. They had brought with them from Ushaw, or the Seminaries abroad, a theoretical knowledge of the work of the priesthood, but they were now taught by dint of daily example the practical duties of the ministry. Besides their studies in Theology, the Scriptures, and Canon Law, the young priests received instruction in the best methods of preaching and catechising. They had to preach in turn in the Cathedral and other churches, and to hold catechism classes. They became familiar with the services, ceremonies, and rubrics of the Church by taking their places in the Sanctuary of the Cathedral. In the same way they learned how to administer the Sacraments and to get a practical grip upon the details of pastoral theology. The Cathedral parish and its chapels-of-ease served the needs of a vast industrial population. The whole of this crowded area was divided into districts, and each young priest had special streets assigned to him. It was also arranged that each of the newly ordained should be attached to an older and more experienced priest, and accompany him in his daily rounds among the poor.

In this way the older priests were teaching by example, whether visiting the poor, or praying with the sick, or administering the Last Sacraments to the dying. Another important lesson was learned in the schools—how to deal with the teachers and with the children, and to manage the school accounts. Finally, there was an opportunity for a gradual initiation in the work of the Confessional.

And all the while these young priests were living with the Bishop in what served at once as a model presbytery and a depôt for the diocese. If any mission wanted help in any emergency the Bishop had close at hand a little band of eager workers ready to be sent in any direction. Some idea of the scale on which this system was worked may be formed from a statement published at the end of 1879, which showed that sixty-five priests had passed through the Seminary to the various missions. Two difficulties are noted—the cost of maintaining so many men and the urgency of the call to the missions which made it difficult to keep them long enough in the Seminary. Still the work went on, till new difficulties arose by reason of the very success that had attended it. When it was started the diocese was undermanned and the need for new priests was urgent. But as the years went on, thanks to the untiring energy of the Bishop, the need was overtaken by the supply. The result was that in a sense the Seminary became less necessary, and its work had to be on a smaller scale. Then, when very few new students sufficed to fill the occasional gaps in the ranks of the clergy, it was harder, and relatively much more expensive, to provide professors. The fact that the immediate demand for priests was now over, and that it was difficult, without waste of strength, to keep proper professors for a handful of students, together with the Bishop's growing absorption in other work, led to the practical discontinuance of the scheme.

If in later years Cardinal Vaughan had been asked whether that first effort in Salford was a failure, he would probably have recalled the words of the Spanish Jesuit that had been such a consolation to him in the time of his perplexities about the Foreign Missions: "If only twelve persons are saved by your efforts to save the whole world, a perfect work is done. We must often begin good works and bear to see them come to an end after a short time. During the time of their existence they have borne good fruit; if their existence is short, we must bear with this, as God bears with it. Let us do good while we can."

But the experiment of the Pastoral Seminary was only one part of the Bishop's labours for the clergy of the diocese. The pressing calls for priests which made it so difficult to detain men when once they had been ordained pointed to a scarcity, in itself an evil, which had to be grappled with. The question presented itself under two aspects. Among the poorer classes of the community there were many boys who, having all the natural dispositions for the clerical state, could yet never become priests for lack of the funds required for their education. The same difficulty could not arise in the case of boys whose parents were in easy circumstances. But if the principal Catholic secondary schools in the dioceses of Lancashire were in the hands of the Religious Orders, it might well be that an undue proportion of those youths who had vocations for the priesthood would join the Regulars, and thus starve the ranks of the secular clergy. To meet the first difficulty the Bishop endeavoured to secure the foundation of a number of burses for the education of ecclesiastical students. The other difficulty was incidentally dealt with when he made up his mind to open a commercial college in Manchester.

CHAPTER XI

A PILGRIM BISHOP

SHORTLY after his election to Salford, the Bishop joined the pilgrimage which a thousand English Catholics, led by the Duke of Norfolk, made to Paray-le-Monial. It was very inconvenient to have to leave his diocese so soon, but Herbert Vaughan, ever alive to the supernatural aspects of religion, saw in this visit to the scene of the life of Blessed Margaret Mary Alacoque, the home of the devotion to the Sacred Heart, another step towards the renewal of the Catholic life of the country in all its fulness. In the ages of faith men had gone from England in thousands to pray and worship at the famous Shrines of the Continent, but never since the great break at the Reformation had any organised body of pilgrims left our shores. He regarded the visit to Paray-le-Monial, therefore, as a part of the Catholic revival, and he valued it as a public profession of faith on the part of every man and woman taking part in it.

If he had been questioned as to the object of pilgrimages in general he would have replied that their usefulness must be apparent to all who believed that the efficacy of prayer is in proportion to its fervour, earnestness, and sincerity. Local associations, whether religious or not, undoubtedly have the power to intensify the feelings and to quicken the heart. Dr. Johnson, with his usual common sense, put this point of view excellently well in his famous passage about Iona: "To abstract the mind from all local emotion would be impossible if it were endeavoured, and would be foolish if it were possible. Whatever withdraws us from the power of our senses, whatever makes the past, the distant, or the future predominate over the present, advances us in the dignity of thinking beings. Far from me and my friends be such frigid philosophy as may conduct us, indifferent or unmoved, over any ground which has been dignified by wisdom, bravery, or virtue. That man is little to be envied whose patriotism would not gain force upon the plains of Marathon or whose piety would not grow warmer among the ruins of Iona."

The particular place chosen for the pilgrimage, Paray-le-Monial, had special attractions for Herbert Vaughan. As a boy at Stonyhurst he had every Friday taken part in an act of reparation to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. The newspapers spoke of the devotion as an invention of Pius IX, but the Bishop pointed out that it had been established in England for at least two hundred years. The Jesuit Father de la Colombière referred to it in a sermon he preached on the Feast of Corpus Christi in 1677 in the Chapel of St. James before the Duchess of York, afterwards Queen Mary Beatrice. The first Confraternities of the Sacred Heart were founded in England, and in 1697 English Catholics petitioned the Holy See to establish a Feast, a Mass, and an Office in its honour. Believing this first English pilgrimage across the sea to be an occasion of much more than diocesan importance, the Bishop not only undertook some of the work of organisation, but determined to be a pilgrim himself.

The Bishop's estimate of the importance of the revival of an ancient habit seemed justified by the interest aroused among even non-Catholics by this unwonted exodus. Many a scrap-book retains the drawings published in the *Graphic* from the pencil of one of the youngest pilgrims. This was Miss Elizabeth Thompson (now Lady Butler), who was to become famous in the following year as the painter of "The Roll Call." With her was her sister, Miss Alice Thompson (now Mrs. Meynell), who wrote to a friend at home a letter which incidentally lets us see how the Bishop appeared to two observers, recent converts to the Church, and therefore up to that time strangers to him:—

"My sister and I did not go up to town, but passed the night at Newhaven, embarking the next morning with the pilgrims in the special boat. We were delighted at seeing the friendly face of Father Bagshawe" (afterwards Bishop of Nottingham), "the only person we knew in all that concourse. The onlooking people assembled very good-naturedly, cheering us as we left; one man only brandishing a bludgeon and shrieking at us, 'You're a disgrace! You're a disgrace to your country!' The pilgrims smilingly cheered him down. With three flags fluttering in the fresh wind above us—the Union Jack of our dear country, the Banner of the Sacred Heart, and the Pontifical flag—and singing the 'Pilgrim's Hymn' in one body, we steamed out into the great waves. Mimi and I hid ourselves in the cabin, and I heard Mgr. Capel's Mass just above us, but missed the sight of it altogether. After swinging about outside Dieppe harbour (and I envy the pilgrim temper which was entirely proof against this delay), the steamer turned in at last, all crowding the deck, where there was hardly standing room, and chanting the *Magnificat* in one great body of sound. This was one of the most impressive passages of the journey. All Dieppe was out on the quays to display its curiosity and surprise at this vocal shipload from Protestant England. After an effort at luncheon, we packed ourselves into the train, Father Bagshawe with us. He conducted our devotions that day. It was late before we found rooms in Paris, the Committee arrangements with regard to the distribution of apartments having broken down. At something past 1 a.m. we got into bed, to rise again at 5, whilst most of our companions had been hearing Mass at 4 or 4.30. Fr. Bagshawe seriously desired us not to attempt this. At our hurried breakfast that morning we made the acquaintance of one of the dearest priests I ever spoke to. Ever after we met each other with mutual cries of pleasure. With him we hurried off in a *fiacre* to the station. The crush was great, and, as we were so late, Mimi and I got separated for the day. She had a very priestly compartment, her companions being the Canons of Mgr. Vaughan. I had most interesting fellow-pilgrims. First, an old priest, the wittiest man I ever met; then an Irishman, wild, but a capital fellow, on whom his Reverence exercised his unequalled quiet satire, perhaps too keenly; two young Englishmen, two other men, a lady, and myself filled the compartment. These men took the greatest care of me, so that, notwithstanding the scarcity of provisions, I did not starve. Mimi and I were compelled to own that we girls were entirely beaten by the men, especially the young men, in enthusiastic and untiring devotion. It is not too much to say that my view of life is enlarged by what I have seen among the men on this pilgrimage. This day, however, although we performed the prescribed devotions—litanies, hymns, prayers for England, the Rosary, and an hour of silence for preparing for Communion—our priest made us very merry for the rest of the time. And, long as the journey was, we did not feel a moment of weariness. At all the stations the French clergy were assembled to bow to the passing train. They had sweet faces, and, whenever we made a stop, our Monsignori alighted and fraternised with them, Mgr. Capel's delightful manner winning all hearts. Our train went at a snail's pace, its enormous length and weight being too much for the forces of our engine, which positively stopped at last, the pilgrims getting out and wandering about the country, to the despair of the guard. An express just failed to run into us.

"We were expected at Paray at seven, but it was nearly eleven before the little, unknown city, all sprinkled with lights, came into view. It was a mellow night of moon and stars and soft air. There the population, not only of the town but apparently of the countryside, lined the roads to greet us, every one carrying a lighted taper, and on the platform stood a mitred Bishop in full canonicals to receive us. England and France have met by many varying representatives in many varying scenes and times, but here was a meeting which had an interest of its own. This was when a French and an English Bishop ran into each other's arms, each trying to kneel first and to raise the other. Then we formed a procession, every one with a taper, ladies first, then men, and priests last. The French have been very much impressed by the fact that, instead of beginning with hymns and canticles, the English pilgrimage raised its voice first in a Gregorian *Credo.* On our part we were much touched, in a later procession, whilst we sang our joyful hymns, to hear the French pilgrimage that followed us chanting the *Miserere.* '*Miserere mei, Deus. Dele iniquitatem meam. Peccatum meum contra me est semper,*' sang the French voices in the Paray streets. Indeed, it touched us everywhere—the humility and contrition with which a great part of France has received the country's reverses.

"Crowning the little town was the grand outline of a great Romanesque church, the principal tower ringed with light and the lofty bells loud in their welcome. Every heart was moved, remembering what had happened there beneath those bells. We seemed to be ascending towards the gates of Heaven. We went up, singing, with our lights through the dim streets and passed into the Church. The vast spaces were filled by our numbers, and here the Bishop blessed us. It was near midnight, so the Masses were to begin. Some of the pilgrims went to Holy Communion before they took any rest; and some watched all night at the Chapel of the Visitation, where the Shrine is.

"The pilgrims were billeted on the townspeople like soldiers. All the ladies had received billets and some of the men, those who could get none passing the night where they could. One of my fellow-travellers went back to the train and lay on a seat wrapped in my waterproof. Mimi and I, armed with our billets, went through the streets of Paray asking our way. The people were kindness itself. I slept only a quarter of an hour and regretted that I had not passed the night at the Shrine. The morning was exquisite. I went up to the Church, which was full and Mass going on at nearly a hundred altars improvised everywhere.

"After, I paid my first visit to the shrine of *La Bienheureuse.* The Chapel is lined with pilgrimage banners; amongst them I remarked that of Alsace with its veil of crape. At eleven the whole body of pilgrims met at the Church for a short service and sermon. This Mgr. Vaughan preached. I can only describe his face by saying that it was Love. I never saw Mimi so moved as she was by looking at him. He preached on the Sacred Heart and instructed us on the Act of that morning which was shortly to take place—namely, the Act of Reparation.

"The sermon over, Mgr. Capel marshalled us into procession, and, in the same order as the night before, with the Union Jack at our head borne by an Admiral and two Army Captains, we slowly defiled down the great nave of the Church. Singing still, we went through the streets of Paray and into the Convent garden. The procession stretched in an apparently endless line up and down the garden walks. We could only stop an instant at the holy places, and then all crowded into the streets outside the Chapel of the Shrine, where, on our knees, we repeated the Act of Reparation after the Bishop. Benediction was then given, and Mgr. Capel announced that there was a dinner for eight hundred prepared, but, as we numbered about one thousand, Mimi and I subtracted two and went to our café to dine with the Blouses. Then Mimi sketched, and I left her at work to attend the afternoon service. This began with Vespers, sung by every voice of that vast concourse with magnificent effect. Then the Blessed Sacrament was exposed whilst the Act of the solemn Consecration of our country to the Sacred Heart was recited by Mgr. Vaughan and repeated sentence by sentence by us all. Then came a procession in union with a great Belgian pilgrimage which had come to meet us; but here my courage failed and I slunk home. Again I did not sleep *at all.* Rising at 3 a.m. in that cold, dark time before dawn, and lighted by our kind hostess, we joined the groups of pilgrims who were straggling down to the station. Even at that hour the local priests and people had gathered to see us off, and took leave of us with cries of '*Vive le Sacré Cœur! Vivent les Anglais! Vive l'Angleterre!*' To which we answered, '*Vive la France!*' In the misty dawn we left sweet Paray, our eyes heavy with sleep."

The pilgrimage, as may be gathered from the impromptu record of its girl historian, had been successful from every point of view. It was a pioneer effort, but it set an example which has been followed again and again, so that organised pilgrimages from our shores have long ago resumed their old place among the commonest manifestations of Catholic life and devotion.

Another journey must find its record here. In January, 1875, the Bishop again left England, on what proved his last visit to the United States. He was taking out another party of missioners from St. Joseph's College. The voyage from Liverpool to New York proved very unpleasant through stress of weather, and lasted no less than sixteen days. Among the Bishop's companions was Canon Benoit, whom he had chosen to succeed him as Rector of St. Joseph's, Mill Hill. An extract from one of the Canon's letters may serve to show how the difficulties of the journey were faced :—

"The Bishop said Mass on Sunday for the steerage passengers. About thirty people were present, but even this tiny congregation was a picture of the Church's Catholicity ; for England, Ireland, Scotland, Germany, France, Italy, Belgium, &c., had representatives in it. It was, however, the old story, '*non multi divites*.' The grand picture of the boundless ocean suggested to the Bishop the text of his sermon, 'Great as the sea is thy sorrow.' After the 10th the weather became much rougher, and a strong wind set in against us. So for many days we made very slow progress. We had afternoon devotions every day in the steerage saloon, but more than once the weather brought our devotions to a standstill. One afternoon, when the wind was high and the waves boisterous, Father Greene and I took what we considered the safest place. We sat on a form which was part and parcel of a solid table. However, a sudden violent jerk pitched us over with table and form, and a backward roll threatened a second and more fatal pitch. But we scrambled out before we were thrown on our backs, and as soon as we found that there were no limbs broken we resumed our devotions. While you were singing every evening '*Stella Maris, ora pro eis*,' a devout little congregation assembled every afternoon to recite the Rosary of the dear Queen of the Apostles, and to receive a few words of instruction from one or other of our missionary Fathers."

The Bishop himself, in a letter to the late Miss Hanmer,[1] after speaking of work among the steerage passengers, says: " During the last ten days we have assembled each day in my cabin and have had a spiritual conference upon the duties and difficulties of our state and mission, and have been preparing as well as we could for the work God has given us to do. And each meeting has concluded with very hearty prayers *pro fratribus nostris absentibus*. I think all feel that the last eight or nine days have been full of grace and happiness. And I must say that I am myself filled with consolation to witness such simplicity, fervour, and brotherly love and union amongst our company of pioneers."

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[1] Sister of the late Sir John Hanmer.

One day the Bishop had a fall on deck. There is no reference to it in any of his own letters. But one of his company, writing afterwards from New York, says: "I quite expected the Bishop would not say a word about himself or if he was any the worse for the dreadful fall he had on shipboard. It is just like him."

His stay in America lasted only a few days, just long enough to introduce Canon Benoit as their new Superior to the men already at work among the American negroes. The Bishop had to hurry back to his diocese to attend to urgent business in connection with the foundation of the school which afterwards came to be St. Bede's.

CHAPTER XII

RULER IN HIS OWN DIOCESE

IN the summer of 1874 the Bishop of Salford became involved in a dispute with the Jesuits which cost him six years of effort and anxiety, and ended in legislation which has permanently changed the relations between the Religious Orders and the Bishops in all the missionary countries of the world.

The questions at issue were bound to come up for settlement sooner or later, and it was Herbert Vaughan's misfortune, or fortune, to be the protagonist in a controversy which events had made inevitable. Within a few months of his consecration as Bishop—indeed, within a month of his taking possession of his See—he had issued a Pastoral Letter in which he announced his intention of forming a Seminary, and a Commercial College in Manchester: "There is perhaps no diocese in England better provided in respect to its parochial schools than that of Salford. Suitable provision has yet to be made for the education of a higher class, so that the next diocesan undertaking, after the work of the Seminary, must be to carry on to completion the work of the Grammar School, prudently and wisely begun by my predecessor. He laid its beginnings humbly in Bethlehem, and they are in Bethlehem still. It has already, I am glad to say, borne valuable fruit, and is destined, I trust, in the future to meet the urgent demand. This great commercial metropolis ought to possess a Catholic Commercial College, worthy both of itself and of the Catholic name." He went on to say that certain preliminary steps had been taken; in fact, he had bought a Protestant church and its school, and a piece of land adjoining the Catholic Grammar School, which the late Bishop had placed under the charge of the Xaverian Brothers. The Xaverians were a new Congregation of Brothers, bound to simple vows, and engaged by their Rule to teach the children of the poor and of the middle and commercial classes. The late Bishop, Dr. Turner, had called them to his aid in 1862, at a time when the Manchester Grammar School was given up by the Jesuit Fathers, who, when Herbert Vaughan succeeded as Bishop, had then no school, but the finest church in Manchester.

When the Jesuits first essayed to get a footing in the town, Dr. Turner, knowing the crippling conditions of poverty under which many of the parish churches were working, would allow them to do so only on conditions. He feared that if they opened a church it would at once become a sort of centre of ecclesiastical fashion, and attract the wealthier Catholics away from their own parishes. When, however, the Provincial of the Jesuits asked for leave to open a grammar school, the Bishop consented, making it quite clear, however, that he could not allow them to open a church also. The existing churches were to be protected against the competition of this Religious Order. The school, thus sanctioned, was carried on by the Jesuits for some years. In 1862 they came to the conclusion that the school, unless associated with a Jesuit church in Manchester, could not continue.

They therefore gave the school back into the hands of the Bishop, and retired. Five years later, when the abandoned school was being conducted by the Xaverians, the Jesuits represented to the Bishop that they had a large sum of money at their disposal for the express purpose of building a church in Manchester. The Bishop, after careful consideration, gave his consent, but said that he would not now permit the opening of a Jesuit school, as he felt pledged to the Xaverians, who had come to him in the hour of his need. In each case, first in allowing a school and no church, and then a church and no school, the Bishop had sought to safeguard vested interests. When Herbert Vaughan became Bishop the Jesuit Church of the Holy Name had been built, and the Xaverians were still carrying on the Grammar School.

At the Fourth Provincial Synod of Westminster, held at St. Edmund's College in 1873, Father Gallwey, then the head of the Jesuits in England, approached the new Bishop to find out whether he would allow the Society to open a college in connection with their church in Manchester. The Bishop at once replied that this was impossible, that he could not think of allowing a rival school to be opened in such close proximity to the one which, as already announced, he had undertaken himself to develop to the utmost. Father Gallwey seemed to acquiesce, and the Bishop dismissed the matter from his mind.

And here it may be well to explain why it was that, apart from all the local and special circumstances, Herbert Vaughan attached so much importance to having a school in Manchester under his own control. At the outset he found himself faced with a great dearth of priests. The native priesthood was insufficient. One-third of the priests at his disposal either were foreigners, or were borrowed from dioceses out of England. There were lots of Lancashire lads with vocations, but if these youths were brought up in Jesuit schools, would not their thoughts turn naturally to the Society of Jesus rather than to the Secular priesthood? That was inevitable. In the same way boys brought up in a school conducted by secular priests, if they wished to embrace the ecclesiastical state, would be more likely to join the ranks of the Secular clergy than those of a Religious Order. How to keep a supply of good priests for the work of the diocese is to a Bishop a thing which he has to think of "first, last, and all the time." Already in the Salford diocese, geographically the smallest in England, there was the great Jesuit College, Stonyhurst. The Bishop knew it well, had been there four years as a boy, and knew, too, how small a proportion of those of its students who became priests ever joined the ranks of the Secular clergy. Then in Liverpool, less than an hour away, there was another great Jesuit College, and now, if the same Order were to be free to complete the educational monopoly in Lancashire, how could the Secular clergy be recruited? The Jesuits and other Religious Orders were valuable auxiliaries, but the Church existed for centuries before they were thought of, and may continue to exist for ages after they have passed away. For its normal life, for all its everyday work, the Church depends, and must depend, upon the Secular priesthood. To the Secular priests of his diocese, and to them only, the Bishop must look for that direct and undivided allegiance which is essential for its proper management. And believing that in the long run the control of the secondary education of the diocese meant control of the influences which determined candidates for the priesthood to the Regular or Secular clergy, the Bishop, from the outset, made up his mind beyond the possibility of change.

It is important to bear in mind what both parties were fighting for, because, for a long time, no clear issue of principle was challenged on either side. Father Gallwey began by begging permission to open a school, and the Bishop based his refusal on the special difficulties and circumstances of this particular case. It was only later that the Jesuit Provincial boldly claimed that by right of the special privileges of the Order he was entitled to establish a school in Manchester whether the Bishop objected or not. The fact is that neither party was sure of its position. The Provincial would have been glad to proceed along the line of least resistance and open the school with the approval and blessing of the Bishop, and the Bishop, in turn, was anxious to avoid a direct denial of the privilege claimed by his opponents, and would have preferred to justify his refusal on grounds peculiar to the particular case. Even when Father Gallwey did assert what he claimed as the privilege of his Order the Bishop was content to move cautiously, and to ask that the alleged privilege should be proved to him, and then hastened to urge that even a privilege must be used equitably, that it should not be exercised to the prejudice of others, and that still less could it be claimed in a case in which the right to rely upon it had been already contracted away in consideration of a particular favour from the Bishop of the diocese. Each was forced by the pressure of events from his original position, and obliged to get down to the bare principle, and appeal to the Holy

See to decide whether or not the privilege claimed really existed. It was a point upon which high authorities might differ and did differ.

The Apostolical Letter *Universalis Ecclesia* had ended the purely missionary status of the Catholic Church in England, and the normal government of the Church had been gradually brought back. In the process many questions naturally arose respecting the relations between the Regular Orders and the Bishops. The disputes arising out of the privileges and exemptions claimed for the former had been to some extent adjusted in the first three Synods of Westminster, but at the end of a quarter of a century many important questions still remained unsettled. On this point I may quote from an unpublished memorandum written, in the third person, by the late Hon. and Right Rev. Dr. Clifford, Bishop of Clifton, dealing with the circumstances which led up to the Bull *Romanos Pontifices* :—

> "The ignorance which at this time reigned concerning the privileges of the Jesuits was wonderful. The Jesuits openly made claim in England and elsewhere as if they possessed extraordinary privileges, and quoted the Bulls of Popes granted formerly to the Society, saying that these were revived with the restoration of the Society by Pius VII. These claims met everywhere with tacit acceptance. Among the English Bishops, Dr. Ullathorne, the Bishop of Birmingham, alone had some knowledge that these claims were ill-founded. The other Bishops, though ignorant of the extent of the privileges claimed, took it for granted that the Jesuits had extraordinary privileges; they suspected that they were strained, but nobody knew exactly what they were, and nobody knew how to find them out exactly, as it was supposed that many of them were privately given by the Pope. The Bishop of Clifton thought so too. He found also at Rome that this was

the opinion of Mgr. Rinaldini and others at Propaganda, including Cardinals. This was the state of things when we began our case. We did not doubt that great privileges existed, but we wanted to have a clear declaration of the extent of some of them, and to prevent their clashing with the authority of the Bishops in points regulating the dioceses."

But if in the Manchester case Dr. Vaughan felt that his own usefulness as a Bishop and the whole future of the diocese were at stake in the dispute, the Jesuits, on their side, were not fighting for trifles, or for any question of etiquette or of merely ornamental privileges. They regarded the right to open schools as an essential feature of their Order. Was it not the duty of a Religious Superior to uphold in every way the *status* granted by the Holy See? And was not the opportunity that then presented itself a favourable one for vindicating once and for all a claim which, if it had not yet been openly challenged, was certainly not always admitted? The only Catholic Secondary Schools in Manchester were, by the admission of all parties, not as efficient as they ought to be. The Bishop had pledged himself that one of these schools should be greatly improved, but that work was still undone. Then the Bishop was young and inexperienced and, perhaps, from his antecedents a little isolated from his fellows, and certainly wanting in that training in parochial work which usually fits a man for such a post. If for these reasons he proved the less inflexible and could be brought to allow a precedent to be established, the position of the Order might be immensely strengthened.

It was no sordid dispute into which the two parties were drifting, and the personal element entered into it very little. On their side the Jesuits were contending for liberty of expansion, and the right to work for the ends for which the Society of Jesus had been founded. If they were defeated, or acquiesced in the Bishop's view in anticipation of defeat, they saw the sphere of their labours and influence indefinitely contracted. Never again in any city in the world would it be possible for them to open a Secondary School or College for higher studies without first obtaining the leave of a local prelate; to their affrighted friends it seemed that the scope of their work would suddenly become parochial instead of cosmopolitan in its scale.

On the other hand, the Bishop felt that what was at stake was just this—who was to be master in the diocese, who, in the last resort, was to judge and decide what its needs required? As far as Herbert Vaughan was concerned that question was decisive of all the rest; in his view it admitted of only one answer: he would take no divided responsibility, and in appealing to the judgment of Rome was ready to throw his crosier into the scale. He made no secret of his resolve to resign if, in a matter so vital and so intimately touching the supply of priests for the diocese, the decision was against him. And if to both sides the cause seemed high and holy and pregnant with possibilities of gain and disaster, the antagonists themselves were not unequally matched. The Jesuits had selected their own battle-field; their Provincial was a man of reputed judgment and certainly of rare courage, and behind him he had arrayed the influence, not only of all the Jesuit battalions throughout the Catholic world, but in Rome the support of all the other Religious Orders, ready to make common cause with any one who offered resistance to what they regarded as the aggressions and encroachments of the English Bishops. It used to be openly boasted that in the Roman Courts the English Bishops had no chance in a contest with the Religious Orders. The representatives of the latter were always on the spot—a part of the Roman system—while the Bishops from England were strangers, visiting the Eternal City at rare intervals, and unknown when they came. They were thought to be at a hopeless disadvantage because the needs of their dioceses were for ever calling them home, while their opponents waited and sat on, and could urge their cause in season and out of season.

On the other side was a man, sometimes very slow to make up his mind as to what was God's will, but terribly resolute in action when once doubt had been cast out. In the present case he never had any doubt. He saw he could do nothing in the diocese unless he were to be the supreme judge as to what was for its good. His was a lonely throne, but he was not minded to share it with the Provincial of the Jesuits. And at the back of Herbert Vaughan stood a united Hierarchy. Moreover, the master spirit of them all, Archbishop Manning, had made the cause his own. From the outset he was ready to go all lengths to support the Bishop of Salford. It would not be his fault if this time it was not a fight to the finish.

In August, 1874, Father Gallwey again introduced the subject of a Jesuit school in Manchester, and this time by letter. There was no hint or suggestion that he was begging only what he might have demanded. He set out the advantages which might be expected to accrue to the cause of Catholicism from the establishment of such a school, if the Bishop would "permit" it. He was sure that it would lead to more vocations for the Secular priesthood and also for the Foreign Missions in which he knew the Bishop was so deeply interested. The Bishop's answer was dated ten days later. He reminded the Provincial that the Jesuits had had a school in Manchester and had given it up. Since then vested interests had come into existence which must be respected. Furthermore, he had pledged himself to develop the Xaverian Grammar School into a Commercial College which would meet all the requirements of the town. Moreover, when Bishop Turner allowed the Jesuits to build the Church of the Holy Name, it was on the condition that they were not to establish any school in Manchester except for the poor in their congregation. Father Gallwey made answer only to explain that if they had given up their former school it was only because, being "unsupported by a church, it threatened to be a losing concern." He was not aware of the agreement with the late Bishop.

In September the Bishop learned that the motives of his refusal to allow the Jesuit school in Manchester were being misrepresented in Rome, and so he wrote to the Provincial on the subject. Father Gallwey replied:—

"MY DEAR LORD,—I am sorry to learn from your Lordship's letter that unpleasant remarks had been made in Rome and in Paris about our correspondence respecting the College. The matter is quite new to me. I had to give official information to two or three persons that your Lordship had not thought it possible to grant my petition. What glosses were subsequently added by others, I know not, and I am really sorry if any unfair and rash comments have been made on the course which your Lordship thought the right one. We shall most certainly be the sufferers if we in any way propagate or encourage unjust and calumnious misrepresentations. As far as my own thoughts are concerned, I can see quite clearly there is much to be said for the view which your Lordship takes, and I should consider it wicked to speak or write any rash condemnation of it. At the same time, I very often pray that another view may succeed in its place, and that your mind may revert to its earlier phase. For it seems to me (as I am sure you will allow me to speak frankly) that the zeal which helped you to carry through your very bold undertaking for the Foreign Missions will hereafter give you more consolation than the cautious policy which you think the best at present. Just at this moment we have very earnest petitions for missioners from the Bishop of Grahamstown, from Madras, from Jamaica, and from Malta. The demand for English missioners is ever increasing, as your Lordship knows. Now it seems to me that in Manchester and the manufacturing towns around there is an ample nursery of priests, not only for your Lordship's diocese but for other poor souls besides, provided the chance is given by early education. I have known pretty intimately many of your Lordship's family. I cannot think that the grace which has been given to you will permit you to limit your pastoral charity to those institutions in which the diocese is directly concerned. I think I should be quite safe in prophesying that if your Lordship grants us permission to do the work of our Institute by taking a part in education, the number of vocations to the priesthood, both for the Salford diocese and other parts of the globe, would be trebled and quadrupled. I am writing all this, not only on account of the kind tone of your Lordship's letter to me, but also in consequence of other letters that have been sent to me. It appears that it has been stated in high quarters in Rome that we are unwilling to do anything for Middle-class education. This is about as true as the reports concerning your Lordship to which you refer.

"This report and other representations on the subject have led to a correspondence between the Father-General and Propaganda. The Cardinal Prefect begged him to do all he could in England for middle-class education, and named Manchester among other places, and both he and some other eminent Cardinals have reminded us that this belongs to our Institute, and that wherever we are canonically instituted it is part of our acknowledged work to open schools, and that the permission to do so is already granted to us by the Holy See. Father-General himself is most desirous *to carry out the wish of Propaganda*, but I am sure that he would have the strongest objection to our doing anything that would in any way prove an injury to your Lordship's diocese, and very great reluctance to act in any way against your Lordship's wishes. The happiest solution of the difficulty of the position will be for your Lordship to go back in spirit to Mill Hill, awakening old sympathies for souls outside the boundaries of Salford, and making an act of faith in the promise '*date et dabitur vobis.*' This is the grace which I am hoping for during the octave of Our Lady.

"Very truly your Lordship's,

"P. GALLWEY, S.J."

It will be noted that though the Provincial still talks of the "permission" of the Bishop, he not obscurely advances a claim to be entitled to open a school in any place where the Society may be canonically instituted. He says, "it is part of our acknowledged work to open schools, and the permission to do so is already granted to us by the Holy See." And finally it would only be "with very great reluctance" that the General of the Jesuits would act against the wishes of the Bishop. The screen of local circumstances is beginning to wear very thin, and the bare principles begin to peep through. For reply, the Bishop invited the Provincial to come and dine with him and talk the whole matter over. The letter miscarried, but, in sending a few lines of explanation, Father Gallwey took occasion to say that Father Weld, who had carried on the negotiations with Bishop Turner which led to the building of the Church of the Holy Name, had no recollection of any compact or condition forbidding the opening of a school, but only of an intimation from the Bishop that he did not want a school. In this respect Father Weld's recollection was opposed to that of Canon Benoit, who was Bishop Turner's secretary at the time, and that of the Senior members of the Salford Chapter. All of these testified that the Bishop had made it a condition precedent to the building of a Jesuit Church in Manchester that they should renounce any idea of also opening a Secondary School. This misunderstanding was unfortunate, because it did much to embitter the contest, but the two contentions are not difficult to reconcile. The Bishop, believing his word was law, thought it sufficient to express his wishes in the clearest possible way. The Jesuit, believing his right to open a school was absolute, wherever there was a Jesuit church, was content to note the Bishop's views and reserve his rights. And there was no attempt to assert the alleged right during the life of Bishop Turner.

At the beginning of the New Year, 1875, Father Gallwey made up his mind to say what he meant all the while—that the Jesuits would open a school, if possible with the approval of the Bishop, but if not, then without it.

"My dear Lord,—I heard from Father Parkinson last Sunday that your Lordship is about to start for America with some missionary priests. I very heartily wish you God speed, and that the New Year may, among other blessings, bring you plenty of vocations. As I have not heard from your Lordship, I venture to beg of you before you start to make an act of faith in the promise '*date et dabitur vobis*' and to send me a line to say that you will not be angry if we use the rights given to us by the Holy See and *carry out the wish of Propaganda by opening a school.* Both to Father-General and to all of us here it would be very disagreeable to use our privilege in opposition to your Lordship's wishes, but I hope we shall have your consent and blessing.

"Very truly your Lordship's servant,
"P. GALLWEY, S.J."

Here again there was a misunderstanding. The Provincial not only for the first time explicitly advanced his claim to act without regard to the wishes of the Bishop, but intimated that in doing so he was carrying out the wishes of Propaganda. In this Father Gallwey was seriously in error. Father Weld, "for the security of his own conscience," had consulted the Cardinal-Prefect in Rome, and, stating his own version of what had passed, asked whether what Bishop Turner had said was a bar to an attempt to open a school now that a new Bishop had been appointed. The Cardinal answered in the negative. Evidently this was a personal opinion, based, as it admittedly was, upon an *ex parte* statement of the facts; but Father Weld went one step further and invited the opinions of three Cardinals of Propaganda as to the abstract question whether the Jesuits had the right to establish a school wherever they had a church. Here again the opposing view was unrepresented, and the reply was in the sense desired. Finally, there was secured the expression of a desire on the part of the authorities in Rome that the Jesuits in England should do all they could for higher education, and especially in Manchester.

The Bishop's reply to Father Gallwey was cautious and non-committal:—

"*Jan.* 2, 1875.

"MY DEAR FATHER GALLWEY,—Many thanks for your good wishes for the New Year, which I heartily reciprocate. As to your founding a College in Manchester, please do not take any steps *until I have heard from Propaganda.* Vested interests are engaged which you agree with me in thinking should be fully respected. There are several other considerations of a graver nature to be well weighed before such a step as you propose to take can be decided upon. I must therefore beg of you to have a little patience. I shall be in England again by the end of February, and nothing need be done till then. Wishing you every blessing,

"I am your faithful and devoted servant,
"HERBERT, BISHOP OF SALFORD."

Meanwhile, before leaving for America he made inquiries which showed in its true light the encouragement alleged to have been given to the Jesuits by Propaganda.

Dr. Vaughan returned from the United States on February 22nd, 1875. On the 5th of the following month he heard that the Jesuits had carried out an audacious *coup-d'état*, and had actually opened a school without his leave, and indeed in spite of his prohibition. The Provincial, in announcing the step, went so far as to express his confidence that in the future the Bishop would find in his defeat "a source of much consolation." He wrote:—

"MY DEAR LORD,—Out of respect for the wish expressed by your Lordship before your departure for America, I have abstained, notwithstanding some very urgent pressure, from taking any action during your Lordship's absence with regard to the Grammar School which we desire to open in Manchester. Now, however, I have received from Father-General a letter which makes it my duty not to remain inactive any longer. This letter I have forwarded to the Superior of the district, Father Ullathorne, who will, if you permit, read it to your Lordship, and I have good hopes that, helped by the prayers of your patron, St. Joseph, it will make clear to your Lordship that we are not acting disloyally towards you, or in a factious or intriguing spirit, as has been said, but following a course that is reasonable, right, and dutiful, and that Father-General has good grounds to prophesy, as he does, that before long your Lordship will look upon our project, not as an unwelcome intrusion, but as a source of much consolation. For, as your Lordship will observe, Father-General lays down the principle that we are fully authorised and encouraged by the Holy See to establish such a school as we propose; and that the right to do so is one of the essential features of our Institute. He then further states that the Cardinals of Propaganda, whom for greater security he consulted on these points, fully acknowledged that we hold this privilege from the Holy See. Now, St. Alphonsus teaches that a Religious Superior sins grievously if he fail to maintain the *status* granted to his Order by the Holy See, and, moreover, as Father-General goes on to observe, the Cardinal Prefect of Propaganda not only declared emphatically that we are within our rights, but with his own hand wrote to beg of him to further education in the great towns of England, more especially in Manchester.

"As I am told that this last statement, which I have made before to your Lordship, has been called in question, it may be well for me to extract from the copy of the Cardinal's letter, sent to me by Father-General, the following words: '*Pregandola ad un tempo a favorir sempre più l'insegnamento nelle grande citta e particolarmente Manchester.*' On the copy sent to me Father-General writes these words, '*desumptum ex litteris manu propria scriptis ab Em. Card. Franchi, S.C.Prop.*' If to all this we add the solemn declaration of our Fourth Council, in which your Lordship sat, that such schools as we desire to open are greatly needed, and the earnest recommendation addressed in Decree 17 to priests in charge of missions to establish them wherever it can be done, I think your Lordship will agree with me in thinking that I am not unreasonable in asking, in the name of your Patron, that we may have the very great consolation of beginning this work with your Lordship's cordial blessing and goodwill.

"Very truly your Lordship's servant,

"P. GALLWEY, S.J."

The Jesuits had taken the law into their own hands, but Herbert Vaughan was quite equal to the occasion. Those who had opened the schools should purge their contumacy by instant submission or else *ipso facto* cease to hold faculties in the diocese. If submission were not made by Thursday, worse should follow on Sunday.

"To the REV. HENRY BIRCH, S.J., Superior of the Church of the Holy Name, Manchester.—Notice having been given to me by one of your Superiors that you have actually opened a College in Manchester against the expressed and known prohibition of the Ordinary, determined as this prohibition was by many good reasons which were admitted by your Provincial as 'very valid,' and learning from the same Superior that he declines to have the College closed at my desire, or to recognise my authority in the matter, it becomes my painful duty to inform you as follows:

"That the opening of this College is a grave act of disobedience and insubordination; that it is a direct violation of the agreement made by one of the Provincials S.J. with my predecessor, upon which alone the Society was again admitted into Manchester; that it is based upon a claim put before me by the actual Provincial to a right in the Society to found colleges attached to any church they may serve in the diocese, independently of the carefully formed judgment of the Bishop as to what is due to existing vested interests and for the greater good of religion, and even in spite of the Bishop's prohibition. I do not accept this claim, or admit it to be proved, nor do I allow, even if it were legal, that it would entitle the Society to override and cancel an agreement made with my late predecessor. I may add that I have received official communication from Rome that Propaganda has 'neither given an order nor expressed a wish' that the Society should establish a College in Manchester. Moreover, the right set up by the Provincial having been denied by me, and the matter referred to the Holy See, you are not competent to act upon your contention *pendente lite in curia.*

"Wherefore, for these and other grave reasons, I hereby give a second admonition, that if the School or College be not entirely closed and the pupils dismissed by Thursday, the 18th inst., you, as local Superior of that school and the clergy employed in it, will *ipso facto* cease to hold faculties in the diocese and be suspended absolutely *a divinis.* Should you contumaciously persist in disobedience to this command—and God forbid that you should—I shall proceed upon Sunday next to such further measures as may become unhappily needful.

"Given at the Bishop's House this 16th day of March, 1875.

"HERBERT, BISHOP OF SALFORD."

This peremptory demand for the breaking up of the school at two days' notice was met by the Provincial with a petition for delay. "Your Lordship's right will not in any way be prejudiced if you kindly grant the extension of time for which I beg before proceeding to extreme measures." This was followed by an interview the same day, Wednesday, the 17th, in which the Bishop said all he wanted was that matters should be put back into the position in which they were on the day (January 2nd, 1875) on which he had given notice that he would refer the whole case to Rome. He had no wish to make them appear to compromise their cause, and they could choose any pretext for closing the school. A simple way would be to advance the Easter holidays by a few days. He had no concern with their motives but only with the fact that the College should be closed while the case was before Propaganda. Finally, on receiving an assurance that no more students should be received, the Bishop agreed to let the place remain open for four days more. The school was accordingly broken up on the following Monday.

On the 22nd of March the Provincial wrote as follows:—

"MY DEAR LORD,—Father Birch writes that Canon Gadd called yesterday to know whether we had closed our school according to your Lordship's instructions. To prevent mistakes or prejudice to rights, I will tell your Lordship in a few words what I have done. When I called on Thursday morning I mentioned that I had received a telegram from Rome and I was told in that telegram that your Lordship had also received one. The telegram which I received exonerated me from carrying out the agreement we had come to the evening before, and empowered me to carry on the school until Rome should adjudicate. As, however, we had come to an agreement amicably on the previous evening, I said to your Lordship on Thursday that I should adhere to our arrangement. I have since received a letter from Rome, giving the sense of the telegram in detail, but the situation remains as it was on Thursday last. The school was broken up for the holidays, as your Lordship suggested, a day or two sooner than otherwise it would have been, simply because I had agreed to this arrangement with your Lordship, and did not wish to oppose your Lordship's desire.

"Your Lordship's

"P. GALLWEY."

There was nothing in this letter to suggest that the school, without any further communication with the Bishop, was to be reopened four days later. The following correspondence tells its own tale:—

"MY DEAR FATHER BIRCH,—I have been told that the School in Akers Street has been reopened. Is this so? In case you *have* reopened it I should be obliged if you will inform me what number of pupils you have admitted. The bearer will wait for an answer. I am sorry to have to trouble you on the subject again. Wishing you every blessing, I am your faithful and devoted servant, HERBERT, BISHOP OF SALFORD."

"46, AKERS ST.,
"*April 4th*, 1875.

"MY LORD,—Will your Lordship kindly forgive my saying that I feel bound to communicate with my Superior before giving any further answer than that the school was reopened last Wednesday? With profound respect, believe me to be,

"Your Lordship's obedient servant,
"HENRY BIRCH, S.J."

"BISHOP'S HOUSE,
"*April 4th*, 1875.

"MY DEAR FATHER GALLWEY,—I hear that you have reopened your school in Manchester. Pray excuse me if I say that I consider this to be the contrary to your promise of March 17th, and that I must request you to send me the evidence upon which you justify this act, so that I may examine it officially. Meanwhile the school should be closed until I have legal proof of the right which you claim to reopen. Wishing you every blessing, believe me to be,

"Your faithful and devoted servant,
"HERBERT, BISHOP OF SALFORD."

"111, MOUNT STREET,
"*April 7th*, 1875.

"MY DEAR LORD,—A great press of work has hindered me from replying to your Lordship's note of the 4th inst.

as soon as I could have wished. I am sorry that your Lordship thinks that I have acted contrary to my promise of March 17th. I cannot see that I have done so. I promised three things and no more, to the best of my knowledge. (1) To write to Father-General without delay—I did so that night. (2) Not to let the number of scholars increase during the interval of four days which you allowed me; that is to say, till we broke up for Easter. This we kept to faithfully. (3) To break up schools on Monday for Easter. This we also did. These are the only engagements I am aware of. If I had known of any more I would certainly have kept them. The telegram which arrived on the following morning superseded—as I have already mentioned to your Lordship—the arrangement of the day before, but still I called on your Lordship to say that as we had come to a friendly agreement I would adhere to it, and close the school on Monday for the Easter holidays. Your Lordship further asks for the evidence upon which I justify the act of reopening the school after Easter. In your Lordship's note of March 24th you write, 'the matter has passed to a higher tribunal.' This being so, my Lord, I respectfully submit that it is to this higher tribunal that I must furnish the evidence to justify my act.

"Very truly your Lordship's,

"P. GALLWEY, S.J."

As the case had now been reserved to himself by the Cardinal Prefect of Propaganda, the Bishop felt that he could no longer act as judge in his own cause and enforce obedience by censures. And so in the litigation which followed the Jesuits were able to rely upon the logic of the accomplished fact and to point to a school in being. It was an advantage which it was quite possible to overvalue. The fact is that Father Gallwey and his advisers misjudged the character of their opponent. They thought him a pious dreamer, who, with a little resolute handling, could easily be taught the way he should walk. Deceived themselves, they misled the General in Rome, who acquiesced in their plan for opening their school in defiance of the Bishop only because he had been assured that, when once the thing had been done, Dr. Vaughan would soon reconcile himself to it, and even, in Father Gallwey's words, come to regard its establishment as a "consolation." It was a strange mistake. Herbert Vaughan entered upon this struggle with infinite pain and reluctance—it seemed such a sad beginning for his episcopate, but the conflict had been none of his choosing, and no thought of either surrender or compromise ever crossed his mind. His authority had been openly challenged, and with every circumstance of aggravation, in his own diocese, and he knew too that the Jesuits had carefully selected their own battle-field for the assertion of a wide-reaching principle. That principle had been clearly laid down by Father Gallwey: "We strive by all lawful means to preserve our right to take part in education, which is as essential to our Institute as the duties of the choir are to the cloistered Orders." Father Gallwey's last letter, in which he refused to justify his act in reopening the school, on the ground that the case had already been referred to Propaganda, was dated the 7th of April. Before the month was out the Bishop left Manchester for Rome, resolved to stay there until the case was decided, to conduct his own case in person, and to resign his See if he were defeated.

Meanwhile Herbert Vaughan had been in constant correspondence with Archbishop Manning. The following letters have been preserved and may be quoted here to show how well from the outset Manning appreciated the importance of the points at issue, and how wholehearted was the support he gave. The first letter refers to the way in which the news that the writer had been made a Cardinal had been received in England.

"Rome,
"*March* 14*th*, 1875.

"My dear Herbert,—Thank you for your letter, which is a real comfort to me. I have had a great anxiety lest this change should in any way hinder my work for the good of the Church in England. Yet I ought not to fear when the Vicar of Our Lord acts. It was He that willed it, as I know. I am glad, too, that the English are in this, as they are in themselves, just and kindly. I hope what you say—that they will not count me less one of themselves in all lawful things. Here, apart from the . . . I have had real friendship shown. I am very sorry to hear that you are unwell. You must take what from habit your system requires. I have no doubt that you need stimulants as medicines. Have no hesitation about it. *Media ad finem.* Last night I had a full conversation with Cardinal Franchi, and to-day with Rinaldini, about the Jesuit College in Manchester. I hope the whole business is at an end.

"Believe me always, my dear Herbert,
"Yours very affectionately,
"Henry Edward, Archbishop of Westminster."

"Rome,
"*March* 18*th*, 1875.

"I have had two full conversations about Salford, and Father O'C. has been with your letter to Cardinal Franchi. I will see to your case as if it were my own, and in Low Week I mean to bring the whole relation of the Jesuits to the Church in England before the Bishops, and to lay it before the Holy See. I am very sorry you have this pain, but you are called to do a great service to the Church in England and to bear the odium of which I have not a little. Be of good heart. These things are more keenly trying than worse things. Let me know anything and everything I can do for you."

"Rome,
"*March 25th*, 1875.

"I wrote to Cardinal Franchi last night and asked him to write to the General and say that the College Jesuits must go back to their house. I said also that the question I intended to bring before the Bishops is not whether the intended College shall go on—which I consider to be settled already in the negative—but what are the relations of the Society to the Bishops. I am sorry that you have had to bear this cross, but I rejoice that it has come. I have long felt that the English Province is altogether abnormal, dangerous to themselves, mischievous to the Church in England. I have seemed to see it and feel it with more than natural intellect and natural discernment. I am now convinced that I am right, and I propose to go through the whole work or warfare which has now been begun—for their sakes as well as for ours."

Cardinal Manning much underrated the tenacity of the Jesuit opposition, and when the Bishop of Salford arrived in Rome on April 25th the College in Manchester was still open and there was no assurance that it would ever be closed. The morning after the Bishop arrived Father Alfred Weld, S.J., called upon him, saying he had come to talk over the whole question. Father Weld was at that time the English "Socius" of the General of the Jesuits, *i.e.*, the member of the staff specially charged with the affairs of the Society in English-speaking countries. On learning his errand the Bishop at once declined any further conversation, saying the dispute must now be left to Propaganda. Father Weld replied that the Society would accept the decision of Propaganda whatever it might be, and then explained that though they were still carrying on the College, they had arranged to receive no more pupils until the whole case was decided.

Four days later Herbert Vaughan began what may be fairly described as a siege of the Holy See. At his first audience with the Pope, Pius IX, he entered fully into all the details of the dispute. He found the Holy Father evidently impressed with the apparent fairness of the suggestion which had been put forward on behalf of the Jesuits, that if they might have a College in Manchester the Bishop should have reserved to him the whole of the great city of Salford. The Pope had supposed that Manchester and Salford were rival cities, and miles apart. It was explained to him that Salford was just a name for the poorest quarter of Manchester. When Herbert Vaughan pointed out that the suggestion that he should be at liberty to open what schools he liked in Salford, provided that the Jesuits were left at liberty to work their will in Manchester, was very much as if the Italian Government were to claim the sovereignty of Rome and then ask the Pope to be content with the Trastevere, Pius IX laughed aloud, and long afterwards used to refer to Herbert Vaughan as the "Bishop of Trastevere." Of course, there was nothing surprising in the Pope's want of familiarity with English municipal divisions, and in no case would he have attempted to decide the case without reference to Propaganda, which has special charge of the non-Catholic countries. After stating all the points in dispute, the Bishop concluded by saying that if he were to try to form and educate his own clergy he must have the control of some part of the Secondary Education of the diocese.

For the next six weeks the Bishop was busy seeing Cardinal after Cardinal, stating his position, explaining away misapprehensions of facts, and meeting the arguments of the supporters of the Jesuits. At first the negotiations went smoothly enough, but time after time, just as the end seemed in sight, some communication from England would come to produce a new chapter of hesitations and delay. Thus a letter setting out the population in Manchester, with an adroit allusion to some of the former Pontifical States, seemed to suggest that the Bishop's claim to protect his school from all competition was an intolerable pretension. It filled Herbert Vaughan with a holy, or at least a very human, rage. He told the Cardinals it would be quite as relevant if people had come to them and said they had been totting up the number of chimney-pots in Manchester. Neither the chimney-pots nor the Protestants of Manchester were likely to attend a Catholic Secondary School—then why trouble to count either of them? Neither was it to the purpose to tell them of the numbers of the Catholics in Manchester. What was relevant was to show the number of those Catholics who could afford the fees of a Secondary School. And when it was fully understood that at that time there was not a single Catholic family in Manchester which kept a carriage and pair, the official view of the prospects of even one College became sufficiently gloomy.

The Bishop's primary object was to get the school closed at once, and if that were done he had no special wish to open up the whole question of Jesuit privileges and exemptions. Indeed, it was soon apparent that there was the greatest unwillingness on the part of the authorities to do anything more than to restore peace in this particular instance. Cardinal Franchi, the Prefect of Propaganda, was specially anxious to devise some means which, while giving satisfaction to the Bishop, should enable the Jesuits to make a dignified retreat. He urged the Bishop to write a conciliatory letter to the General of the Jesuits asking him to prevent further controversy by closing the school. Recording this suggestion in his diary under date May 7th, the Bishop says: "I still urged that it should be closed on the ground that in the dispute between the Bishop and the Jesuits the Pope had settled the matter. He replied, 'No, the Pope does not wish to be brought further into it;' he had said, 'This business annoys me. See that it is settled so that the Jesuits close the College.' I objected that the S.J. would say that they had closed on a *petition* from the Bishop. He replied, 'You are not to make a petition, but to insist on the closing, *un intimo*, but avoid the question of privilege.'"

Accordingly the Bishop drafted a letter, and Cardinal Franchi, after reading it, was sanguine that the whole question might be considered at an end, urging that the Jesuits certainly would not want to have their privileges brought under review. On his side the Bishop was less well satisfied; he doubted the finality of such an arrangement; he says, "I told him [Cardinal Franchi] that they now felt their hands were not clean; they want to wash them and to return later to their plans for asserting the rights and privileges they claim." A week later Cardinal Franchi proposed a conference between the Bishop and the General. The Bishop replied that he should be happy to meet the General on one condition, that the College was closed first. On the morning of the day after his arrival in Rome he had refused to have a consultation with Father Weld because that condition had not been complied with.

Under date May 17th there is the following very characteristic entry in his diary: "Said Mass over the body of St. Ignatius, as I have done several times during the week, and carried the letter for the General on my heart under my cassock at the time. St. Ignatius will whip his own sons if they need it—if they don't deserve it, then am I mistaken, and I should not wish them to catch it as they are doing."

After thus saying Mass over the relics of St. Ignatius, the Bishop sent to the General of the Jesuits a written demand for the closing of the school. In the course of the conversation which followed the General frankly admitted that the Jesuit calculations had miscarried. I quote from the diary: "He said they had told him that I should not make much difficulty about the founding of a College in Manchester, and that after a time I should be glad of it, when I saw the good it was doing. I replied, 'It is quite evident that you have been *ingannato*, you never would have acted as the persons around you have done—they are exposing the Society to great evils by their conduct.' He replied that they had told him, but of course he did not know otherwise, that I should yield and not make much difficulty. He then spoke of their privilege to found colleges, that Father Weld had consulted some of the Cardinals, that before Paul III they had received the privilege, and that Father Weld told him that Pius VII in the Bull of Restoration had revived that privilege, but he added, '*bisogna avere molto riguardo ai vescovi ed alle necessità della diocese.*' I then referred to the second opening of the College, that Father Gallwey had informed me that he had received a telegram from Rome which cancelled his promise to me about closing the school, and empowered him to reopen. He said he had not yet heard of that, that Father Weld was in Rome for three weeks and very active; but he had not heard of this. I added that Propaganda had not sent the telegram, and that I had demanded to see the evidence, that had it been from Propaganda I should have bowed, but not otherwise. He said, 'You had a perfect right to see the evidence.' I professed my goodwill to the Society—that I would act with them if they would behave well with me. He said it was very necessary to show signs of goodwill. I urged much the necessity of his recommendation to his subjects, that peace would depend on their good behaviour, &c. That if they gave no reason for complaint I would act towards them as though there had been no breach. I said that I wished for a speedy answer to my letter, as my movements would depend upon it. He said that was natural and that he would see Father Weld, but urged that the school should remain open until the holidays. I said, 'Till to-day, then, as these are the Whitsun holidays.' He did not know that, but asked when the longer holidays would be. I said in two or three months. He wished it to remain open until the summer vacation. I said I could not consent, that it was imperative to close at once and finish with the whole business, that it would be a three days' wonder, and that otherwise the wound would be kept open and increase for three months. I said I would not return to my diocese till I had heard from Salford that the College was actually closed, that I should act to the S.J. with all kindness, as I had done in the past, but that I must insist, if we were to have peace, upon immediate closing—that this week was a good opportunity. He said he could not answer this, but would reflect and consult Father Weld, who was *tanto fino.* I then left, saying that it was essential to close at once."

The same day the Bishop had an audience and once more talked the whole matter over with Pius IX. So far the case was progressing satisfactorily, but very slowly. There was a spirit of compromise in the air with which Herbert Vaughan, though he knew it sprang from a desire to spare the susceptibilities of good men, found it difficult to be patient. About this time the diary notes a walk with Mgr. Rinaldini and tells how that prelate had expressed himself as well pleased with what he described as the *mezzo termine;* then comes the comment, "Of course, what Roman would not be?" It was this desire to settle the dispute with as little friction as possible which led some of the Cardinals to listen favourably to the suggestion that the school should be allowed to close its career in a leisurely and dignified way at the time of the summer holidays. On the 24th of May an important conference was held for the purpose of settling all outstanding points, at which there were present Cardinal Franchi, the Bishop, and the General of the Jesuits. The discussion which followed was long and animated, and is fully reported in the diary. The General was ready to close the school, but wanted to do so on terms which would not prejudice the rights claimed by the Jesuits. The Bishop wanted the school closed, but not on terms which implied a recognition of the alleged privilege. Cardinal Franchi was anxious that the two parties should come to an agreement without raising the general question of principle. The General offered to close the school in the interests of peace. The Bishop objected, saying that that implied that the General would have been within his rights if he had decided to continue the school. He proposed, as an alternative, that the plea should be regard for vested interests and the understanding with Bishop Turner. The General would not accept the suggestion, and the Bishop then said there seemed nothing left but to appeal to the Holy See to examine the whole question of the relations of the Bishops and the Regulars and give a formal decision.

Cardinal Franchi then suggested the heads of a letter to be written by the General—they are roughly jotted down in the diary thus: "(1) Repetition of my reasons. (2) Reference to the S.J.'s rights remaining intact and without prejudice. (3) The Bishop's declaration that he did not exclude them for ever. (4) The need of peace. (5) The wish of the Pope that the affair should be settled by the closing of the school and in harmony. The Bishop then urged that such a letter as gave no rise to public misrepresentation would alone be acceptable, hence that it should not be stated that the school was closed for the sake of peace; and this all the more because the friends of the S.J. were then calling the Bishop a tyrant and a Bismarck. Any motive which should imply that the Bishop was a disturber of the peace would require a rejoinder from him. The Cardinal thought that a recapitulation of the reasons assigned by him as a motive would prevent any misrepresentation. The General said that this sketch would do more or less; the Cardinal suggested that the Bishop should see a draft of the letter, and this was agreed to.

"The General said it had been represented to him that the Bishop would yield if they set up the College and that he had been deceived, and that under the circumstances a mistake had been made, and it would have been better to have acted otherwise. The Bishop added that this proceeded probably from his known friendly dispositions to the Society, which had been abused. The General said the Pope had called him to Rome to settle this matter, and that therefore he would not go away until it was settled, that the Pope had told him to *combinare* with the Bishop, and he understood this to mean that both were to yield something, and he did not think the Bishop was yielding anything. The Bishop said he wished to treat the Society with all kindness, to use their services and to forget the past incident, but he could yield no power of discretion or judgment as to what might be for the good of his diocese at any future time. He thought the letter had better be short, and the school closed in acquiescence with the request of the Bishop and because the Pope desired it, and then no motives or reasons would be left for public interpretation. The General wished for his own consolation to bring in 'by the desire of the Pope'—the Cardinal and Bishop agreed. As to closing the school the Bishop reminded them that the school was still open, and the General said he would give orders to have it closed, but wished to do so at the summer vacation. The Bishop urged that it be closed at once, said he had suggested the Whitsuntide holidays last Monday to the General, that to delay would keep the wound open, that he knew what expedients might be resorted to, that it became the more necessary on account of the tongues at work. Cardinal Franchi said he had received that morning a letter from Glasgow saying there was room for seven Colleges in Manchester.

The General urged that his difficulty arose from there being boys at the school who had been at Protestant schools before. The Cardinal suggested that the Bishop might undertake to provide for them. The Bishop said the reason in any case was not a valid one, and that at the end of the summer vacation it would still exist, that it was a pure pretext for delay and would be understood as such. They could make their vacation begin on the 1st of June, next week, as well as in August. The General said if a thing had to be done it had better be done with generosity, and that therefore he would write to have the school closed immediately—he would get the letter done as soon as possible."

The General was as good as his word and sent the letter next day. Cardinal Franchi thought that from the Bishop's point of view it was perfectly satisfactory, and Mgr. Agnossi, who had submitted the draft to the Pope, reported that the Holy Father was pleased with it. In the diary we find the following entry: "Having read over the letter several times I accepted it, taken in conjunction with my letter and with the Memo. of the *Abbocamento* between the General and myself to be left in the hands of the Cardinal Prefect for future reference."

A few days later he felt he had acted unwisely. He pointed out to Cardinal Franchi that the General made reference to his (the Bishop's) disclaimer of any intention to exclude the Jesuits permanently. He now felt that this might hereafter be construed as a promise to call them in eventually, and might even now be regarded as the consideration for the sake of which the school was closed. Cardinal Franchi considered the modifications suggested by the Bishop, and after making some alterations sent them to the General, by whom they were accepted. And now at last the Bishop thought he could return on the only terms he had ever meant to go back. To make assurance doubly sure, however, he telegraphed to know whether the school had actually been closed. The entry in the diary for the 2nd of June runs thus: "On receiving telegram saying school not closed, went off to the General; said I was going to Cardinal Franchi and the Pope next day to say farewell, but should not leave till school was closed. He promised to telegraph the next day."

That was effective, and the following day the Bishop had his farewell audience with the Pope. Pius IX was by that time on intimate terms with his "Bishop of Trastevere," and used to call him "Vou-gan," sometimes staying to point out that he knew that the proper English pronunciation was "Von." On this occasion he spoke with paternal kindness, reminding the Bishop that he was the victor, and that therefore upon him rested the obligation to go more than half-way down the path of reconciliation and peace. The diary concludes with the words, "He was very gracious and kind."

His work done, Herbert Vaughan at once hurried back to his diocese. On the whole, he was well satisfied, but he knew, and the Jesuits knew, that the real issue had not been faced. The struggle which was to define the permanent relations between the Bishops and the Religious Orders had still to come, sooner or later, and probably Herbert Vaughan felt that it would come sooner rather than later. For the moment, however, it was enough that he had vindicated his authority in his own diocese, and was free to found the Commercial College in Manchester which he had planned from the beginning.

His first act on returning to England was a sufficient indication to every one of the spirit in which he was ready to meet his late opponents. He went into retreat at Stonyhurst, and asked the Jesuit Fathers to conduct the annual retreat for the clergy of Salford.

CHAPTER XIII

THE FOUNDING OF ST. BEDE'S

AT his first coming to Salford the Bishop had proposed to himself, as the first two works to be accomplished, the establishment of a Pastoral Seminary and of a Secondary School for the use of Catholics belonging to the commercial classes in the North of England. Within two months of the opening of the Seminary the founding of St. Bede's College was taken in hand. Up to that time—the beginning of 1876—the cares and financial worries connected with the Seminary were exacting, and all he could do for the proposed Secondary School was to keep the field clear, and this, at the cost of his conflict with Father Gallwey, he had effectually done.

In his wanderings on the Continent and in America the Bishop had become familiar with the idea of the "Commercial Schools," and had been impressed with the fact that there was nothing of the sort within the reach of the Catholics of this country. Indeed, thirty years ago the English public was quite unfamiliar with the idea which abroad had found practical expression in "business colleges," *écoles de commerce*, *Realschulen*, and the like. There were excellent Catholic schools conducted on the traditional classical lines, but the education they gave had no special relation to the main industries of the country. Complaint reached him that young men leaving these schools, though they could sometimes write tolerable Latin verse, had failed to acquire those habits of sustained industry, of precision of thought, and exactness of language which were needed to fit them for a commercial career. There was no attempt to help them to acquire what may be comprehensively described as "business habits," and so to make a religion of such things as accuracy and punctuality. Elegantly turned hexameters formed a poor substitute for book-keeping, and ability to construe a Greek play was no compensation for ignorance of modern languages or a want of familiarity with the weights and measures and monetary systems of other countries. And the evil was enormously aggravated by the fact that these boys, destined for Manchester counting-houses, while left ignorant of what they ought to have learned, seldom reaped the advantages of the classical training that was given to them. They usually left school before the classical master had time to do his work properly. No better centre for such a commercial or technical school as the Bishop designed could have been found than at his doors in Manchester.

St. Bede's began in a very humble way in Grosvenor Square, not very far from Owen's College, where a Baptist chapel was bought. But before many months were over two houses in the south-west of Manchester, facing Alexandra Park, were secured. The houses were bought by a Catholic business man, Mr. Constantine Kelly, who acquired the property for a "bachelor friend." The near neighbourhood of the Aquarium, which had always been associated in the public mind with high scientific and philanthropic ideals, was at the time thought to be a distinct advantage to the new College. No one suspected that the Aquarium Company was on the verge of disruption. When the truth became known it placed the Bishop in a bad dilemma. He was told that the only people likely to bid for the Aquarium would be a syndicate who would turn it into a music-hall. Such neighbours for a Catholic school were to be avoided if possible, but the only alternative that presented itself to the Bishop was that he should buy it himself. It had cost £22,000, and he had not a sixpence. The Seminary had been paid for, but that left the exchequer bare. Herbert Vaughan knew his flock and his own powers: he prayed, and took advice, and then resolved to buy. Mr. Constantine Kelly was instructed to begin negotiations, and offered £7,000. But this time the "bachelor friend" device was played out, and the astonishing news went abroad that the Bishop of Salford meant to buy the Manchester Aquarium, fishes and all. The tale was received with general incredulity, but there were some who knew. Strong representations were made to the Company, and zealous opponents of Popery urged each other to step into the breach. The Corporation and the Earl of Derby were besought to intervene, and in the name of Science and Protestantism to avert the catastrophe. In the end the negotiations with Mr. Kelly were broken off, and the property, after being advertised at great cost, was put up to public auction. But the Bishop had his way. He bought the Aquarium, and the fish, and the refreshment-bars, and the chairs, and the reserve stock of glass—of which there was a great quantity in sheets a quarter of an inch thick—for £6,800.

Almost before the news had run through the town, the following circular was published:—

"The Aquarium in Alexandra Park was opened some years ago with much public spirit and a commendable desire to confer upon the inhabitants of Manchester the benefit and the pleasure of a higher intellectual recreation. It is much to be regretted that so excellent a public institution should after a first trial be abandoned. It may still be hoped that its original intention may be realised; but failing this, in order to anticipate its possible diversion to purposes which many would consider objectionable, which might seriously affect the highly advantageous position of Alexandra Park as a residence for families, it has been bought and attached to St. Bede's Manchester College, and thus permanently secured to the inhabitants of the neighbourhood for the promotion of a more refined recreation and instruction. The new purchasers, being naturally unwilling to deprive the inhabitants of Manchester and the surrounding towns of the benefit and enjoyment of an institution which has been formed for them at large expense, propose to keep it open to the public as an Aquarium, under the direction of a board of management, until it shall be finally ascertained whether or not Manchester desires to retain such an establishment among its permanent institutions."

On the other hand, if the building could not be made self-supporting as an Aquarium, the alternative presented no terrors to the mind of Herbert Vaughan—he would simply incorporate the whole place into his new school and build around it. His first step was to call a meeting of the clergy and the leading laymen of the diocese to explain what he had done. The meeting was held within an hour of the completion of the purchase. After explaining why he had bought, he said: "He felt very strongly that in a few years he might have grave reasons for self-reproach for want of courage and of foresight if he let this opportunity slip by; and he was therefore willing to carry even a heavy burden of responsibility and anxiety rather than let the future of St. Bede's College and the Catholics of Manchester suffer through his present neglect. The other consideration was the danger of the Aquarium being bought for and devoted to purposes which might be highly objectionable next door to a College, and might render the neighbourhood less desirable as a residence for families. He was therefore compelled to buy the Aquarium and its site as a simple act of self-protection. The very existence of the College on that beautiful site was at stake. Upon coming into possession of this large property, he had asked himself what he should do with its contents; should he invite his friends to a sumptuous Friday's dinner, or should he take into consideration the general public benefit of Manchester and its neighbourhood? He had called them together as members of his flock to ask them to make a choice. For himself, he felt the strongest sympathy with the original promoters of this public institution. They were gentlemen of science and philanthropy who had been actuated by no selfish or speculative motives, but simply by the desire to promote a greater refinement and cultivation. He sympathised with the four thousand shareholders who had been disappointed, and he strongly felt that if it were in any way in his power to promote the welfare and happiness of the great population in the midst of which he lived, he ought not to hesitate as to what he should do, and he thought that he was not mistaken in believing that there was no portion of the community animated by higher public spirit than that which animated his flock. He would therefore suggest that a board of management be formed, and that another trial be given for a few months to the Aquarium. In any case, the Hall now belonged to St. Bede's College, and he hoped that by degrees a museum might be formed in and around it, and that the people of the neighbourhood might continue to enjoy the advantage of it."

A local paper, reporting the meeting under the heading "The Bishop of Salford Buys the Manchester Aquarium," wrote :—

> "We confess that when we first saw the above announcement, we scarcely gave it credence. 'What will he do with it?' was the first question that came into our mind. His Lordship has not left us long in doubt, either as to the fact or the intention. He only got possession of the property on Friday last at 4 p.m., and at 5.30 the Bishop was in the act of giving to an assembly gathered on the spur of the moment the lucid and masterly exposition of his motives in this matter which will be found in another column. To that explanation we shall not presume to add a word. We cannot, however, suffer the occasion to pass without expressing our admiration of this Napoleonic stroke. We speak it with all reverence, but we know not whether we are more dazzled by its ability or astounded by its pluck. Here is a great public institution, requiring the combined efforts of an able board of management, comprising some of the foremost scientific men of Manchester, backed by a body of shareholders, and erected at a cost, from first to last, of more than £22,000, on the point of collapsing from the want of appreciation on the part of the public for whose intellectual improvement and recreation it has been provided.
>
> "Great men and rich men—millionaires and landed proprietors enriched by the industry of the district—the Corporation of Manchester itself, appealed to in vain to secure this institution to the sons of toil for their permanent advantage, cannot see their way, cannot find funds, to rescue it from its impending fate; and the Bishop of Salford, amid his poverty, his toils, and his overwhelming cares, steps in and says, 'Give it another chance—I will buy it and we will try it a little longer.' The publicans and singing-room gentry had their eyes upon it—they knew

that they could make it pay if they could only get hold of it, and the managers could have 'made a good thing of it' by selling the Aquarium at a high figure to any one of these, who would have jumped at the chance. But the Bishop, whose enlightened appreciation of every enterprise undertaken for intellectual and elevating objects is surpassed only by his zeal for religion, saw at once that here was a danger threatening not only the Aquarium, but also the peace and the respectability of the neighbourhood and the very existence of his new College. His Lordship could not reimburse the losses of the shareholders, but he could at least soften the disappointment of the enlightened portion of them by securing for the institution another trial. The Manchester public will have an opportunity of showing by its support whether they desire its continuance or not."

Then followed a wonderful time in the management of the Aquarium. The Bishop drew up an advertisement of its attractions which Catholic tradesmen were asked to expose in their windows, and perhaps never before or since were the educational advantages offered by little fishes so picturesquely described. Then it was thought that something in the way of a marine monster would be an attraction, and a trusted Monsignor was sent to the Docks to acquire an alligator. On one occasion a conger-eel was expected, as well as specimens of several varieties of sea-trout. To economise carriage from the coast the trout were taken out of the tanks in which they were being conveyed and put in with the conger-eel. When the professors at St. Bede's came to examine the consignment on its arrival, a lethargic conger-eel was found to be the solitary occupant of the tank.

Still Manchester declined to be interested in what the advertisement described as "the lessons taught by the finny monsters of the deep." The Aquarium wore a melancholy air. There was something depressing in that silent solitude of fish and reptiles. The Bishop thought it wanted sound and colour. It seemed a happy thought when a Monsignor was again despatched to the Docks, and this time returned with a small cargo of cockatoos. It was felt that their voices would impart a general air of liveliness to the place which the public could not fail to appreciate. But somehow even the cockatoos became subdued to the prevailing atmosphere of the place, and soon sat dejected and silent on their perches. It was only when some one had been inspired to organise as a new attraction a Sacred Concert for a certain Sunday afternoon that the cockatoos seemed really to awake from their reverie and let their top notes be heard.

Even to the most sanguine it was at last apparent that Manchester would not rise to the opportunity, and that the educational advantages of the Aquarium were quite unappreciated. Satisfied that the citizens had no desire to study the habits of fish, the Bishop decided to bring the experiment to an end. Purchasers were found for the fish, the reptiles, and the cockatoos, till only the alligator remained. It was only when all the other tanks with their contents had been removed that this part of the Aquarium was disposed of. Even then there was delay, owing to some perplexity as to how the creature should be packed to travel. The Bishop, who, owing to his wanderings in South America, was generally understood to be an authority on alligators, was appealed to. He explained that all that was wanted was a coffin-shaped box, open at one end; this should be put against the door of the reptile's cage; then it would only remain to tickle the creature's tail with a twig to make it move. These instructions were faithfully carried out; unfortunately, however, the door of the cage was found to be wider than the end of the box. To remedy this defect a piece of wire netting was held on either side of the cage door to make a passage to the mouth of the box. For some moments the alligator seemed to pay no attention to the twig that was tickling his tail—then suddenly catching a glimpse of one of the fingers holding the wire netting in position, it made a rush, and with such vigour that the fingers let go, the netting fell, and the reptile was free. The blocks of masonry which had been used to support the fish tanks fortunately provided convenient islands of refuge from which the would-be captors were able to look down, in safety upon the alligator as he wandered at leisure around the hall. And with the eventual recapture of the alligator Herbert Vaughan's adventure as Manager of an Aquarium as a place of education and public amusement came to an end.

The possibility that the public might decline to be interested in the Aquarium as a place of recreation and instruction had been foreseen, and it was probably without many regrets that the Bishop fell back upon the other alternative, and boldly decided to treat the building as forming a structural part of St. Bede's. It should form an industrial and commercial museum in connection with the technical classes, and serve as the great assembly room of the College. Already in the summer of 1877 plans for the new College, which was destined, as it were, to group itself around the old Aquarium, had been prepared, and in October the foundation-stone of the Southern Wing was laid. The

Bishop took the opportunity to make a financial statement, showing exactly how much money he had in hand, and also to appeal for further support from those interested in the scheme. When he was collecting for the Seminary he had begged from rich and poor alike. But in the case of St. Bede's he felt that it was impossible to issue a general appeal. The school was intended primarily for the commercial classes, and he called upon those whose sons would benefit to come to his assistance; at the same time he reminded the wealthy Catholics in other parts of the country that the College would meet a want that was not confined to Lancashire, and would be a gain to the whole Catholic body. The cost of the Aquarium had been approximately £7,000, and the cost of the wing of the College it was then intended to build would be another £12,000. Towards this total of £19,000 the Bishop in May, 1878, was able to announce that he had £9,000 in the bank, and promises of another £4,000 more, leaving £6,000 still to be collected. A Manchester merchant, Mr. Lawrence O'Neil, had promised £6,000, the Duke of Norfolk, Sir Humphrey de Trafford, and Mr. Daniel Murphy, of San Francisco, had each given £1,000.

The new building was so arranged as to mask the old Aquarium, which now became the central hall and museum. In the style of its architecture St. Bede's College resembles a Florentine *palazzo* in red terra-cotta, and its influence may be easily recognised in many of the buildings subsequently erected in Manchester. The main feature of the ground floor is a corridor 16 feet wide and 285 feet long, into which the various classrooms open. The plan adopted has since made St.

Bede's College one of the handsomest collegiate buildings in the North of England. The South Wing was opened in 1880 and the Centre Block in 1884. The first Rector of the new College was the Rev. Charles Wood, a convert from Anglicanism, who had afterwards studied in Rome, but his term of office was a short one, and in 1877 he was succeeded by Mgr. Wrennall, formerly a classical master at St. Cuthbert's College, Ushaw. A little later, for his Prefect of Studies, the Bishop was fortunate enough to secure the services of the brilliant scholar who is Bishop of Salford to-day, Dr. Casartelli.

A few extracts from letters addressed at this period to Dr. Casartelli, then completing his theological studies at the Louvain University, will serve to show the hopes and aims with which Dr. Vaughan set his hand to the great undertaking. The purchase of the Aquarium is announced in this laconic fashion: "I must let you know from myself that a few hours ago I purchased the Manchester Aquarium—not for a church, but that you may have not only an Aquarium, if it can be carried on, but also space for your museum, &c. The idea is to build on that site and to incorporate that institution in St. Bede's College."

A little later he writes:—

"I take it that we must aim rather at a commercial and practical course than at a purely technical one in Manchester, for this reason—that Manchester is essentially commercial and practical. There are a variety of technical subjects, especially chemistry, which would enter into such a scheme. They might be added to according to the need. When the elementary department has been thoroughly established, experience will show what is most needed. But considering that there exists nowhere a Catholic Commercial College, that the Catholics from all parts of America, Australia, and Europe are sent to England to learn commerce, and that they either fail to obtain what they require by being sent to our Colleges, which are exclusively classical, or endanger their faith by being sent to Protestant schools and families ; and then, considering the beneficent mission of the Church to the whole world, it has always seemed to me that we ought to make a provision in Manchester to meet the general want. I wish to provide for the children of my own flock in the first place, but at the same time I cannot fail to bear in mind that a Bishop ought, as St. Alphonsus somewhere says, to be interested in, and to work for, objects which extend far beyond his own diocese. He who is of the Apostolic line ought to have the universal spirit of an apostle. There are, I know, many practical difficulties in the way of the realisation of such a project, arising not only from poverty, but from the character of many for whom we wish to provide. But every great undertaking is fraught with difficulties. As to salaries for professors, your best plan will be to ascertain what is expected by them. My resources will be taxed to the utmost until the school begins to pay its way, and therefore, each case must be treated separately and according to its merits."

The following letter recalls his own wanderings and inquiries a quarter of a century before, when he was trying to fit himself for the work at St. Edmund's:—

"The technological system is only quite recently introduced into England, and the superiority of the Continent in this respect has been fully admitted. I would advise you to do as I did twenty-four years ago, when I visited over thirty seminaries. I had a book in which I recorded everything that seemed worth noting; I had a list of questions which I asked in each seminary in order to test the ideas which prevailed in each. It would be well to note the titles of books, prices, publishers—when they seem to be very good. Also take note of the incitements and prizes used to promote study. Also inquire salaries of teachers, the possibility of securing German teachers for Manchester in case of need, &c. Having acquired all the information you can, before beginning to apply it you will naturally wait and observe—test the materials we actually have to deal with and then apply your methods by degrees. After a year it may be of great use to return to Germany, and by further conference and observation perfect your system. You will need a good deal of patience with the poverty as well as with the smallness of our materials at first, and much hard work; but I believe that by the exercise of patience, gentleness, and humility—in short, by the exercise of Christian virtues—you will find not only a great future before you at St. Bede's, but one of a sort which has hitherto been undeveloped in England. Finally, put your work under the care of the Blessed Virgin and St. Joseph, and season it with acts of piety and devotion."

One other letter of this period may be quoted:—

"I will give you a letter to a *vicaire* at Antwerp, who will be of use to you; I think you need have no difficulty in visiting the Jesuit College at Antwerp. We are not to perpetuate ill-feeling, and the best way not to perpetuate it is to forget its existence. In England we are on very good terms. Through the Abbé Van Nyen you will surely be able to visit the Jesuit College and to get their programme. I am quite prepared for your judgment that the German schools are too *scientific*, but your knowledge of them will be of value. It occurs to me that we might be able to borrow some one from Melle for a year or so, and send one or two young ecclesiastics from Ushaw to be taught for two or three years by the Josephites. I agree with your opinion that we must train our own teachers, and I shall be ready to begin doing so even this year, if you could learn which would be the most useful establishment to send them to. You are quite right on the importance and prestige of museums, &c. I shall do all I can to help in the matter."

Among the educational experiments tried at St. Bede's under the initiative of the Bishop was the establishment of a subsidiary college in Germany. His idea was that foreign languages could be best acquired abroad, and that a college which was primarily commercial in its aims ought to be surrounded with affiliated schools in every part of Europe to which boys might be drafted for fixed periods, and thus, whilst still living under English discipline, have an opportunity of learning foreign languages under the easiest possible conditions. For this purpose the fine Palace of the Metternich family at Bonn was purchased and opened as "St. Bede's on the Rhine" in the autumn of 1886. After being tried for some years the experiment was abandoned, as too costly, after Herbert Vaughan had been transferred to Westminster. Shortly before leaving Salford the Bishop was able to incorporate the Salford Grammar School with the now flourishing foundation at St. Bede's. The result was to provide St. Bede's with a classical as well as a commercial side, and so to widen the circle to which it made appeal. From the first the Bishop took the greatest possible interest in the new school, and for many years made it his headquarters. It was absorbing work, and if it did not claim him wholly, it was because there were other things which appealed to him more intimately as the Bishop of the diocese, touching the saving of souls more directly and immediately. But to the end the success of St. Bede's was very near to his heart.

Among those who served on the staff of St. Bede's during almost the whole of the time Herbert Vaughan was Bishop in Salford were his brother, the Bishop of Sebastopolis, and Mgr. Moyes, the distinguished theologian and controversialist, who afterwards acted as editor of the *Dublin Review* for many years. The school thus founded has had its vicissitudes of good and evil fortune, but from the first its progress was steady and continuous, and St. Bede's has long ago taken its place as one of the recognised and permanent centres of Catholic life in England. Here it may suffice to say that more than two thousand boys have been educated there, and that it has never been in a more flourishing position than at the present moment, when a hundred and eighty boys are being taught within its walls. No one could wish for Cardinal Vaughan a worthier or more lasting monument.

CHAPTER XIV

BISHOPS AND REGULARS

IN an autobiographical note, dated 1887 and quoted by Purcell, Cardinal Manning, referring to the Fourth Provincial Synod, held in July, 1873, traces to it the beginning of the conflict which from first to last was to occupy so much of the time and energy of Herbert Vaughan. "In that Council," said Cardinal Manning, "the first seeds of the contests of the Bishops and Regulars were sown in Gallwey's unseemly speech and Father G. Porter's theory that the *Sincere Christian* and the *Catechismus ad Parochos* are the books for the Secular Clergy. He did not say, but this means, that all that is higher is not for them."

We have seen how Father Gallwey selected Manchester for his first trial of strength with a member of the Hierarchy. The conduct of the Bishop had upset all calculations, and the Jesuits had been obliged to give way. But Cardinal Manning kept the promise he had made in his letter to the Bishop of Salford, that he would make this cause his own. Perhaps it would be true to say that the cause had really been his own from the first. At any rate, in the time between July, 1873, and Low Week, 1877, the Religious Orders had made such experiments on the patience of the Bishops, that Cardinal

Manning had no difficulty in convincing his colleagues the time had come for concerted action and a common appeal to the Holy See for the permanent settlement of the whole group of questions about which doubt existed.

Apart from the claim of the Jesuits to open schools without the leave of the Bishops, there were other disputes which had to be decided one way or the other in the interests of the orderly administration of the dioceses. The right of the Bishops to inspect and examine elementary schools in missions served by Regulars was openly challenged; the right of the Bishops to divide missions served by Regulars was also questioned. The members of Religious Orders began to claim exemption from attending Synods, and from giving any account to the Bishops of moneys belonging to the missions, and, finally, the Superiors of the Religious Orders had asserted a right to remove their missioners without reference to the wishes of the Bishop of the diocese.

On the 12th of April, 1877, at the annual Low Week meeting of the English Bishops, Cardinal Manning proposed that "the Bishops of Birmingham [Ullathorne] and Clifton [Clifford] should prepare a petition to be sent to Rome, asking the Holy See to frame a constitution analogous to the *Apostolicum Ministerium* for determining the relations which, now that the Hierarchy is established, ought to exist in England between the Regulars and the Episcopate." The resolution was passed unanimously. The next day a memorandum concerning the twenty-five separate questions which had in one way or other been raised by the Regulars was drawn up and approved. These twenty-five questions were subsequently reduced to twelve *Dubia* as follows:—

"Whether and how far it is lawful for Bishops to proceed in the division of missions?

"Whether in the establishment of a new mission, cut off from a Regular mission, the Bishop is bound to give the preference to Regulars?

"Whether, and what, privileges belong to Regulars in their actual residences, so far as regards cure of souls and their own persons?

"Whether and how far it is lawful for Regulars to convert a foundation already existing into other uses?

"Whether and how far the Bishop has the right to visit Poor-schools, Pious establishments, and Cemeteries in the missions served by Regulars?

"Whether Regulars are bound to render account to the Bishops of moneys collected in their missions *intuitu missionis*, and of their distribution?

"What moneys, of what value, and for what objects, both in the past and in the future, are understood to be received by the Regulars *intuitu missionis?*

"What particular rules are to be observed between Bishops and Regulars in the government of missions?

"Whether the heads and the assistants of the missions and all the Regulars who have missionary faculties are bound to attend clerical Conferences and Synods?

"Whether and how far the members of the Secular and Regular Clergy can appeal from the interpretation of the Bishops concerning Synodal Decrees approved by the Holy See?

"What rules it is convenient to adopt for the right application of whatever shall have been decided by the Sacred Congregation on the preceding doubts?"

At this same Low Week meeting it was resolved that all facts and statistics bearing on the controversy should be sent from each diocese to the Bishop of Birmingham. The same prelate was entrusted with the task of preparing the petition to the Holy See. By the end of April a rough draft was ready, and had been approved by the Bishop of Clifton. In May a deputation of the clergy and laity went to Rome to present an address to Pius IX on the occasion of his Episcopal Jubilee. The deputation brought a sum of £24,000 to the Pope, and was accompanied by the Bishops of Clifton and Southwark. The Bishop of Salford was already in Rome. The Bishop of Clifton had been commissioned by his colleagues to represent to Propaganda that the English Bishops were preparing a full statement of their dispute with the Regulars, and that this would be duly laid before the Sacred Congregation in November, so that a decision might be obtained by the following Easter. It was a delightfully sanguine estimate, at which the Bishops must often have smiled in later years.

At this time Cardinal Franchi was Prefect of Propaganda, and the Secretary Mgr. Agnozzi. Mgr. Rinaldini, the late Secretary, was still attached to Propaganda in an unofficial capacity, and, owing to his knowledge of English, exercised considerable influence when questions from the British Isles came up for decision. The Bishop of Clifton arrived in Rome at the beginning of May; the following letter addressed to Cardinal Manning on the 6th explains very clearly his view of the situation :—

"This morning I went to Propaganda. Cardinal Franchi was in *Congresso*, but I saw Rinaldini and had a chat with him. The Jesuits have been working hard to persuade Propaganda that the Bishops want to invade the privileges of the Regulars, and are making an attack on their Colleges. The two points they lay stress on are: (1) The immunity of their Colleges from Episcopal jurisdiction; (2) the right they claim that Jesuit missions should not be divided, *i.e.*, that a new secular mission should not be set up in any place where a Jesuit mission exists, but that, if requisite, the Bishops should require the Jesuits to open a new mission. He was perfectly astonished to hear me assert most positively that the Bishops had no wish whatever to meddle with the Colleges. He said that that might be true as far as I was concerned, but that some of the other Bishops did. I told him that I could speak positively for all and each of the Bishops, that none of them had any idea of the kind, and that the contest was simply about the Mission Schools, supported by the people and by the Government for the use of the people. Rinaldini said to me of his own accord, 'Here in Rome, for instance, there are parishes held by Religious men, say by the Servites. If, in that parish, the Parish Priest (who is a Regular) gets up a school for the benefit of the parish, or any other institution for the benefit of the parish, that school or institution is under the Cardinal Vicar, and not in any way under the Superiors of the Order—*ciò va senza dire*.' 'And that,' I replied, 'is exactly our case, and all that the Bishops are contending for.'

"He was so taken by what I said, that he proposed to arrange for a conference between the Provincial of the Jesuits and myself and the Bishop of Southwark, to settle the matter off-hand. But I did not think that would be wise; so I replied that I was not authorised to act for the Bishops—that I wished, and all the Bishops wished, that, first of all, a full statement of the case should be laid before the Holy See. This statement had already been drawn up, and was going the round of the Bishops in order to make sure that it contained a correct statement of their views. When the Holy See had read that statement, then it might perhaps be well for one or more of the Bishops to consult with the Holy See about the course to be adopted.

"Rinaldini then touched upon the division of the parishes. He was impressed with the idea that here, at least, the Regulars had a strong case. He thought that the Bishop ought to be free to open a new mission if he thought it necessary, but that the new mission ought to be served by the Regulars, unless they professed themselves unable to supply subjects for the new mission. 'Well,' I said, 'I will give you an instance of how such a rule would operate. There is in my diocese a large town, Cheltenham, with fifty thousand inhabitants. This town, together with a considerable extent of country comprising many large villages, forms one mission, and that mission is served by Benedictines. There are at present scarcely a thousand Catholics in that district out of more than eighty thousand inhabitants. The one Benedictine mission is sufficient at present for the work. But let us suppose that God blessed the work, and that there is an increase of Catholicity in that part of the diocese, and let us suppose that the rule you propose is laid down by the Holy See, what will be the consequences? Simply this—that the Secular clergy will be for ever excluded from that vast portion of the diocese; that there can never be any Secular clergy in a town of fifty thousand inhabitants nor in any of the numerous villages that now form part of the mission of Cheltenham.' 'Well, that,' said Rinaldini, 'was a case never contemplated, and of course an exceptional case like that would have to be provided against.' 'But,' I rejoined, 'so far from this being an exceptional case, it is the very state of things which the Regulars, by their new claims, seek to establish, the very point the Bishops are fighting against. If this rule had been in existence fifty years ago there could not, at this day, be any Secular Clergy in Liverpool, Birmingham, or Clifton, now Episcopal Sees, besides many other populous cities in England. If in the whole of these districts no Secular clergy were allowed to exist, the Bishop would be excluded from the schools, and all those districts would be entirely withdrawn from episcopal jurisdiction.' This was quite a new view to him, and he saw that very grave consequences were involved in the question, and that it was not a mere question of some of the Bishops wishing to infringe upon the privileges of the Religious Orders.

"I think I shall be able to make matters pretty clear, but I shall avoid, if possible, any conference with the opposite side. I think our paper ought to go in first, and then, before any conclusion is come to, we shall have to send an envoy to Rome to attend to our interests. I think if we can get our case clearly understood we shall not find it hard to get a satisfactory decision. But we ought to insist upon having a Brief like the *Apostolicum Ministerium*, and for that reason I fight shy of anything like a conference at present. Its object would be to patch up things for the present, and so put off giving us a permanent *Norma*."

Cardinal Manning replied on May 10th :—

"You seem to have stated the case most clearly and forcibly, and to have judged with great prudence against all conferences or patchings up. Nothing will suffice but a final *Norma* in form of a constitution. It will be absolutely necessary that one, if not two, of the Bishops should be in Rome when our paper is laid before the Holy See. Do not think me hard if I say that you must be one, and I wish that Cardinal Franchi would invite the Bishop of Birmingham. He is the second in age and experience in England : he has had case after case to deal with : he is a Regular : he has drawn up the case for us. If invited, he would certainly come. It is a crisis next to restoration of the Hierarchy."

The Bishop of Clifton, who seems to have read the situation at a glance with perfect accuracy, made but a short stay in Rome, and by the end of the month was back in his diocese. Before leaving, however, he gave notice to Propaganda that he would return in the autumn to lay the case of the Bishops formally before the Holy See. During the summer the Bishops of Clifton and Birmingham were busy collecting evidence and giving its final form to the *Relatio*. This document, the full title of which was *Relatio super dubiis ad episcoporum in Anglia jurisdictionem et Regularium privilegia*, was approved and adopted as their own by the whole body of Bishops at a meeting held in Birmingham on the 30th of July. It was then decided that Cardinal Manning should go to Rome to start the case, but that the chief charge of it should be entrusted to the Bishop of Clifton.

As it was probable that the Cardinal would not be able to remain in Rome until Easter, when the decision might be expected, the Bishop of Nottingham (Dr. Bagshawe) was asked to go out to assist the Bishop of Clifton. At the outset Cardinal Franchi intimated to the representatives of the Regulars that all the Religious Orders would be expected to send in a joint reply to the *Relatio* of the Bishops. Both Manning and Clifford became convinced that it would be necessary for them to engage the services of an ecclesiastical lawyer, and Signor Ludovico Martini was chosen for the purpose. On their side the Regulars were content to put their case in the hands of the distinguished Canonist, Father Ballerini.

In February, 1878, Pius IX died, and the business of the Conclave and the Coronation of Leo XIII necessarily blocked business in the Roman Courts. The Bishop of Nottingham, who had got as far as Paris, turned back. In fact, it soon became apparent that nothing could be done until after the summer. The new Pontiff, shortly after his election, assured Cardinal Manning of his great interest in the questions raised by the *Relatio*, and promised a Constitution; at the same time he said the questions at issue would have to be very carefully considered and all available evidence examined. Clearly little would be done before the end of the year, and both Manning and Clifford prepared to leave Rome. Before doing so, however, the latter drew up a series of four papers (afterwards referred to as the *Fascicoli*) upon the position of the Church in England, which, though intended primarily for the use of Signor Martini, were afterwards of great use in helping some of the Cardinals to a right understanding of the local conditions of the Church in this country. In July the Bishops of Scotland formally associated themselves with the English Hierarchy in its case against the Religious Orders.

The summer of 1878 wore away, and the autumn, and still no progress was made. In November Martini sent the unwelcome news that the case would not be ready for submission to Propaganda before the end of January, 1879. Undeterred, the Bishop of Clifton wrote to Mgr. Agnozzi to say he was coming out in December to forward the case in every possible way. Agnozzi replied that of course the Bishop could come when he pleased, but that there was no use in his coming before Easter, as the Regulars must have plenty of time for their reply. About this time Cardinal Franchi, having been appointed Conclave Secretary of State, was succeeded as Prefect of Propaganda by Cardinal Simeoni. Early in 1879 Manning and Clifford were again in Rome, chafing and impatient, the former especially and with other things than the delay. In fact, the more he saw of the situation the less he liked it. He distrusted the influences which surrounded Propaganda and thought that the interests of the Regular Orders were disproportionately represented in its counsels. He felt that a case of such consequence to England called for a special tribunal, and one whose impartiality should be above suspicion. I quote from the memorandum of the Bishop of Clifton :—

> "Meanwhile an important change had taken place. Cardinal Manning and the Bishop of Clifton had remarked that the Cardinals who attended the meetings of the Congregation of Propaganda were almost exclusively Regulars; the Consultors were also Regulars, and, moreover, the authorities at Propaganda made no secret of their desires that the matter should be settled by an agreement or compromise between the parties. It was Cardinal Bilio who, under the circumstances, suggested to Cardinal Manning the expediency of asking the Holy Father to appoint a special commission of Cardinals to examine the case and prepare the Constitution. Cardinal Manning accordingly laid the matter before the Pope, who resolved to act on the suggestion, and he signified his intention to Cardinal Nina, Secretary of State, to Cardinal Bilio, and to Cardinal Simeoni, Prefect of Propaganda. But he did not at once proceed to appoint the Cardinals, though their names were selected by him shortly after Easter, and became known to the Bishop of Clifton."

Contemporary evidence is supplied by a letter addressed by Manning to Clifford, who had gone to Florence, under date April 19th, 1879:—

> "In my audience with the Holy Father I asked what I might say to our Bishops when assembled. He said, 'You may say that I have taken the matter out of Propaganda, and shall have it treated by ten Cardinals. And I hope they will receive the result with acquiescence.' In the evening I saw Cardinal Nina, and gave him a written request: (1) To send a circular to the Generals reminding them that they have had our *Relatio* for a year; (2) to send, nevertheless, two copies to each; (3) to give them a

month to answer; (4) to do it promptly—that is, within the next month. He assented to this, and I believe he intended it, but there are always risks. I hope to be in London next Saturday. It will be best to be guided by Cardinal Bilio as to seeing the Cardinals. They might not like it. But he will know, and he will be glad to see you, I am sure. The four *Fascicoli* ought to be in the hands of the Cardinals, without alarming them at the quantity."

Again the summer came, and the autumn passed, and nothing was done. On the 11th of July the Pope had sent an order to Father Ballerini to have his answer ready by the end of August. Before August was over Ballerini had successfully pleaded for an extension of time until October. Four months later, in February, 1880, Cardinal Nina stated that so far Ballerini had dealt with only four out of the twelve *Dubia*. A month later the same Cardinal sent an ultimatum to Ballerini insisting that his answer should be ready by the 15th of April. But Father Ballerini meant to take his time, and took it; and Cardinal Nina's ultimatum went the way of all the rest. At last, on the 5th of May, the Pope caused a letter to be sent to the General of the Jesuits peremptorily calling upon him to see that Ballerini's paper was sent in at once. On the very same day the undaunted Ballerini called upon Mgr. Cretoni to inquire, "What might be the meaning of all this hurry? Are they going to arrest me?" After describing this incident to Cardinal Manning, Mgr. Cretoni added, "If we have to suffer this under the eyes of the Pope, we can understand what you may have to endure." A strained situation was relieved when Father Ballerini at last sent in his reply on the 17th of May.

Meanwhile another figure had appeared on the scene.

When the case was begun in the spring of 1877 Herbert Vaughan was still among the junior members of the Hierarchy; and the fact that his own litigation with the Jesuits was only just over would in any case have made it very distasteful to him to seem to take any prominent part in the larger conflict. Now, however, he was in Rome, and both Manning and Clifford eagerly sought his assistance and co-operation. The following letters addressed to the Bishop of Salford—and they are only samples of many written in the same strain at that time—show the growing impatience with which Manning watched the progress of the case, and at the same time the importance he attached to it:—

"MY DEAREST HERBERT,—Many happy New Years to you. The Bishop of Clifton will be in Rome towards the middle of January, and till he comes it is your duty to us all to remain. You must wait to see him—and give him all the knowledge you have gained. The *Standard* telegram of to-day says: 'It has been intimated to Cardinal Manning that it will be better for him not to come to Rome while the case is pending.' This may be moonshine, or it may be the talk of those against us who wish me at Jericho. Or it may be the talk of the . . . or of some of our own friends. If it be this last it is to be considered. But if it be so, more falls on you and Clifford. You are the only two who can really do anything. And I believe that the whole world of intrigue is up, and the other world of timidity and compromise is ready to give way. Kind regards to everybody. Yours afftly., H. E. C. A."

"*January* 17*th*, 1880.

"MY DEAREST HERBERT,—Your letter of the 15th just come, and very acceptable. Surely men's eyes must be opened at last to the dissension and division which *sub specie perfectionis* has so long troubled the peace of the Church and degraded the priesthood. God knows, I would take thirty-three vows if it were His will, or would raise the Episcopate or the Priesthood. But Our Divine Lord instituted both without vows, and ordained them to be the example and law of perfection, the light of the world and the salt of the earth in the law of Charity, which is the spiritual perfection of God and man. To restore this truth to vigour is to raise the Secular Clergy, and to raise the Secular Clergy is to raise the Church throughout the world.

"And now you will have seen my eldest brother died on Thursday. He was in his eighty-fifth year. This is the first knock at the door, and will shake the others, who are eighty-three, eighty, seventy-eight, seventy-one.

"I look to you to take the active work off me. I feel my time to be so short now that I can begin nothing new. You and the Bishop of Clifton, and, if you can move him, the Bishop of Leeds, and the Bishop of Nottingham must draw together and have a common mind and a definite line of policy for the Church in England. We are in a wonderful position if only we can be wise and firm. . . .

"Believe me, always your affte.,

"H. E. C. A."

In another letter, dated a few days later, the Cardinal says: "God has laid on you and the Bishop of Clifton this duty, and in Rome you must stay. You are both young, and the future of the Episcopate will lean on you two."

It was quickly arranged between the two Bishops that one or other of them should always be on the spot, that if one was called to England the other should take his place. Finally, believing that they were faced by an organised policy of delay, they made up their minds that they would both stay, and stay till the end. This was the plan which Herbert Vaughan had adopted in his own case five years before, and it now met with Cardinal Manning's warm approval.

Bishop Clifford writes:—

"This resolve, when it became known, was scarcely treated as serious either by their opponents or the authorities. It had so frequently been said that the Regulars were so much stronger than the Bishops in a case of this sort because the former were always on the spot in Rome, whereas the latter could not remain long absent from their dioceses, that the idea of the Bishops actually remaining for an indefinite period in order to urge their case had never been regarded as possible. As time went on and the persistency of the Bishops became recognised nothing tended more to impress the authorities with the importance and urgency of the Bishops' demands."

Purcell, in his Life of Cardinal Manning, says:—

"The Cardinals of the Propaganda thought that they had discovered an easy solution when they found out that the three chief disputants, Father Weld (the Provincial of the Jesuits), Bishop Clifford, and Bishop Vaughan were cousins. 'Go into another room,' they exclaimed. 'Nothing can be easier than for three cousins to settle the dispute offhand by going to a friendly compromise.' But Englishmen in thorough earnest are as much averse to compromise as Italians are addicted to it on every occasion or under any pretext. The Roman Cardinals could only shrug their shoulders, half in amusement, half in despair. They had enjoyed after their fashion a large experience of English Bishops from the days of Bishop Errington downwards. Manning was described by them as '*il diplomatico*,' Clifford as '*l'avvocato*,' and Vaughan, after his recent intractability, as '*il diavolo*.'"

This description of the general impression left upon the Roman Curia by the English prelates is probably correct enough, but the remark about the "cousins" can hardly have been made on this occasion, as Father Weld, though active in the earlier dispute about the school in Manchester, could have no claim to be the representative of the Religious Orders in the litigation which led to the *Romanos Pontifices.*

Early in April, 1880, Manning arrived in Rome, resolved this time to bring things to an issue and to expose to the Holy See the purely dilatory tactics of his opponents. Bishop Clifford, writing upon the evening of the day on which Manning arrived, says: "We agreed that it is impossible for us to return to England until something is decided on the three chief points—Colleges and Schools and division of Missions. Manning is to urge this on Nina and the Pope."

It may be asked what advantage the Jesuits and their friends expected to derive from the policy of deliberate delays with which they were credited. In his diary, under date May 5th, the Bishop of Clifton writes: "Cardinal Manning then saw Cretoni; Ballerini had been with him yesterday. All manner of excuses for delay; he had not yet finished writing, much less printing. Cretoni says he looks for three chances: (1) Cardinal Manning leaving Rome, (2) the Pope's death, (3) the chapter of accidents." And that there was some method in their madness the Bishop goes on to show:—

"Loss of time was not the only or perhaps the chief evil from these delays. Reports were meantime spread both in private and by means of the public Press injurious to the Bishops, and specially regarding His Emi-

> nence Cardinal Manning, as being opposed to Regulars, invading their privileges and grasping their property, and that much ill-feeling and much party feeling was thus aroused among the laity. Moreover, if we bear in mind that ever since the appointment of the special Commission of Cardinals to examine their case, four of its members have been seriously ill, and that the Holy Father himself is of advanced age, it must be acknowledged that time forms a very important element in speculating on the ultimate result of such a case."

But at length Ballerini's voluminous papers were all received, and it became the chief anxiety of the English Bishops to press the case to an issue before the great heats again emptied Rome. After a good deal of preliminary skirmishing it was arranged on the 1st of June that a further period of twenty days should be allowed for supplementary papers on each side. It was a distinct triumph for the Bishops when it became known that the copious Ballerini was expressly limited to five *fogli*. Punctually on the evening of the 19th of June the Bishops' reply was handed in, but Father Ballerini, who still could not understand why there should be any haste in a suit which had lasted only a few years, explained that he had found it impossible to do justice to his clients' cause in such a limited time. He pleaded for at least a few days' grace, and obtained it. By that time the Bishops had to recognise that they had been again defeated, and that the case would now have to stand over until the reassembling of the Courts in November. Three Canonists had been appointed as Consultors—Palloti, Galemberti, and Verga—whose business it was to study all the papers and to write each his own opinion (*votum*) upon them for the guidance of the Cardinals.

It was now the end of June, 1880, and the Consultors required time to consider the case in all its bearings and to weigh the arguments put before them by the advocates on both sides. Accordingly the case was once more adjourned, but with instructions to the Consultors that their opinions should be ready by the beginning of November. This was a bad disappointment to the tired Bishops, and it involved some rearrangement of their plans. It was decided that Manning should go home. It had been for some time very doubtful whether he was doing any good by staying on in Rome. A hint of this appears in Herbert Vaughan's diary: "They say that Manning talks too much—lets his feeling be seen." Then, friendly Cardinals began to suggest that it would be well if he went, urging that his prolonged stay in Rome would, in the event of a decision favourable to the Bishops, give an excuse to the Regulars for saying that it was obtained under the pressure of his presence. Early in July Manning left—in his own words he "went gladly, sick of the heat and intrigues." The two Bishops agreed to stay on and see the thing through, however long Ballerini might keep them. A few days later, however, Bishop Clifford was summoned to England owing to the illness, which proved fatal, of his brother, Lord Clifford of Chudleigh. He returned at the end of September. Meanwhile, Herbert Vaughan stood on guard.

The pause of the long Roman vacation gives an opportunity to break this narrative of events, to insert a few extracts from the diaries kept by Bishops, which seem to throw light on the progress of the struggle. Early in the year the Bishop of Salford wrote thus of an interview with Cardinal Sacconi: "He said two Jesuits had been to him to say that they supposed they would all have to leave England. Bishops were destroying them. A General, a very pious man, who had been to England, came to him saying they would all be destroyed if the Bishops' claims were admitted. I told him that the stratagem is to frighten the Pope and Cardinals—to say that the Bishops were hostile to the Holy See and wish to destroy the privileges of Regulars. He had evidently been impressed by these opinions and fears. Said Cardinals would support Bishops, but must be just. Regulars rendered great services. I gave him four heads of our demands. Said we asked for nothing new, but only for what we had. He discussed the questions of Colleges, divisions of Missions, and accounts *intuitu missionis*, and the last he quite agreed to, the first and second with some qualifications. Greatly feared arbitrary and absolute power in Bishops, who are human, &c."

Another entry runs:—

"Cardinal Simeoni said Jesuits tried to reopen the Manchester case upon his succeeding Franchi. He told the General not to attempt it. Father Monk says that the Jesuits attach great importance to this case because it will regulate America. And it is better to settle the case with the English Bishops than with the American Bishops, who are Irish and more violent. Ballerini had told him that the Jesuits must win their case; that the Society had been employed by the Popes all over the world for three hundred years to contend against and control Bishops who were troublesome to the Holy See; that the Holy See feels that their co-operation is necessary."

A little later we read:—

"Cardinal Manning rather frightened the Pope by saying the matter is very grave: it is a question whether the Society will not diminish the power of an authority higher than that of the Bishops as well as theirs."

The Jesuits were unfortunate in their advocate. Father Ballerini's dilatory tactics ended by exasperating everybody, and when his reply to the Bishops' *Relatio* did come, it only damaged the cause it was intended to serve. It was of enormous length, and so confused that it had afterwards to be rearranged and summarised, and, worst of all, its language was so violent and abusive that it alienated even the best friends of the Society. And this he could ill afford to do. All through the case the Bishops were perfectly united, while the Regulars had disproportionate interests at stake, and in many respects divergent views. The Jesuits were, of course, in the front, and they were well supported by the Benedictines, who attached great importance to the question of the subdivision of missions. The other Religious Orders, though nominally following the Jesuits and Benedictines, had very little heart in the quarrel. In fact, before the case was over they were a source of positive weakness to their allies. Getting gradually disgusted with the language and methods of Ballerini, they became more and more open to communications from the other side. The consequence was that the Bishops knew the cards that were in their opponents' hands before they were played down, and were able to prepare an answer to Ballerini's arguments before he had handed them in.

Bishop Clifford, referring to this period, says:—

"The Generals of the Franciscans, Capuchins, Servites, and Dominicans had been several times interviewed by Cardinal Manning, myself, and the Bishop of Salford, and had promised not to sign Ballerini's paper except with reserves, withdrawing opposition on all the chief points. The difficulty was to get this from them in writing. At last Cardinal Manning wrote to the General of the Franciscans, reminding him of this, and cautioning him against being entrapped into signing."

Again, under date June 1st we read :—

"Cardinal Howard came in to see Manning, self, and Salford. He is very angry. No papers have been sent to Generals. Only one to Ballerini, who has convoked a meeting of Generals at the Minerva for to-morrow. But Generals have received notice to send separate replies under secrecy. Howard has cautioned the General of the Capuchins not to commit himself at the meeting, as he will assuredly receive a copy of our paper. Cardinal Manning has given the same caution to the General of the Franciscans. The General of the Redemptorists had a visit from Armellini, urging him to attend the meeting, but he refuses, and will send a deputy to state publicly that he takes no part in the contest. Cardinal Manning had audience of the Pope this morning, and met Cardinal Nina coming out, and asked if the papers had been distributed. Nina said there was an *impiccio*. Cardinal Manning went in to the Pope, and asked that all our papers should be sent to the Generals. The Pope said he always intended it to be so. Manning at once went out to Nina, who said it should be done at once. Manning again went in to the Pope, who entered fully into our case. On five points the Generals agree with us, on two they may come to agreement; the other five must be settled, and there must be a Constitution. The Pope said it should be so, and was much pleased at the prospect of things being settled without ill-feeling. The Jesuits do not form part of those who agree. After Manning had been to the Pope, he went to Cretoni, who was out; but he ascertained that they were employed in sending out copies to the Generals, according to orders received. The General of the Redemptorists received copies this afternoon while I was with him. I went through our answers to the twelve doubts, and he saw nothing objectionable. He was astounded at the revelations about the pretended privileges of the Jesuits, and said that neither he nor the Generals had any idea of it. There was a meeting of the Generals at the Minerva this morning, even the Pallotini were called in. The Redemptorists sent a man with protest. Salford visited the General of the Servites and of the Capuchins. They received papers this evening, but had not yet opened them. They have a great idea of Ballerini's paper, and were astonished to hear what Salford told them about the pretended privileges of the Jesuits."

"*June 28th.*—Early this morning the Bishop of Salford saw Masotti. He had received our *replica* and Ballerini's, but nothing of the Generals'. He had seen Agnozzi yesterday, and urged that he too must carry out their instructions exactly and not seek to cause any delay. He then began to say that with the heat of the weather some delay would probably be necessary—even that the work might be well done; the papers were voluminous. Salford urged that though voluminous there were four chief points, and these would not require more than a month. He went into them.

"1. Jesuit Colleges. Masotti said the Jesuit claim was wrong, witness Ravenna and Florence, where they wished to have them, but the Bishops have objected. He said the same of their seeking to open a College anywhere where they had a mission.

" 2. Division of Parishes. 'No,' said Masotti, 'they are not parishes but missions. The claim is groundless.'

" 3. Examination of Schools. Masotti said, 'Even with Christian Brothers' teaching, though Bishops who call them must accept their method of secular instruction, the Catechism and Religious Instruction must be under episcopal regulation and visitation. How much more when teachers are nuns or seculars.'

" 4. Investigation of Missions Accounts. Masotti was strong on this point, that the Bishops must inspect and see that moneys are properly secured to missions.

" The other questions being minor ones, Salford said there is no reason why the work should be put off. He said that we three had resolved not to return until it was settled. Our clergy urged the same. Bishops have nothing to uphold their authority in England but their prestige with the people—no Government position, no riches. The people look to their authority. We have been three years asking for a decision and we cannot get it. Our adversaries are working up public opinion against us in consequence. We cannot return to England without loss of authority. Masotti said he saw this was serious; he had not hitherto looked at it in this light. He would urge things forward. He had not yet spoken to the Pope, but would speak in this sense. Masotti wished the Consultors had been De Angelis, Canonist, and Rinaldini, a Propaganda man. The present men knew nothing of Propaganda work. Salford saw Masotti a second time this evening, and M. said he would see the Consultors to-morrow and press upon them the importance of studying the four *fascicoli* in order to understand the position of affairs in England."

Left alone in Rome, Herbert Vaughan seems to have found a sort of melancholy consolation in setting down in his diary what this case has already cost the Bishops in time and travel, thus:—

"The Bishop of Clifton has been five times to Rome.

"The Cardinal Metropolitan has been three times to Rome.

"The Bishop of Salford has been seven months in Rome.

"The Bishop of Clifton has been five or six months."

He still hoped, however, to be back in his diocese before the end of the year. Meanwhile, however hot Rome might be, there was plenty of work to do. He copied from the originals in the Corsini Library the letters of Padre Angeolini regarding the refusal of Pius VII to restore to the recently re-established Jesuits the privileges enjoyed by the Society prior to its suppression. These letters were printed and afterwards circulated among the Cardinals in confirmation of the contentions put forward by the Bishops. Then, following up a clue he had discovered in Rome, Herbert Vaughan went to Perugia, and there found in the public library several important papers bearing upon the relations between the Secular and the Regular clergy in the seventeenth century. The Bishop made careful copies of them all. In his diary, under date September 26th, 1880, Bishop Clifford, describing an audience he had had with the Holy Father on that day, says: "I told him that the Bishop of Salford had found in the library at Perugia some interesting papers about England; among the rest Paranzani's Report to Urban VIII about the state of the English mission, and the opposition made by the Jesuits to the appointment of a Bishop. 'But that,' he said, 'is most important. Why don't you have it copied out?' I replied that we were doing so. 'But you ought to have it to distribute to the Cardinals for the present case.'"

Some days later another entry runs: "Martini says that the Bishop of Salford has caused dismay in the enemy's camp by raising the ghost of Angeolini."

When the Courts reopened in November it became known that the three Consultors had their opinions ready, and accordingly there were high hopes that everything would be settled by the end of the year. Bishop Clifford's diary runs:—

"*November 5th.*—Letter from Cardinal McCloskey to the Bishop of Salford about the importance of our case to America. Translated it to read to the Cardinals. Bishop of Salford saw Masotti this morning. The *vota* are printed and will be distributed to the Cardinals in the course of the day. Masotti says the *vota* are all favourable. The main difficulty which seems to strike the Cardinals—how to arrange for the accounting of mission property. Mertel and Sbarretti have both mentioned this difficulty. Salford read Cardinal McCloskey's letter to Masotti, who asked for nine copies of it to read to the Cardinals. Masotti says that about twenty days would be allowed for the Cardinals to study the case—then they meet. And the case ought to be settled before Christmas. I called on Cardinal Sbarretti. Father Ballerini had been with him and had presented him with what he called a *sommario* of his side of the case. The Cardinal showed it to me. It consists of sixty-four printed pages of the usual size. It is not printed at Propaganda. This is not a right move, as it has been drawn up since the papers on both sides were delivered in, and is no doubt a rejoinder to our last paper, though we have not had an opportunity of putting in a rejoinder to theirs."

Now that the opinions of the Consultors had been sent to the members of the Commission, it only remained for the Cardinals to hold a meeting to consider the case. The first sitting took place on the 20th of September, and all the members of the Commission were present, namely, Cardinals Nina, Bilio, Ferrieri, De Luca, Simeoni, Sbarretti, Sacconi, Ledochowski, and Bartelini. Altogether five sittings were found necessary, and it was not until January, 1881, that the conclusions of the Commission were reported to the Holy Father. If the case of the Bishops was not well understood by the Cardinals it was certainly not the fault of the two indefatigable representatives of the English Hierarchy. The Bishop of Salford says: "About the 14th of December, 1880, we began to visit the Cardinals and the Commission. We saw each of them together (Clifford and I) once; he called on them at intervals, and I saw each of them once, if not twice, between the 14th of December and the 10th of January, 1881." It soon became known that the Cardinals were unanimous in their recommendations, and that these were generally favourable to the Bishops. Those, however, who thought that it was now only a case of waiting for weeks or days for the formal judgment of the Holy See were doomed to disappointment. The Regulars were not yet at the end of their resources. Bishop Clifford writes:—

"Never during the whole period of the struggle was greater anxiety felt than during the four months between the 17th of January, the day on which the Cardinals held their last meeting, and the 14th of May, the day on which the Bull was made public. During that space of time no stone was left unturned to ward off the dreaded publication of the Bull. Efforts were made to obtain a new revision of the case, then to obtain that the decisions should be given, not in a Constitution, but in a Decree, that the decisions should be made at first temporary and the final renewal of them delayed for two or three years. The Cardinal Secretary of State was pressed to interfere on the ground of the objections which Civil Governments might make to the publication of such a Constitution, and on account of the countenance it would seem to give to the laws which, in France and elsewhere, were being enacted against the Religious Orders. Laymen and ladies wrote and petitioned against the publication of the expected Bull. The General of the Jesuits wrote a letter to the Pope which gave him great offence, and Cardinals Pitra, Franzelin, Martinelli, and Zigliara met and drew up a document against it (which, however, contained nothing beyond what had been stated by Ballerini), which they presented to the Pope through Cardinal Jacobini, in the hope of averting the publication of the Bull. But the Pope firmly resisted all pressure; and though he took time to make himself fully acquainted with all the bearings of the case, he never altered his resolution or drew back from his determination to publish a Constitution which should not only settle the relations of the Bishops and Regulars in England, but which should serve as a guide and precedent to the whole Church."

The diaries of the two Bishops vividly reflect the fluctuations of hope and disappointment which marked those months of suspense. The Bishop of Salford, after noting the efforts of the Jesuits to induce the Pope to publish a Decree instead of a Bull, says: "They nearly won over Ferrieri. The Pope spoke to Nina about it, who at once said, 'E una trappola.' They fear a Bull because it is Pontifical Law, and all future decisions must be given in conformity with it; but a Decree is transient."

The following extracts are from Bishop Clifford's diary:—

"*January 26th.*—Saw Mgr. Laurenzi at the Vatican, and spoke to him about our affair. He seemed pleased that it had at last been brought to a conclusion in a way most favourable to the Bishops. He told me there is to be a Constitution, and that Verga and Agnozzi are charged to prepare it—not Masotti, as it is better that Propaganda should not have part in drawing it up. The Pope intends it shall form the basis of legislation, not for England only, but for all missionary countries. America requires it more than England."

"The Bishop of Salford met Padre Angeolini, S.J., out walking to-day, who said to him in a melancholy tone, 'Ah, lei sta contento, Monsignore.' 'Perche?' 'Ah, lei sa bene perche.' 'Si, sto contento, e lei, Padre, non sta contento.' 'No, io non sto niente contento.' The Bishop of Maitland having been to the Pope, His Holiness broached the subject of our suit, and said that the Bull now in preparation would touch not only England, but form law for regulating matters in missionary countries all over the world for time to come no less than the present."

"*March 1st.*—Called on Cardinal Bonnechose and renewed friendship. Talked to him about our case. He is greatly interested in it and about the coming Bull as important in defining the relations of Bishops and Regulars in France also. I told him of the line taken up by the Jesuits in the *Month*, &c., of Regulars being a bodyguard of the Pope and necessary as a kind of watch over the conduct of Bishops as a security against schism. How important it is that the Pope should speak out in the Bull on the real position of the Episcopate."

"*March 11th.*—Salford has heard this evening that the Regular Cardinals, Franzelin, Pitra, Zigliara, Martinelli, have had a meeting to see what can be done to protect the Regulars. Salford at once went to call on Cardinal Bonnechose, and told him privately that he might speak to the Pope and prevent evil influences. Salford called at Propaganda, and Masotti reassured him; but said that the form of wording of the Bull was not yet settled; perhaps it would be so at to-morrow's meeting. The Pope himself will write the preamble and the closing."

"*March 24th.*—Cardinal Howard called at the College, and amongst other things told us that Father Porter had been sorely complaining to a person, whom he did not name, about the result of our case, saying it would be the ruin of Religious Orders, that now not only Governments turned against the Jesuits (they were being expelled from France), but the Bishops persecuted them, and were backed up at Rome, and that it would end in their losing all the privileges, &c.—in a word, he was very low about the whole affair. We continue to hear complaints about our staying in Rome, influencing Cardinals."

In April it was known that the decision was to be by Bull, and by the 2nd of May that it had been printed. Then came the sickening rumour that the whole question was to be delayed and that the Bull would not be promulgated for two years. The following entry is from the Bishop of Salford's diary, under date May 6th :—

"Monsignor Weld has been told by Father Weld, or the General of the Jesuits, that it will probably be delayed for a long time. I also received a letter from Benoit, in England, saying he had heard it had been put back for two years, and that my return is thus delayed."

The last words come as a grim touch, reminding us how literally he was prepared to interpret his pledge to stay on in Rome until the case was ended. The next entry is as follows :—

"I then heard that Cardinal Sacconi's secretary had said the decision would not improbably be put off and the whole affair re-examined. This was evidently Sacconi's wish and expectation."

But the patience of the Bishops was to be rewarded at last, and on the evening of the 13th of May word was brought to the English College that the Bull would be published the next morning. Small need to say into whose hands the first copies were delivered. Long before Pallotti's office in the Vatican was open Herbert Vaughan was pacing the pavement outside, and it was very characteristic of him that, when copies of the coveted document were at last in his hands, instead of at once hurrying home or turning down some quiet street in the Trastevere to see how far his triumph had been complete, he went to kneel at the Tomb of the Apostles. His diary says: "Pallotti had received orders to send a hundred copies to Propaganda. He gave me three. I took them down to St. Peter's without opening them, and laid them on the altar of the Confession, offering them to St. Peter from myself, the Bishop of Clifton, and the Episcopate, promising to conform to all its decisions in the letter and the spirit, to the best of my ability."

He then hurried home, and there, in a little room overlooking the orange garden of the English College, the Bishop of Clifton read the Bull aloud. Herbert Vaughan writes: "I then went and made the analysis I had promised to give Shakespear Wood for the *Times;* the Bishop of Clifton, O'Callaghan, and the Vice-Rector set to work on a translation of the Bull, and I wrote a leader on it for the *Tablet* and sent letters to England. On Sunday the Bishop of Clifton and I went to St. Peter's to give thanks."

The Bull was a victory for the Bishops all along the line. The only concession made to the Regulars was in relation to the *Dubium* as to the status of those members of the Religious Orders who, living apart from their monasteries, and generally in twos and threes, did parish work and had charge of missions. Under the normal law of the Church such persons would be under the jurisdiction of the Ordinary, whereas, as a rule, in missionary countries they would be exempt and subject only to their own Superiors. The Bull, having regard to the special circumstances prevailing in this country, decided the point in favour of the Regulars, confirming to them the privileges enjoyed in purely missionary countries: their subjection to the Ordinary was limited to whatever concerns the cure of souls and the administration of the Sacraments, and their mission-houses were treated as canonically constituted convents. All the other *Dubia* were answered in a sense favourable to the contentions of the Bishops. In the *Tablet* of May 21st, 1881, besides the Latin text and an English translation of the Bull, appeared the article sent from Rome by the Bishop of Salford. It is a bare summary of the results and written with an obvious desire to spare the feelings of the defeated party in every possible way. He says:—

> "Pope Leo XIII has published a Bull which will be long known in history under the title *Romanos Pontifices*. It is dated the 8th of May, the day on which the Church celebrated this year the Festival of the Patronage of St. Joseph. This famous Act sums up and ends a recent controversy on matters of discipline affecting the working of the Church in Great Britain. The Pope begins with a reference to the establishment of the Hierarchy in England by Pius IX, and lays down the doctrine of the Fathers as to the teaching and governing office of Bishops. He openly recognises the fact that certain difficulties and disagreements which have arisen between the Bishops and the members of Religious Orders have been incidental to the commission given to the Bishops on the establishment of the Hierarchy, to labour to bring about the restoration in England of the common law of the Church. The controversy, which has now been set at rest by the Sovereign Pontiff, touched no point of faith or morals, but regarded certain questions of jurisdiction and discipline, which were inevitable in the course of transition from the abnormal condition of the Church under Vicars-Apostolic, and in days of persecution, to the hierarchical form and to the common law of the Church in times of peace. The wonder is, not that there have been so many, but that there have been so few, points of controversy; not that they have been so grave, but that they have not been graver. . . . Some of the questions, no doubt, involved

nice and complicated points of prudence and equity and the consideration of a large variety of circumstances connected with time and place. Such, for instance, was the question whether those members of Religious Orders who live out of their convents in the charge of missions should be governed by the common law which would place them in Catholic countries under the jurisdiction of the Ordinary, or whether, on the other hand, the 'special discipline' which regulates their position in missionary countries, such as India and China, should under present circumstances continue in force in England."

Having pointed out the extent to which, in this instance, the claims of the Regulars had been allowed, the article goes on merely to enumerate the points on which the Bishops had been successful:—

"The other questions appear to have been of more easy solution, such as the obligation of Regulars to attend Diocesan Conferences and Synods, and the cases in which their appeal to Rome from the decree of a local synod suspends the execution of the decree, or the reverse. Furthermore, full authority is given to the Ordinary to divide the missions served by Regulars and to confide the new missions to whomsoever he may think best suited for their service; so also to make visitation of poor-schools, cemeteries, and pious foundations and establishments, called *loca pia*, situated in missions served by Regulars. The general law drawn up and promulgated by former Pontiffs, requiring Regulars to obtain the consent of the Ordinary and of the Holy See before they can establish a residence, church, convent, college,[1] or school in a diocese, or change the nature of existing establishments, or make additions to them in any way affecting externs, is repeated and enforced . . . Finally, the distinctions made by the Provincial Synods of Westminster as to the temporalities is confirmed, temporalities belonging to the Order being exempt from episcopal visitation, and the accounts of the expenditure of moneys given for the support of the missions being subject to the visitation of the Ordinary, as they are in the missions of the Secular clergy."

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[1] In regard to the question raised but not formally settled in the Manchester case, whether a Religious Order is entitled to open a college without the permission of the Bishop of the diocese, the answer was decisive: Ad propositum dubium respondemus—sodalibus religiosis novas sibi sedes constituere, erigendo novas ecclesias, aperiendove coenobia, collegia, scholas, nisi obtenta prius expressa licentia Ordinarii loci et Sedis Apostolicæ, non licere.

Finally, the duty of obedience to the Holy See is not insisted upon, but taken for granted:—

"No Catholic who witnesses the disputes which are carried on outside the Church will rise from the perusal of this exhaustive Constitution without a new feeling of gratitude that he is a member of the Catholic Church. No one will doubt that, if the judgments of Rome are slow, they are wise and final. That differences of opinion should arise from time to time, especially on matters of discipline and practice, is not surprising. They have arisen in every century since the first, and when it has been impossible or difficult to settle them otherwise, they have always been taken for decision to the supreme tribunal of the Church. The 'much disputing' recorded in the Book of Acts among 'the Apostles and Ancients,' and the way in which 'all the multitude held their peace after Peter had spoken,' was the first example of what has been repeated, age after age, down to the present day."

No one had worked harder than Herbert Vaughan to win for the Church in England the results secured by the Bull *Romanos Pontifices*, and during the struggle his feelings had become warmly and passionately enlisted. But when once the decision had been given he seemed unwilling to speak of it, and almost to wish to minimise its effects. He was governed by a fear lest any thought or word of his should make the difficult duty of obedience harder than it need be for any one. About this time, meeting Father Armellini, S.J., who had been a strenuous opponent of the Bishops, he stopped to speak to him in the street. Father Armellini at once began about the Bull, and said, "Those who lose cannot expect to be satisfied." The Bishop, noting the meeting in his diary, writes: "I urged that he had worked hard, that nothing had been left undone on their part, that both sides had acted for the glory of God. He said that 'Obedience in the future would prove whether they had been acting from any motive but the glory of God,' &c."

But though Herbert Vaughan never shared in that persistent dislike of the Jesuits which characterised Cardinal Manning to the last day of his life, he was at the time inclined to regard them with considerable distrust—the long conflict had left some scars. The feeling sometimes comes out oddly on very trivial provocation. Thus, meeting an Italian Jesuit one day just before the Bull was published, he got into discussion with him. Each maintained his own point of view without apparently making any impression on the other. At last the Bishop, by way of bringing the conversation to an end, said, "Well, are you going to obey the Pope?" The answer came back at once, "We are the *primi* to obey." Under the circumstances the claim to be the first in submission might have seemed satisfactory enough, but somehow it jarred on Herbert Vaughan—he saw in it only another instance of a desire to be dominant and pre-eminent in everything. And so he answered, "Why always *primi?* Cannot others obey as well?" But the feelings, of which these jottings from his diary are unconscious evidence, soon passed away, and no one tried harder than he for years afterwards, by patience and forbearance and consideration for the feelings of his opponents, to efface the memories of the struggle. He afterwards proved himself a good friend to the Society of Jesus, and both in Salford and in Westminster worked in cordial co-operation with them. Meanwhile, to Cardinal Manning, waiting in Westminster, the publication of the *Romanos Pontifices* was a joy that had no alloy. He writes on May 18th, 1881 :—

"MY DEAREST HERBERT,—I received your telegram on Sunday, but the *Observer* had been before you. I waited till I had read the Constitution before writing. It came this morning. I can only say that I thank God for it, and God grant that it may be the last internal conflict in the Church in England. It is the third, and I trust it may be the last. It has been a hand-to-hand fight, not with Peter Gallwey but with Robert Parsons, and I hope he will now lie still in his grave. The Constitution is complete. The first concession to England is wise and pacific. It relieves us, and deprives us of nothing. The rest is all we ask, and it is weighty with authorities : it shows from the Councils of Westminster that we have been right, and it covers our whole past action. I hope now that we [the Bishops] will be seen even by our adversaries to have been reasonable, just, and standing only for common law. It is, as you say, a great victory over the most powerful conspiracy in the Church.

"And now, if the Bishop of Clifton can travel home, let the operation be done here, and not only for skill and nursing, but because in this air and climate all operations are safer and more speedily healed. Give him my kindest regards, and say that we have all paid tribute to the service of the Church in this affair, and he has borne the heaviest brunt of it. Do not linger on your way. But you are right in getting a true interpretation of the Constitution. Ask Cardinal Bilio any points you need. Yours afftly., H. E. C. A."

For some weeks the Bishop of Clifton had been preparing to undergo a severe operation, but had put it off as long as possible in order that he might attend to the business of the Bishops. The operation was successfully performed on the 25th of May, and Dr. Clifford returned to England early in July.

After the promulgation of the Bull Bishop Vaughan lingered in Rome until the 2nd of June. There was still some business to be wound up and farewell audiences to be sought from Cardinals and the Pope. But, eager as he was to get back to his diocese, he was now so weak that he had to take medical advice, and that imposed upon him a visit to Kissingen.

In a letter to Miss Hanmer he said: "I have been following the doctor's orders in coming here and drinking these waters for four weeks. I believe it was well that I came, for I felt that in a little while I should fall to pieces, but now I believe I shall be made up again and go on better than before, but quietly." He left Bavaria for home on the 5th of July, after an absence of more than a year and a half.

Warmly welcomed on his return, he took the earliest opportunity to explain in public why he had been abroad for so long. Replying to an address from his Chapter, he spoke first of his gladness at being home again. "I thank you from my heart for the address which you have read, and for the touching allusions which it contains. If you feel but one-half the pleasure in meeting me again which I feel in returning into the midst of my flock, and in beholding again your dear and familiar faces, then assuredly your joy is great this evening. Though death has brought bitter sorrows to the heart [an allusion to the deaths of his father and stepmother], still I feel a sensible joy in returning into the midst of the numerous friends whom I have learnt to appreciate and to love—into the midst of the busy lives and good works of brethren who have generously consecrated themselves to the service of God under the guidance of their Bishop; and if I cannot think without fear and trembling of my obligation to the innumerable souls of my flock, for each of whom I must in some way give an account, still the tenderness of the shepherd's care for his sheep, and of a father's love for his children, which God, in His goodness, permits me to feel for the members of my flock, draws me more close to Salford than to any other place in the world, and causes me a joy and thankfulness in returning here which I could know in no other spot on earth."

He then went on to justify his long absence from his See:—

"But while I allude to my return, I may not be silent on my absence. You know that nothing can justify the prolonged absence of a pastor from his flock but a grave and urgent reason founded on the love of souls and of the Church. When I left Salford in 1879 it was, I then believed, to return home with speed after the canonical visit *ad limina*. But I had not been long in Rome before grave and urgent reasons presented themselves, accompanied with a clear intimation which rendered it manifest that my duty was not to return home as speedily as I had desired. It would appear like affectation were I to stop here and say no more. To be silent might seem like making a mystery of that which all men know; it might even suggest that there was some fault on the one side or on the other over which it were well to draw the veil of silence. I will therefore simply say that a certain number of grave questions of jurisdiction and discipline had arisen, which concerned the interests not of this diocese alone, but of every diocese in England, and, indeed, of every missionary diocese in the world. Some of those questions were of more recent origin, while the root of others stretched back into the ecclesiastical history of the last two or three centuries. They had been the latent cause of many inevitable misunderstandings, which had on more than one occasion checked the progress of the Church in England. Both the Bishops and the Regular Orders concerned ardently desired that their misunderstandings should cease. They were therefore carried to the supreme tribunal of the Holy See, and the Bishops implored the Sovereign Pontiff to speak authoritatively and definitely by a Constitution which should set at rest for ever the questions which had disturbed our internal peace."

Finally, after speaking of the Bull as a charter of order and peace, and saying that as part of the common law of the Church it was now being applied to missionary countries in the most distant parts of the world, he pleaded earnestly for mutual charity and forbearance and a generous rivalry in devotion and good works between the Secular and Regular clergy.

CHAPTER XV

SOME FOREIGN IMPRESSIONS. HIS FATHER'S DEATH

MORE than once during the time spent in working for the *Romanos Pontifices*, the Bishop of Salford had to leave Rome for the sake of his health. His own diaries are quite silent on the subject, but Manning's letters, full of anxious inquiries and recommendations of this or that place as a temporary sanatorium, reveal the true state of affairs. It was well understood between them that there was to be no coming back to England, but south of the Alps there were many places offering the necessary change of air and scene. We have seen that he found important work to do in the library at Perugia, and from that centre the scene of the life of St. Francis lay at his feet. It was always a delight to him to tread literally in the footsteps of the saints, and somehow, during these brief absences from Rome, he generally found himself in some spot hallowed by the memory of one or other of them. A series of letters to the *Tablet* at this period tell of visits to shrine after shrine in Southern Italy, and recall the legends attaching to each. Written with absolute simplicity of spirit and his usual directness of style, these letters have to-day an interest of their own because they reveal the writer so well.

The Feast of St. Francis in 1880 found him in Assisi. All his life he was impatient of anything like musical display in churches, or of anything that tended to let the choir seem to usurp the place of the priest. The music in many of the churches in Italy was a constant trial to him. He writes: "All Assisi is out making holiday; many have come, like ourselves, from Perugia, and many *contadini* from the plains, for there are to be *Vesperoni, con una gran bella musica.* The choir of *frati* is composed of some thirty-six Minor Conventuals in their black habits and white cottas. The singers have come from a distance and have things entirely their own way. For myself, I cannot stand this '*gran bella musica*,' which is made up of vocal gymnastics in which heaving up the lungs and throwing out the voice form characteristic features. The paid singers took possession of the whole vespers, sang them all through, leaving the *frati* nothing to do but to listen and, let us suppose, meditate. I soon had enough of the service in the Middle Church and went below into the Crypt, where the body of St. Francis is enshrined, immediately under the Papal altars which are in the two Churches above. The next morning the Masses began at four o'clock at the tomb of St. Francis, and went on continuously till ten or eleven. The roads were alive with visitors coming up the hill for the Feast. At ten Pontifical High Mass in the Middle Church began with '*gran bella musica*' as before, but no sermon. Some people were devoutly joining in the service, but the great majority behaved much more as though they were at a promenade concert than assisting at the Adorable Sacrifice. Father Bartoni, the Minor Conventual, was the composer and leader of the music. No doubt he is a good musician, but it would have been better to have had his performance in the square instead of in the Church. How hateful would such music have been to the soul of St. Francis! Surely such practices as these tend to degrade religion instead of elevating it; they in part account for the state of religion in Italy."

A little later he relates an encounter with some typical British tourists: "Presently some English people came in, husband, wife, and daughter, with their red *Murrays* in hand, and began poking about everywhere, even round about an altar where Mass was going on. They seemed to say, 'It is all nothing to us what they are doing; we must have just a look at everything and then catch the train.' After a time I had some conversation with them; they were a good kind of people and well educated, though Catholicity was a *terra incognita* to them. They thought St. Francis and his history a very pretty legend and nothing more, because, as they said, 'Of course, no real miracles have taken place since the Saviour's time.' 'Well,' said I, 'I suppose you will admit that God has the same power now that He had two thousand years ago. If so, He can work miracles as easily now as He did then, if it so please Him. It is simply a question of *fact*—does it so please Him? And this must be determined by the evidence.' 'Yes, certainly,' was the reply; 'but we Protestants do not admit miracles. We believe in the Bible, you know, and then go by reason and common sense.'" The tourists seem to have taken the lecture in good part, and begged for information about St. Francis.

Herbert Vaughan was willing enough to tell all he knew of the life and work of the Saint, but if that was to profit them they must first try to understand what is the position of the Catholic Church with regard to the miraculous. "Before I tell you anything of the marvels connected with the life and mission of St. Francis, try to understand the Catholic point of view, without which there would have been no St. Francis. The Christian religion, like the Hebrew, is based on faith and on the supernatural. Why may not miracles continue to occur from time to time even now under the New Law as under the Old? The beginning of the New Law, the Acts of the Apostles and the Apocalypse are full of the miraculous. Where do you read that there were to be no more miracles after those worked during the first century had been recorded? You read the history of God's relation with men, and you find that for four or five thousand years they were illustrated by miracles, which you have no difficulty in believing—what warrant have you either from Scripture or from reason and common sense to justify you in affirming that God's conduct towards man has been entirely changed from a certain date, and that no miracles are ever wrought now? We Catholics dare not venture on so bold and arbitrary an assertion. We say our religion is as closely connected with God and the supernatural as the sky is with the earth, and much more closely: that it is not a modern invention based, as you would say, upon mere reason and common sense, but that it is the ancient and the divine religion, which was ever most intimately connected with the supernatural. If this be so, there is nothing unreasonable in the belief that God's providence should still continue to manifest itself from time to time, as it always has done, by occasional supernatural intervention, or by miracles. With us it is simply a question of fact and evidence; if the evidence is satisfactory we accept the alleged miracle; if doubtful, we suspend our judgment; if unsatisfactory, we reject it."

There was a hard, practical, matter-of-fact side to the character of Herbert Vaughan to which the marvellous made little appeal. It can certainly be said of him that he was not on the look-out for miracles. He believed that they still occur, that the arm of God is not shortened, but he was too English in temperament to have any natural sympathy with, or predisposition to accept as supernatural, manifestations in which the elements of popular credulity or Southern imagination might play a part. He was in Naples a few days before the Feast of St. Januarius in 1881, but he had no desire to see the famous miracle of the liquefaction of the Saint's blood. That phenomenon has been so often described and by so many witnesses, that it would be of no interest to quote here Herbert Vaughan's account of it, but it is of interest to note the reflections with which he dismisses the subject. On this occasion the blood became liquid after an hour and a quarter had been spent in public prayer. Herbert Vaughan saw the change take place before his eyes and was allowed to take the vial in his own hands and hold it up to a candle the better to see the contents, and to balance it backwards and forwards to test the liquidity of the blood. "In colour it had now become of the appearance of half-melted red currant jelly: it did not flow like a stream of liquid blood, nor did the mass separate into portions, but the whole seemed to adhere together, the external part becoming of the consistency of jelly and transparent, while a heavy clot remained in the centre, unmelted and solid. The liquefaction sometimes takes place after a few minutes' prayer and sometimes after an hour's. On some occasions the delay into the night has been so long that they have taken it back to the Duomo, and it has liquefied on the way, but sooner or later the miracle always takes place. Again, sometimes the blood boils up and bubbles, filling almost the entire vial, and at other times it liquefies as it did on the present occasion; and at other times the whole mass liquefies more fully, and sometimes a small portion only changes."

After a few lines explaining that the miracle is usually repeated in the Duomo each day of the octave of the Feast, we come to the part of the letter in which the personal note sounds strongly. "If you ask what is the meaning of this miracle, all that can be said is that it certainly helps to maintain men's faith in the supernatural, in the power of God, and the intercession of the Saints. God's ways are inscrutable and we can set no measure to them. Why He should choose one Saint and not another, one form of intervention, not another, one time, one people and not another, this is beyond our ken. But is the miracle true? It has been tested again and again. Science cannot account for it; Sir Humphry Davy and other Protestant men of science have examined it and have admitted that there was no human way of accounting for the phenomenon; quite recently a scientific inquiry into it has been published in Naples, the conclusion of which is, that no law in nature can explain the occurrence of the liquefaction. As to believing in it, people can do as they please, the Church leaves us free to form any opinion we please; but, granted the existence of the supernatural and of miracles, it seems to me to require a greater effort to disbelieve than to believe. All kinds of evidence and of tests converge towards one conclusion—why not, then, accept it?—or rather, how can you reasonably refuse to accept it? In ending this brief account of the miracle of St. Januarius I will make a confession. I had no desire to witness it, and it was with some difficulty that I had allowed myself to be persuaded to remain two days longer in Naples in order to see it—not that I at all disbelieved, but I did not feel curious or anxious to see it. I am now very glad that I beheld it—the order, reverence and faith of the whole proceeding was most edifying, and the sight of the miracle tends to strengthen one's faith in the supernatural and in God's goodness."

Perhaps with these words before him the reader will wonder why, believing as he believed, the Bishop of Salford was not filled with a desire to be present at so tremendous an event as a miracle. It must be remembered that his belief in this particular miracle could at best be only provisional. Fuller knowledge may some day enable us to explain the phenomenon by purely natural causes. Then, too, the scene in the Duomo has often been described, and watched by hard English eyes the spectacle has seemed singularly unlovely. Perhaps he shrank from being present at what Protestant pens had so often described as a degrading spectacle of Southern fanaticism. This, however, is conjecture. What is certain is that he went reluctantly, and was glad he stayed.

The occasion of his being in Naples was the departure from that port of three missionaries from Mill Hill. It was a last opportunity for saying farewell, and, perhaps, also another chance of tasting the sweet assurance that his work had been God's work. "We came down last week, a party of three ecclesiastics from Rome, to see three young priests of St. Joseph's Missionary Society set sail for their perilous and distant mission of Borneo. We saw them on board and settled amid a large ship's company of Chinamen, Malays, Negroes, and Europeans. Their tickets were taken for Singapore, where, after a time, they will tranship for Borneo. Having embraced them probably for the last time, and committed them tenderly to the love of God and the care of the Blessed Mother and St. Joseph, we parted with our hearts full on both sides—they to give their young and innocent lives to the heroic apostolate of the uncivilised Heathen, and we, whose lives and strength are on the decline, humbly to resume our easier path, inspired perhaps anew by the thought of their more generous examples."

Among the excursions made from Sorrento about this time was one in search of Padre Ludovico, a priest who all along the coast was reputed to be a Saint. When the Bishop of Salford found him he was in great pain and apparently had not long to live. "The doctor came out from him as I went in. He was lying upon a bed of straw, and the shelves round the room were laden with copies of the Bible, divided into twelve little volumes, in Italian, and with notes. This has been one of his works, to popularise the Scriptures. 'Well, Padre mio,' I said, 'you are suffering much, I fear.' 'Ah,' he replied, with a bright smile, 'suffering is better than good works. Good works are full of satisfaction, and one tastes the reward, but there is no self-satisfaction when you can't move for pain. Self has no place here, I wish to rejoice in my sufferings—but the body seeks a little ease when it aches, and tries to find a place of rest; but the spirit wishes to rejoice, and would not have it otherwise. We are two selves bound in one.' " That curious complaint, that "good works are full of satisfaction," was one for which the Bishop had full understanding. Padre Ludovico's charities sometimes took odd forms. Among the good works he founded was the *Opera della disumazione.* "By the Italian law every corpse must be buried underground for eighteen months before it can be laid in an urn or family vault; at the end of this period it is exhumed. This work used to be carried out in a rough and revolting manner by paid labourers. Padre Ludovico has consecrated this task to religion, and the Sisters receive the corpse, and while they re-unite and re-clothe the poor remains of corruption, and lay them in the urns prepared for them by their families in the Campo Santo, they accompany their ghastly work with psalms and devout prayers for the departed souls."

But there was another tie drawing the Bishop to Padre Ludovico. He too had worked for the evangelising of Africa: he had founded a school for the children of Pagans, and even opened the ranks of his own Order to the despised race. Herbert Vaughan notes with satisfaction that there are "now three negro Franciscans."

The close of the year 1880 was saddened by the deaths of both his father and his stepmother. Colonel Vaughan had for some time previously been in failing health, and the following letter, written to his eldest son, shows sufficiently how he was preparing for death, and also what manner of man he was:—

"17, Cromwell Place, London, S.W.
"*July 22nd*, 1880.

"My dear Herbert,—I cannot thank you sufficiently for your affectionate letter, and the truly filial piety which has prompted you to offer up so many Masses and prayers for me. That sacred intercession is what I value most. The doctor has this moment left me. He finds me decidedly better than I was a fortnight ago, and thinks that in a week or so I may get into the country, provided I never walk uphill or upstairs, or exert myself in any other manner, and follow the severe *régime* prescribed. To a young man this would be a great trial; but I acknowledge, my dear Herbert, that I look upon it as a providential grace and blessing to be obliged to lead a comparatively secluded and mortified life for the remainder of my time, with every incentive to atone for the past and prepare for the future. I feel most intensely the marvellous mercy and goodness of God to me even when I least deserve it. I wished you to have a good career as a soldier —for which I thought you were well adapted—and then looked to your succeeding me at Courtfield! How blind were my wishes! And how superabundantly my little sacrifice has been rewarded! Your saintly mother, who has drawn down so many blessings upon all of us, expressed her conviction (a few days before her death) that I should give myself entirely to God before I died. May her prayers, and the prayers and Masses of my sons, obtain for me that grace and blessing. I drove with Mary yesterday to inquire after the Cardinal. We saw Dr. Johnson, who reported him much better.

"Your devoted father,
"JOHN S. VAUGHAN."

Writing two months later Colonel Vaughan says:—

"Your letter reached me at a moment when it was doubly welcome. I had had a heart attack the night before and was too weak to leave my room or even to read much. What you say about confidence in God is most consoling and most true. Each time I read your letter it renews my peace of mind. For years my habitual meditation has been on the Passion, and my constant prayer has been to increase in the love of God—still this does not prevent the intrusion of awful thoughts."

In the autumn Colonel and Mrs. Vaughan went to Biarritz. The change brought no relief, and before long both became seriously ill. The Colonel, writing to his eldest son two days after their arrival, says:—

> "Your long letter, so full of interesting and important matter, shows that you are undertaking a gigantic task. If you raise the standard of ecclesiastical education you will do much for the widest interests of religion. I hope you will succeed in 'backing up' the Holy Father to follow his true manly instincts in contending with intellectual and political evil, instead of bowing down before it in cowardly resignation. France is drifting now from bad to worse from the moral cowardice of those who are tamely and timidly good, and hope for success without one of the qualities which command it. You, at all events, are not one of those who expect great triumphs without long struggles and hard blows. I will write again before long. I am quite tired now."

In November it became quite certain that neither Colonel Vaughan nor his wife could recover. Towards the end of the month the reports were so bad that the Bishop went to Biarritz. In a letter to his brother John, dated the 26th of that month, he says: "I came here two days ago, after a long journey from Rome. I must return there within a week for the sake of public business and the interests of the Church, much as I would wish to stay to the end. Father may last weeks, even months, if he can get a little sleep. But there is no disguising it, he cannot recover. His dispositions of patience, of loving the Cross, of Faith and Charity are beautiful and consoling. He gets no sleep and suffers alternately from the heart and fainting. The longing for sleep which will not come is the most distressing feature of his illness." Of his stepmother he says that she too is dying: "She suffers occasionally considerable pain, but is as calm and quiet about it as if she were picking flowers in the garden." To his sister Mary he wrote: "Johnny is coming out and he will take my place. I am bound by duty to return to Rome in a few days. God bless you. We have great reason to rejoice in such death-beds as these. They have scarcely anything sad in them."

Again writing to the same sister the Bishop says: "Though one's heart is pained, one's spirit cannot but rejoice in witnessing such an end. I do not know what more could be desired in the death of him one loves best on earth. Mary is paralysed and will not long survive. They are both well attended by nursing sisters. Both Bernard and I have been saying Mass every day in the room, and they have both been receiving Viaticum daily. All the night my father counts the hours to the time of Mass. His sufferings are offered up as a preparation and thanksgiving for Holy Communion." Again writing to his friend of many years, Miss Hanmer, Herbert Vaughan says: "My dearest Father continues in much suffering from time to time. He has much strength of a certain kind and may physically have a hard death. But his dispositions are perfect, even heroic. Mary is dying in the next room, but is not in much pain. They are both so pleased because I have told them that one shall wait for the other here after death, and then be taken together to Courtfield. Mary has quite enjoyed the idea and calls it 'most excellent news.'"

The Cardinal's brother, Father Bernard Vaughan, S.J., recalls the following incident, which happened during those last days. Colonel Vaughan was seated propped up in an arm-chair in great suffering. His two sons, Herbert and Bernard, stood on either side. Then a sudden spasm of pain seemed to shake his whole frame, and Bernard, in pity, suggested an injection of morphia. The Colonel turned to Herbert and said, "What do you say?" The answer came that he was quite free to use the drug, "But, Father, if I were you, I should stick to the Cross." The old soldier looked up to Bernard and said, "Well, what do you say to that?" "I consider it my duty to relieve you of all the pain I can, and then, when no more can be done, to leave you to God." The father said simply, "Herbert is my eldest son, and I will follow his advice." A little time afterwards, when Herbert had gone back to Rome, where the business of the Bishops made his presence necessary, Colonel Vaughan was one night again in great pain. With a sudden smile he said to Bernard, who was with him, "Herbert is very distressed about me, but if you tell him that I am in a sweat of suffering he will be a little consoled. Say I am fairly fixed to the Cross now."

At Marseilles, on his way back to Rome, the Bishop wrote to his father as follows: "I was with you nearly all last night in spirit during perhaps the crisis of your sufferings, making for you the little ejaculations we have so often made together. This morning I have had the consolation of saying Mass and offering you up in the Chalice of Salvation to the Eternal Father." There the letter ends abruptly, as though the writer felt how futile it was at such a moment to pen even words of affection, and, instead, he sends his father a little "meditation on suffering." "The more we endure for Christ the greater the merit. Suffering is as a crucible, it intensifies the adhesion

Rome Dec. 8

My dearest Father

So another heavy blow has fallen upon you in the midst of your sufferings. I thought Our Lord intended to keep you to suffer still more — to suffer in the most tender & intimate affections of the heart. I know how you bless & praise His Holy Will. I know how He has given you the grace to suffer for Him & with Him. This last seems to be the last possible sorrow that could have come upon you: & it has come.

Oh how the Good God is reckoning & counting your acts of resignation & conformity! How closely He is drawing you to Himself in the midst of the pains & sorrows of your Calvary! You have now indeed a bouquet of myrrh to offer Him - "My beloved is a bundle of myrrh, he shall dwell between the breasts".

I cannot help associating dear Mary's death with the Eve of the Immaculate Conception, and your

whole mind & heart with the Festival
tself. You will once more today
onsecrate yourself & all you have &
re to her — you will once more
lace in Her Immaculate Hands
e whole of your Spiritual Life — You
ill once more declare yourself to be her
hild & her to be your Mother.

How all your sufferings
f body & of the heart, dearest Father,
re continually present to me! How
hey weigh me down! And I

feel my absence from you all the
moment more than I can say!
But I rejoice at the same time for I
see the Divine Hand perfecting &
beautifying your great soul more
& more. How could I regret to see
you raised to higher glory & closer
union with God for ever?
Courage then, -dearest old Father, courage -
you may yet have to endure. God & the Blessed
Mother are with you to strengthen & console you
"The sufferings of this time are not worthy to be
compared to the glory which is to come." Pray
for me your most devoted son.

+ Herbert

of our will with that of Christ. Just as water is the commonest of things and an element of nature, but is able to wash away sins when poured out in the Sacrament of Baptism by the words and institution of Christ, so is suffering the commonest thing on earth, but by its acceptance in conformity with the Passion of Christ it washes away sin, it raises us in sanctifying grace, it unites us with Christ, it wins for us the smile of our Heavenly Father. 'This also is My beloved Son,' he says, 'nailed with Christ to the Cross.' May God bless and console you with the most abundant grace, my dearest old Father. Your most loving son, HERBERT."

Less than a week later Mrs. Vaughan died after a stroke of paralysis. Her husband died nine days later, on the 16th of December, 1880. The two bodies were taken to England, and laid side by side in the family vault at Courtfield. A sermon was preached on the occasion by the Bishop of Newport, an old friend of the family. There is a passage in a letter written by Herbert Vaughan to the preacher shortly after which is significant of the relations between the father and son: "Let me take this opportunity to thank you for the beautiful and touching discourse you preached at my dearest old father's funeral. In one detail I recognise N.'s idea, viz., that he was reserved with his children. To N. he was. N. never came home, but used to spend all his time visiting—hence he met with a little reserve." There can be no doubt that the preacher's estimate was the right one, and that Colonel Vaughan was what would be usually described as a stern man. On the other hand, the difference of view is easily explained—whatever was tenderest in him had always gone out to his eldest son.

In his first public address to his clergy and people on his return to Salford the Bishop made the following allusion to the loss he had sustained: "True, as your address reminds me, death has made more than one place void during my absence. Valued and cherished members of the clergy and of the laity are gone; and the most loved ones of my own innermost circle of domestic affection have closed their earthly career. Now henceforth they call me to meet them in another world. God grant that by fidelity to duty and perseverance unto the end I may become at last worthy to join them in the home of eternal peace and rest."

We have seen that in very early days Herbert Vaughan had made up his mind that his personal fortune must be regarded as belonging to God, and that his own business was to act merely as an agent for the spending of it in the service of the Church. In the early diary, however, in which this resolution is recorded come the following qualifying words: "Always giving due consideration to the claims of family, &c." By the death of his father Herbert Vaughan had succeeded to a life interest in the entailed estate at Courtfield. He now arranged to receive £1,000 a year, and, subject to that annuity, to renounce his interest in the property. The situation which then arose was a curious one. Of the late Colonel's eight sons six were priests at the time of his death, and in the six were included the eldest four of the brothers. And as besides Herbert, the next brothers, Roger, Kenelm, and Joseph, were ready in turn each to give up his contingent right, Courtfield at once passed, in the lifetime of all of them, to the present owner, Colonel Francis Baynham Vaughan. It remains to add that the annuity which was reserved out of the income of the estate soon became so definitely allocated to the service of specific Catholic charities that long before his death the Cardinal had ceased to regard it as in any way at his own disposal.

CHAPTER XVI

THE GOOD PASTOR

IT used sometimes to be said that Bishop Vaughan was very hard upon the clergy. Certainly, his ideal of what a priest's life ought to be was high, and to ordinary flesh and blood it was difficult of attainment. He thought of his clergy as of men who had consecrated themselves voluntarily and irrevocably to the service of God and men, and he judged them strictly by the standard of the vocation they had accepted.

He thought that no priest ought to accumulate money, and the idea of a priest leaving property away from his work and the poor he had served was abhorrent to him. The smallest stipend that would keep body and soul together, the least that would suffice for efficient work, he held to be amply sufficient. He was fond of reminding his rectors that their missions were not benefices but only spheres of labour. There was a scanty stipend for the rector, and something scantier for the assistant priests, and what was over from the income of the mission was to be spent for the good of the diocese under the direction of the Bishop. "The mission is not a benefice in which the incumbent has a right to appropriate to himself the fruits that exceed the salary fixed by the law of the diocese. Hence the incumbent must apply to the service of religion, as the Bishop may direct, the surplus funds of a mission, should there be any."

Further, the following rules were laid down by the Bishop:—

"1. That the full and normal salary for a Rector shall be £50 per annum, and for an assistant priest £40, where the mission can afford it.

"2. That a Rector cannot draw his own salary until he has first met all the current liabilities of his mission.

"3. That no priest shall be entitled to the full salary if the mission which he serves is, in the judgment of the Bishop, unable to provide it, or if the capital debt on the mission is not being discharged in a way which the Bishop shall judge to be satisfactory.

"4. That the Bishop will determine at Visitation, or whenever it may be necessary, the amount of salary which the Rector of each mission that is in debt shall pay to his assistant priest, regard being had to the efforts being made to discharge the debt and to other circumstances of the mission.

"5. That in no case shall the salary payable to an assistant priest be less than the sum which is common in many dioceses, namely, £25 per annum."

It was further provided that all "stole fees"—that is, offerings made on the occasion of baptisms, churchings, marriages, and funerals—should be invariably given into the charge of the Rector and by him entered into the mission account-book. If the mission was in debt, this fund was to be drawn upon to make up the salaries of the clergy. But when a mission was free from debt and able to meet its ordinary expenditure out of income, the "stole fees" became divisible between the clergy—twothirds to the Rector if he had one assistant priest, half if he had more than one.

From the time of his first coming to Salford until the day he left, the thought of the debt of the diocese, and how to reduce it, was a problem constantly before the mind of Dr. Vaughan. Besides the large sums raised for the Seminary, for St. Bede's, and for the Protection and Rescue Society, and the vast sums required year after year for the building of new schools, new churches, presbyteries, and the maintenance of all three, large amounts had to be collected not only to meet the annual interest on the capital debt, but also, at the earnest entreaties of the Bishop, to effect a substantial reduction in it every year. The diocese was very poor. The mass of its people were working for their daily bread and had little to give, and its wealthy families were less than half a dozen. But its needs were clamorous, and for priests and people a long chapter of self-denial and privation was opened up. It was heart-breaking work to have to beg from the poor, and from willing givers, and so constantly; but Bishop Vaughan set his face like a flint against the suggestion that it was enough to pay the annual interest and that the reduction of the capital might be left to happier times. Very early in his episcopate he drew attention to this burden of borrowed money which weighed upon so many missions:—

"Who does not see the difficulties which neglect to reduce the capital debt must entail when the necessity arises to build a new church or schools, or to divide the district? In many missions each generation brings its own burden of wants which have to be supplied, and the proposal is always ready at hand to contract a new debt on the old plea, that posterity must bear its share of the burden. But where is this system to land us if the present generation declines to make any sacrifice to pay off the debt contracted in its name by its predecessor? If one generation may repudiate the obligation undertaken for it, why may not the next, and the next, do the same? Prudence and justice seem to require that a sinking fund should be created in each mission that is burdened with debt, and that donations or subscriptions should be collected annually towards reducing the debt."

Twelve months later, in November, 1877, he was able to announce that, in spite of the thousand and one calls for present needs, nearly £6,000 had been collected for the redemption of the general debt. This success brought no relaxation of effort, and in his Advent Pastoral the Bishop again insisted on the necessity of not leaving till to-morrow the payment of liabilities which ought to be met to-day: "Some persons are very ready to suggest that a debt be contracted in order to provide churches and schools and all the accommodation they desire, but altogether lack the resolution, zeal, and sense of justice needed to face a debt and to contribute liberally towards its extinction. Provided they themselves and the children actually born to them have all the consolations of religion and all the advantages of Christian education that they desire, they do not care to recognise and pay off that fair proportion of the capital debt which they inherit as a part of their responsibilities and as a duty in justice and equity. Through this dishonourable neglect of a clear duty ecclesiastical buildings are handed down deteriorated by age and so burdened by debt that missions cannot be divided, schools and churches cannot be built, priests cannot be multiplied, and poor souls perish eternally. Ofttimes is the progress of religion hampered and the salvation of souls arrested by the burden of accumulated debt."

From that year onward there was published annually, as a roll-call of honour, the names of all the missions that had reduced their debts, with the amounts. Then the Bishop called to his aid another set of considerations. Was not money given to pay off a debt the most perfect, and therefore the most blessed, form of almsgiving? "To give money to pay off the debt on a church or school is as meritorious in the sight of God as to give money for the erection of a new building. Nay, the merit may be greater, for there will be less of that mere human satisfaction which arises from beholding new walls and accommodation springing up in consequence of our gifts. They who subscribe to pay off a debt upon their mission exercise in a high degree the virtue of justice as well as that of charity: of justice, because the mission of which they form a part is in justice bound to repay the money originally borrowed; of charity and love of God, because the property of the church and school are given over to God as soon as the debts are redeemed from the hands of the money-lenders."

As an example of noble self-restraint the Bishop instanced the case of a congregation in Blackburn, who, having collected enough money to enlarge and adorn with a tower the mother-church of the town, had, in deference to his known wishes, voluntarily taken £500 out of their collection and applied it to the reduction of the debt on the mission before beginning the work on which they had set their hearts. It soon became a general practice to levy a tax of 15 or 25 per cent. upon all amounts collected for the decoration or adornment of churches, or other improvements which were not absolutely necessary, and to apply the money so deducted to the reduction of the debt on the mission. At the end of five years—in November, 1882—the Bishop had the great satisfaction of announcing that something over £23,000 had been paid off, which left the dead weight of debt on the whole diocese still at about £100,000. The first success was well followed up, and the following year saw the paying off of another sum of over £8,000.

Time after time, in addresses to his flock, the Bishop returned to the subject, reminding his people how easily a sudden shifting of the population, the closing of a mill or the shutting down of a colliery, might leave a particular mission without the means of meeting even the annual interest on its debt. In simple, homely language he taught the lesson that common honesty required that no risks should be run, and that the debt should be paid off while there was power to do so: "Let us remember while we are zealous to build churches and schools and to carry them on efficiently, that we are bound to be honest. We may not borrow beyond our means, or be indifferent to our debts, or endanger another's capital, any more than we may falsify accounts and give false evidence or cheat and steal. Now, if we foresee that in a few years' time we may be unable to pay the interest and capital we have borrowed, but that we might now reasonably hope to pay off our indebtedness by degrees, by a combined effort—if we do not make this effort, we are plainly dishonest and deserve punishment and disgrace. Living, as we do, in the midst of a commercial population in which bankruptcy of honour and honesty too often precede bankruptcy of credit and trade, it is clearly our duty, as teachers of the moral law, to call upon every mission that is in debt to make efforts to pay that debt off while it can. Many of our missions, following the lead of their rectors, have made noble efforts during the last years. The labour is great, the anxiety continual, the results flatter neither vanity nor the senses. But there is solid satisfaction in knowing that yours is not mere lip honesty, that you have been honest in deed and in truth."

Before he was called to Westminster Dr. Vaughan was able to put it on record that a further sum of £41,178 had been collected for the reduction of the debt, making a total of £64,478 in fourteen years. Those who know the poverty of the people and realise that, at the same time, out of their poverty their generosity was covering the land with new churches and schools, will understand in some dim way what a sum of privation and sacrifice these figures stand for. They are significant of the devotion and faith of the Catholics of Lancashire, and were made possible only because before their eyes they had the example of the lives of a priesthood that had learned to work hand and heart with the Bishop, and to meet his every appeal with an answering and unfailing enthusiasm.

When Dr. Vaughan came to Salford he found the diocese comparatively well equipped in regard to its Elementary Schools, but in most other respects without any sufficient diocesan organisation. Long before he left the whole administration of the diocese was established upon a thoroughly business footing. Hitherto the Diocesan Synods had been held every seven years. He made them annual. And he always set a high value upon these meetings with his clergy, holding that it was the intention of the Church, even if no new legislation were wanted for the diocese, that its priests should unite once a year to pray together, and that there should be an opportunity for the Bishop to call attention to points of discipline or matters otherwise touching the welfare of souls. Then he greatly developed the system of administering the affairs of the diocese through the establishment of deaneries. The Dean became responsible for the proper administration of the missions within the limits of his deanery. It was his duty to induct new rectors to their missions, to supply them with inventories of the furniture and effects, to make a visitation every three years, to check the inventories, consider the question of repairs, see that the property of the mission was properly insured and the premiums kept up, and generally report to the Bishop.

Then came the establishment of a Board of Temporal Administration, which was appointed for the year at the annual Synod, and advised the Bishop upon all matters connected with finance. At the outset the Bishop felt called to make innovations which he knew might not be altogether welcome. He wanted to know in some systematic way exactly what were the resources and liabilities of every mission. No such information was available when he came to the diocese. He felt that the questions he was going to put might at first be regarded as somewhat inquisitorial. He hastened to make it clear that his questions had reference to the future rather than to the past, and that a large discretion would be left at first to the individual rectors as to how fully they should answer. The following extract from a letter sent round in the summer of 1874 shows with sufficient clearness both the object he had in view and the way in which he sought to give effect to it:—

"While, then, I send you according to Canon Law a detailed schedule concerning your receipts and expenditures, I desire at once to relieve your conscience of any anxiety you may feel upon examining it, and to say that I freely leave the details to be answered or not, according to the facilities which you have at hand. No uniform system of book-keeping having been hitherto adopted in the diocese, it would in many cases involve endless trouble to answer the details given in the schedule, and to answer them with precision would frequently be simply impossible. Nor is it so much the purpose of this visitation to investigate the receipts and expenditure of the missions in the past, as to provide a simple system for keeping the accounts in the future."

To facilitate the giving of the required information in the simplest and most intelligible form, a model account-book was drawn up by the Finance Board for use throughout the diocese.

Then came the difficulty about new debts. It was impossible and undesirable to avoid them altogether. In the opinion of the Bishop the principle that justified such debts was the belief that the next generation, which was to inherit and share the advantages of the building, would pay off its fair proportion of the capital debt. But if one generation was to be at liberty to mortgage the resources of another the future ought to have some protection against the recklessness or prodigality of the present. This power of preparing burdens for the backs of the unborn ought to be exercised only under jealously guarded conditions such as he had already defined. The First Provincial Synod of Westminster laid it down that no priest was to undertake any expenses for his mission, beyond the ordinary necessary repairs, without the sanction of the Bishop. Unfortunately, this law had been very laxly observed, and Dr. Vaughan found it necessary to promulgate a stringent diocesan rule. It was announced that in future the Bishop would not acknowledge any liability on the part of the diocese or of a mission to meet any debt which had been contracted without an episcopal sanction, given officially, in writing, signed by the Bishop's hand and countersigned by a member of the Finance Board or Council of Temporal Administration. All debts otherwise contracted were to be regarded as simply personal debts without any sort of legal or moral claim upon either the mission or the diocese.

In due course the work of organising the finances and the administration of the diocese was completed. The priests in charge of missions had filled in four schedules of questions headed respectively Personal, Property, Finance, and Discipline, and covering no less than twenty-eight large quarto sheets. These answers were tested and verified, and then the Bishop made his personal visitation to each mission, accompanied by the Dean of the district. With the help of the Board of Temporal Administration the deeds belonging to each mission were examined and catalogued, and eventually the whole property of the mission was vested in Diocesan Trustees. The Bishop returned thanks to the clergy in the following words: " It has been extremely touching to come in personal contact with ever-recurring proofs of the piety and disinterested zeal of the Clergy. The Rectors of our missions, with the rarest exceptions, live and work, not for themselves, but for their flock. Some have given largely from their private resources; many have made over to the mission their furniture and other things which they might justly have claimed as their own; some have lived for years in cheerful poverty and privation, without receiving the modest stipend which is usual, either because of the poverty of their missions, or because they preferred to dedicate everything to the service of the church or the school. In nearly every mission the thought evidently uppermost in the mind of the Rector is not self, but the interest of his church and of his schools. What a blessing to a people to be served by a clergy thus intent on the service of God!"

Apart from his long struggle for the schools, it is easy to trace the preoccupations of the Bishop's mind in his successive addresses to his clergy. His dominant feeling was that if he had good priests nothing else mattered, or rather that everything else would be given to him. And, thinking of the work of his priests, he was oppressed by the thought of the heaviness of the harvest and the fewness of the labourers. He knew his priests were overworked:—

"A priest who daily spends some time, as he should do, not only in prayer and meditation, but also in reading and study connected with his sacred calling, cannot thoroughly attend to more than a thousand souls. To do even this much efficiently he must be blessed with physical strength and endurance, and much zeal withal, in order to ensure his perseverance under the weariness and discouragement which, like murky clouds, will descend from time to time upon his path. On the one hand, the devout and fervent portion of the flock require a considerable portion of the priest's time—for their confessions, for spiritual direction, and often for other charitable assistance and advice. On the other hand, the slothful, negligent portion—the sinners who stay away from Mass; who rarely, perhaps never, approach the Sacraments; who neglect their children, fall into evil company, enter upon dangerous ways, dissipate their substance in drink, are lost in indifferentism, or live on the verge of apostasy—all of these, though they were but two or three hundred out of the thousand, are enough to absorb the whole of the priest's attention. The Good Shepherd thought that one soul perishing in the wilderness had a claim upon His attention, and left the flock in the fold to seek out the sheep that was lost and to carry him home. Catholics living in neglect of their salvation are not only a perpetual anxiety to their priest, but they constitute a perpetual demand upon his strength, which they drain away, like a disease fastening upon a sound body, for he can never rest until he has reclaimed them.

" To realise the amount of work laid upon a priest, you must understand that his duty and relation is not only to the mass of his congregation, but to every individual in it, and to every soul that ought to be in it. You who are engaged in trade know the difference between a wholesale and a retail business. The difference is very distinct: each involves so much labour, such varied and separate arrangements, that the same person does not usually engage in both. But it is not thus with your priest. His business is the correction, instruction, sanctification, and salvation of his flock. He may address them as a body from the pulpit, and pray for them as a congregation at the altar, but he must afterwards deal with each severally and in detail, as though each were the only object of his care. He is like one tilling the broad acres of a farm by spade and garden culture. His work never ends. It is, alas! literally and physically impossible to discharge our duty towards the people of this diocese from want of priests. Were all our priests blessed with vigour of health; were all learned, eloquent, and active; were none infirm, and did none grow old in their labours, it would still remain true, though their hearts fretted to death with anxiety, that we are undermanned for the thousands of our people. In some missions the number of priests should be doubled at once; in others, subdivision of the mission itself is required. The multiplication of new centres is the multiplication of new life and energy, therefore of salvation."

What it was possible to do to add to the numbers of his clergy he did. He made provision for the future by founding burses for the education of ecclesiastical students and the building up of St. Bede's College; and, to meet the needs of the present, he went to Ireland and to the Catholic dioceses of Holland and Germany to borrow priests—at least for a few years. The breaking out of the *Kulturkampf* in Germany enabled him to obtain the services of a little band of zealous helpers from that country, who, for some years, did work in the diocese of Salford which is still gratefully remembered. But the Bishop knew that all this was an alleviation of the trouble and not the removal of it, and that his priests were still taxed beyond their strength. It was his duty to hearten and encourage and inspire them, and, when that was needed, to warn them. When a diocese is undermanned the long hours which have necessarily to be spent in the confessional cannot be otherwise than a trial. Then, the sight of long rows of kneeling people patiently waiting their turn naturally begets a wish on the part of the priest, for their sakes, to get through the work as quickly as possible. Here the Bishop saw a danger against which he thought it well to say a word of warning. He reminded the clergy of the teaching of St. Alphonsus, who lays it down that the confessor is responsible primarily for the penitent before him, and not for the people waiting, and that it is a duty to give any time that may be needed for the required instruction and assistance in the confessional. The same danger presented itself in another way in the case of children's confessions. In times of strain and pressure these might seem of less importance and so come to be heard less frequently. He laid it down that children ought to go to confession when they are seven years old.

In one of his addresses at the Synods he said :—

" All the children in the schools who have made their First Confession, but not their First Communion, ought to be heard four times a year. The Ember weeks, or the week preceding or following them, should be set apart by the clergy for systematically hearing the confessions of the children who are not yet communicants. If this rule were made known to the teachers and the children it would probably steady their practice and be of use to them all. Children when they come to the age of nine—so precocious, as a rule, are the children who attend our schools from their infancy—should be prepared for their First Communion. It is better to begin to prepare them well for the reception of this great Sacrament at an early age, than to run the risk of their leaving school without their having acquired the habit of frequenting the Sacraments. Children who have made their First Communion ought to be encouraged to receive Our Blessed Lord at least every month. Who does not see what labour this imposes upon the priest? Who does not at once perceive that, if those who have made only their First Confession are to be heard four times a year, and those who have made their First Communion once every month, the work in the confessional for a priest, and specially in large and populous missions, must be very long and laborious? But it is for this that you were ordained, for this that you have received the grace of the mission—to spend a great part of your time in the administration of the Sacraments. No tongue can describe how immense, how thrilling, how satisfying, will be the eternal glory and happiness with which God will reward the good and faithful confessor for all his labours."

Some idea of the magnitude of the work may be formed from the single fact that at Easter this handful of clergy had every year to hear the confessions of 100,000 people. And this work goes on all the year through, and every week of the year.

Sometimes, when there was trouble in the cotton trade, when the mills or factories had to dismiss their hands, the numbers coming to the confessional would be fewer. Then the Bishop would urge the clergy to redouble their efforts, and in the face of the misery and despair around them to show themselves more than ever the fathers of their flocks. Thus, in 1880, he appealed to his priests in these words:—

"We beg of our beloved clergy to bestow as much time as possible during Lent to visiting the people and bringing them to Confession and Communion. And we urge the people to fulfil their paschal duties at as early a date as they can. The work of the clergy during Lent particularly is exceedingly laborious, especially in the Confessional. Last year they heard over 84,000 penitents between Ash Wednesday and Low Sunday. This was a falling off of some thousands from the year before, attributable, it is said, to the sufferings and destitution of the people; still, the number was very large when divided among so small a number of clergy. We hope that the clergy will not cease to preach this truth—that the more miserable, the more neglected, the poorer, the unhappier people are, according to the estimate of this world, the more pressing need have they of the Sacraments. Sad indeed is the thought that when, through poverty and misery, men give up this world in despair, they should yield to the temptation of giving up the next world also. The Good Shepherd is never happier than when He carries home upon His shoulders the poor sheep that is cold and starved and unable to walk or even to stand without assistance. May our good shepherds, in their various missions, bring home many such sheep to the fold during this coming Lent."

A habit to which Herbert Vaughan always attached much importance was that of visiting the people in their homes. He was fond of reminding his clergy of the regulations made by St. Charles Borromeo, who required his priests to make a census of their people every year, and to be able to report, in the case of each household, who had fulfilled their Easter duties. Such exactitude was, of course, out of the question in the case of crowded Lancashire cities, but Herbert Vaughan was a firm believer in, and a constant teacher of, the maxim that a "house-going priest makes a church-going people." Another favourite theme was the necessity for serious preparation before preaching, and of careful preliminary training in the art of catechising. He was always a little impatient of elaborate and flamboyant oratory in the pulpit, but at the same time he had a holy hatred for slip-shod extemporary discourses. What he really valued, for young and old, were carefully thought-out catechetical instructions. He was always inclined to regret that the art of catechising was neglected in the Seminaries: "What scientific training did *we* receive in catechising and in the art of so speaking as to rivet the attention of the young? Skill in catechising seems to have been relegated to chance and to the natural resources of each one, be they small or great. Would any modern priest think it worth while to emulate the example of St. Augustine and publish a modern equivalent for the *De Catechizandis Rudibus?*" On the occasion of one of the Synods he republished a chapter from the Abbé Lagrange's Life of Bishop Dupanloup, showing how that prelate used to value the work of teaching the catechism to children and the methods he employed.

Closely associated with this subject was that of the attendance of the priest in the school:—

"It is difficult for ordinary teachers, wearied by continuous work at the Government subjects, to bring that freshness and devotion to the teaching of religion which are so important in order to win the affection of the children to God and to the Church. Here, then, the action of the priest must come in. He must undertake to inspire the children with respect and affection for religion and to interest their whole soul in the knowledge and practice of the faith. This, as is evident, is a work altogether apart from the learning of lessons by heart, and it is a work of the very highest importance. The priest, therefore, ought to be seen often in the school, not to fidget and interfere with the teachers, but to show himself deeply interested in the progress and good conduct of the children. If he appears only once a week, and that perhaps hurriedly, no one will consider that he cares much for the school. In one large mission it is a rule for all the priests, three or four of them, to go into the school every morning during the time set apart for religious instruction, and to spend the whole of that time there ; the effect of this is admirable in every way. The Bishop would like to see this practice introduced into this diocese and made a rule in every mission, for nothing can be more important to the interests of religion than that all—parents and pupils—should be thoroughly persuaded of the zeal and care of the clergy for the school-children. And the only way is to act by rule—that is, with regularity—and not by mere impulse and inclination, which is not to be depended upon. It is by regularity of this kind that all the school-children will become personally known to the priest, and will get an affection for him which will help to attach them to their religion in after-life."

In other ways Herbert Vaughan laid down stringent rules for the guidance of the lives of his clergy. Among the things he held in special horror was the thought that a priest should be found absent from home while some dying Catholic lay crying in vain for a confessor. If a priest found it necessary to leave his mission for a day he should always leave word where he might be found, or, if going out of reach, arrange with some other priest to be ready to meet the emergency of a sudden sick call. Assistant priests were forbidden to be absent even for a day without the knowledge and sanction of the rector. And if it ever did happen that some poor soul had to pass to its account without the help of the Sacraments through the fault of a priest, he was bidden to make a record of the circumstance as a warning for the rest of his days.

Another matter on which the Bishop was urgent was that the clergy should make it a point always to be back under the roof of the presbytery before the night was far advanced :—

" A rule was laid down by some of the Vicars-Apostolic that priests should be home by ten at night if they had been out visiting. Let this be considered our rule—to be home nearer to the hour of ten than of eleven. The reasons for such a rule are obvious : the people—even those who may press the priest to prolong his visit—are edified by seeing their clergy live by rule ; it is a protection to the priest himself, and it is a saving of time ; it conduces to the peace and quiet of the presbytery and it is considerate to servants ; it is in many cases a necessary condition of punctuality in the morning at meditation and Mass. No priest should sleep in the house of any of the parishioners in the town in which his mission is situated, but should return to the presbytery."

Even more characteristic of Herbert Vaughan was his constant insistence in public and private upon the necessity of punctuality in the Sanctuary. He never forgot that he was a Bishop in Manchester, and ministering to Manchester people. He felt that in a business community punctuality was one of the primary virtues. He knew that many of the men and women who came to daily Mass could afford so many minutes and no more, and that a delay of five minutes, or even any uncertainty as to the moment when the service would begin, would deter them from coming. So he called upon his clergy to leave the sacristy as the clock struck, and then not to stand fumbling with the Missal, looking out the proper places for the day, but to have all that done beforehand, and to begin the Mass at once. The plea that a few minutes' grace was an act of charity to the laggards he brushed aside as an act of injustice to those who were punctual.

And all the while he knew, none better, that the life to which he was calling his clergy was a hard life and an exacting life. Sometimes he would compare it to a perpetual treadmill. From the point of view of mere efficiency he thought an annual vacation desirable—at any rate for those whose work lay in the great manufacturing cities. At the same time it was a very modest sort of holiday he contemplated—an absence of three Sundays, and that dependent on the priest's ability to find a substitute to do his work. At one time he urged that his clergy should husband their strength by taking one day of rest out of the seven. He pointed out that laymen gave up Sunday and Saturday afternoons to relaxation, and those days were the busiest in the week for the clergy; and he thought that in the long run it would promote a true economy if some other day were set aside by the clergy for at least a partial respite from labour.

In other ways, too, he showed himself considerate and mindful of the needs of his clergy, and did what was possible to lighten the burdens incidental to the life of a priest on the mission. In his exhortations at the Synods he often dwelt upon the common life of the clergy-house, and the importance of letting young priests feel that the presbytery was, in the best sense of the word, their home:—

"The importance of a happy presbytery cannot be too much insisted upon. Priests living in the same house owe to each other manifest duties of respect, subordination, and brotherly charity. If there be not a real spirit of charity and consideration on the part of the rector, and of due subordination and respect for authority on the part of the assistants, there can be no true peace and harmony. To be, without notice or excuse, habitually absent from the common table, practically making a home elsewhere, must necessarily be fatal to the joy and brightness and brotherly love which should distinguish the home of priests living together."

Another time he would address himself specially to the rectors of missions, reminding them that the young priests they had to guide would presently be their successors, and that the future of the Church would depend in great measure upon how far they could influence those who were still young:—

"The presbytery ought to be made, as far as possible, a bright and happy home for the clergy. In some larger missions even some innocent amusement might be provided, which would enable the clergy to take recreation together, and thus find their pleasure at home. This, of course, could only be done here and there in some of the larger missions; but everywhere it should be the study of the rector to make the life of the clergy in his house pleasant and happy according to the circumstances and the means at his disposal. Unless the rector in some way shows a real interest in the clergy under him, how can he expect to exercise that influence which it is so important that he should use for their spiritual good and for the future of the Church? The young priest leaves the Seminary in the first fervour of his priesthood; he leaves it with the principles and practices which have been taught to him by his superiors; he has been told what he should do as to prayer and meditation; how he should behave in many circumstances which present themselves; what spirit of obedience and respect he should have for ecclesiastical authority. He leaves the Seminary, in which he has passed many years, and enters suddenly upon a new life of comparative freedom from rule. The world is fuller than ever of licence and insubordination, and its attractions and spirit may easily work an effect upon the inexperienced. What, then, would be the result upon the younger clergy if those who ought to exercise a good and holy influence over them were to find that they had failed to win their confidence?"

In a diocese like Salford, however unremitting the labours of the clergy, there must always remain some souls out of reach—Catholics who are neglecting their religious duties and lapsing into indifferentism, and beyond help, because lost in the numbers of a great city. To Herbert Vaughan—so impatient of routine, so dissatisfied with results, and so resolute always to keep his eyes upon the work still to be done—this thought was intolerable. During his first years in Salford he determined that a great effort must be made not only to rouse those who were practising Catholics to a new devotion and a new fervour, but also to get in touch with those who had drifted away from the Church. For this purpose he felt that new men and new methods were necessary. He wanted something dramatic and spectacular to attract and keep the attention and fire the imagination of those who were appealed to. Special courses of sermons and devotions, conducted in particular churches by priests from a distance, were, of course, a familiar device. Dr. Vaughan decided to have, not special services in a parish, but a simultaneous Mission in all the twenty-six Catholic churches in the cities of Manchester and Salford. To this end he secured the co-operation of a number of Religious Orders—Franciscans, Jesuits, Redemptorists, Lazarists, Passionists, and Fathers of Charity. Altogether over seventy priests belonging to these Religious Orders were enlisted for the work of a mission which was to last over three weeks. And the Bishop took care that the news of what was going on should be so announced that the tidings should penetrate into the poorest alleys in Manchester. When all the ordinary means of advertising had been exhausted, he had bundles of circulars given to the children in the schools to take home for distribution.

As the Mission was to be given in every church, it was very desirable that people should go to their own, and not crowd to hear some particular preacher. For this reason the names of the preachers were not announced beforehand. Temporary confessional-boxes were built in the churches, and it was arranged that the local clergy should assist every night in hearing the confessions. A succession of Masses was said in every church from an early hour; in some churches they began at 5.30 a.m. and in others at

6 a.m., according to the character of the locality. The evening services began at 7 p.m. all over the town. In the middle of the day the local clergy were to place themselves at the service of the missioners as "hunters after souls," guiding them in their expeditions in search of "the sick, the forgotten, or the lost."

The missions began on the same day in all the churches, but the Cathedral was the central attraction. The great building was thronged from end to end. And there was seen a sight which, if it astonished and mystified many, riveted the attention of all Lancashire on the movement. At the head of the procession which filed down the nave and round the aisles walked the Bishop, barefooted, carrying a great cross on his shoulders. Then, speaking words which came very straight from his heart, he addressed the members of the Religious Orders who had come to his help:—

"You have come in His name to do His work. And what is that work? The pastor of the flock is charged by God with the salvation of the souls of his flock. He must render an account to God of every soul committed to him. He is appointed to rule in order that he should afterwards be able to give an account. And how shall the pastor, especially in a populous diocese like this, be answerable for a flock he cannot visit, that he cannot know, that he cannot himself minister to, unless he find hands and feet and eyes and a head and, more than all, a great heart in those whom he calls to his assistance, to partake of his responsibilities and to accomplish his work? I have, I know, and I thank my God for it, a clergy that is devoted to its work, that spends itself for the salvation of the souls committed to it; but we of ourselves are not sufficient for the number whom we have to tend. And we have called you in, dear Fathers in Jesus Christ, as the great auxiliaries of the Church, to fulfil the great end of your Orders in labouring for the salvation of souls. We have called you to come and labour with us, to labour with the faithful clergy of these two great towns, who one and all have desired your advent—who one and all have wished to see you that you might labour with them for the same Saviour whom you both serve. You, therefore, during the next three weeks will be the feet of the pastor that shall carry him from street to street, and alley to alley, and house to house, and cellar to cellar, and garret to garret, to find out the poor, the sick, the diseased, those who have not the feet of Christ to walk upon—to find out those who are blind and do not see the light of the Holy Spirit—to find out those who are broken by sin and iniquity; and those feet of the pastor, which you will use day by day in hunting out the most wretched and the most destitute of our people, will carry with them the hands of the Great Shepherd—the hands that shall be able to bind that which is torn, to heal that which is bruised."

The crusade thus started was instantly and extraordinarily successful. The early Masses every day during the three weeks were everywhere crowded, and for the most part by people hurrying to the business which would keep them employed until the time came for the service in the evening. In some churches the pressure of the people to the confessionals was so great that the time for the mission had to be extended for another three days. In other churches, all during the weeks of the mission, the priests had to stay in the confessionals until midnight, and sometimes until one or two in the morning. Moreover, the mission was very successful in bringing back to their duties many hundreds of people who had quite lost touch with the clergy and were drifting into infidelity. There was another class to which the mission brought a blessing. In his appeal to his people the Bishop had said: " Let each one, for the love of God, who has an old, sickly, or bedridden person in the house, or who knows of one in the neighbourhood, write down his name and address and give it to one of the clergy of the parish or to one of the missioners, so that one of them may go to that person, if possible, and give him the blessing of the mission." The answer to this call for help for the helpless was as another revelation to the Bishop of the immensity of his responsibilities. But, gratifying as were the immediate results of this great effort, Dr. Vaughan quite realised that it was an experiment which ought not to be speedily repeated. There was a danger lest lax Catholics should excuse themselves from their ordinary religious obligations on the plea that they meant to put everything right at an indefinite date—that of the next general mission.

No account of Herbert Vaughan's episcopate would be complete which did not dwell upon the extraordinary care with which he conducted the annual conferences for the clergy, in which questions of casuistry were submitted for solution. To a layman at first sight these problems might seem merely monuments of misplaced ingenuity applied to the invention of idle ecclesiastical conundrums. A little consideration, however, will show that it is the hard cases which make good law, and that intricate problems are needed to illustrate and show the application of principles. The Bishop had led much too active a life to have any pretensions to be a professional theologian, but he brought the best available talent in the diocese to the adjudication of the problems set, and when, as was often the case, there was room for some difference of opinion, he spared no pains to call in an expert judgment from the Continent. To all the more difficult cases he had printed and circulated the answers of the judges, and when necessary had them confirmed by the opinion of the professors of the Gregorian University in Rome, or by some distinguished canonist in Louvain. The result was what he wished—that great interest was taken in the conferences, and that the answers showed serious thought and preparation on the part of the clergy.

As a Lancashire Bishop, who found himself in complete sympathy with Lancashire folk even in their odd mingling of idealism and business, Herbert Vaughan set himself to think out in what way church services might be made most attractive to his particular flock. "People are not attracted" (he wrote) "by services that are very long and dull: sometimes the procession is as slow as a snail, as though dignity and solemnity consisted in moving at that tiresome pace. In general, it may be said that a service in which all is crisp and bright, rather than uncertain or tediously slow, is attractive to our people. A business people should go about their religious services just as about any other serious matter they have to attend to—thoughtfully, carefully, and expeditiously; that is, without dawdling and loss of time, and yet without that haste which appears careless and disrespectful. Efforts ought to be made to increase congregational singing. Experience teaches that non-Catholics as well as Catholics are drawn by bright and devotional congregational singing. Our people need a great deal more training in this than they have had. The Confraternities and schools should be enlisted in these popular devotions, the services prepared beforehand, and care taken to let the people know what hymns are going to be sung. We cannot afford to neglect any of these things."

He was fond of reminding his clergy that their mission was to the English people, and that the way to approach them was through the only language they understand. Side by side with the liturgy there should be popular devotions in the language of the people. He attached great value to popular litanies and vernacular prayers as insensibly conveying a number of important doctrinal and moral truths :—

"May not the poor attendance to be noted in the evening at many of our churches be attributed to the kind of religious services which often seem to be shorn of all that might specially attract, and thus fail to meet the desires and wants of the people? The use of the Latin Vespers or Compline is a very proper obligation on choirs and churches that are bound to the public recital of the Divine Office. But churches that are not so bound by the presence of Chapters and Religious Communities are not called upon to sing Vespers or Compline. Very few indeed of the people can understand the Breviary, which is the prayer-book drawn up for the clergy—not for the people. And though the people may pray in a tongue which is unknown, it is far better, especially under all the circumstances of the present day, that they should pray in a language they understand."

The congregational singing of English litanies and hymns quickly and easily succeeded in Manchester. So that when in 1876 Cardinal Franchi visited the diocese and attended at an evening service in the Cathedral, the volume of sound which came from some thousands of Lancashire throats fairly astonished him. He had never heard such a noise—the vigour and enthusiasm of the singing were a revelation to him, and when, as he came down the nave, the people crowded round, and on their knees paid homage to him as to a Prince of the Church, and begged his blessing, he was so overcome with emotion that, hurrying to the sacristy and throwing his arms around the neck of Dr. Vaughan, he sobbed out upon his shoulder, "They think I am Pio Nono! They think I am Pio Nono!"

CHAPTER XVII

FOR THE CHILDREN'S SAKE

TOWARDS the end of the year 1884 certain facts came to the knowledge of the Bishop which made him first uneasy and then unhappy about many of the children of the working classes in the diocese. Was there not a leakage from their ranks beyond the inevitable waste due to the conduct of parents who were indifferent or worse? To use his own words, "a horrible suspicion forced itself upon his mind" that every year there were being lost to Catholicism a multitude of children, partly from the neglect of bad parents, but partly also from the systematic efforts of proselytising societies. Once the thought found lodgment in his mind it left him no rest. And the more he pressed his inquiries the more serious did the case appear. At first the figures put before him necessarily represented inferences from inadequate data, but by degrees suspicion deepened into knowledge, and then he knew for certain that Catholic children were being lost to the faith every year by thousands. With a sort of agony of remorse and self-reproach the Bishop asked himself why he had busied himself for so long and so eagerly with things that were so much less vital—not knowing. Much of his work seemed suddenly futile—as though for all these years he had been pouring water through a sieve.

At any rate the knowledge had come at last, and it was not in Herbert Vaughan's nature to see a wrong without trying to right it. And now he was desperately in earnest, for, as Bishop, the responsibility was immediately his own. His first step was to call the Chapter together and tell them his reasons for believing that the diocese was being drained of its life-blood. A board of inquiry was formed to investigate the whole case, and to report whether any considerable number of Catholic children in Manchester and Salford were being lost to Catholicism (1) through the neglect or death of parents; (2) through proselytism; (3) through the workhouse system. The board was appointed in February, 1885, and, getting to work at once, was able to issue its report the following June. With regard to the first branch of the inquiry they were unable to give anything like a complete reply, but urged that a careful census of all the Catholics of the diocese should at once be undertaken, as an indispensable preliminary to a more thorough investigation. Upon the two other branches of the inquiry they arrayed facts and figures which went far beyond the worst the Bishop had feared. He made up his mind that the campaign he was about to begin should be as thorough as he could make it, and that all the resources and strength of the diocese should be poured out without stint into this single channel. In September he ordered a census to be taken in every parish. It was to be a numbering of the people which should show the name and address of every Catholic man, woman, and child in Manchester and Salford, having special regard to the condition of those under the age of twenty-one. When any number of these were for any reason found to be exposed to danger, either as regarded faith or morals, their cases were to be scheduled and classified.

And it was not any easy task which was thus imposed upon the Catholic clergy. It would have been a comparatively simple thing to array the names of regular churchgoers, but a census of that sort would have served only to obscure the very object for which the inquiry had been ordered. It was precisely the neglected Catholics, those who had quietly dropped out of the ranks, who had made mixed marriages, or moved away to other towns, and so were unknown to the local priest, whom it was necessary to track. Not only were there removals to trace, but every child in every family had to be accounted for. This child when last heard of was in the workhouse, another was a "hand" in somebody's mill, another had gone out to service in a Protestant situation, some were in non-Catholic schools, some were wastrels in the streets, and others were in this or that philanthropic institution. Each was to be hunted for until found, and then the question came, Were they practical Catholics, and if not, why not? All this had to be done, or the census would be a failure; and it could be done only after infinite labour by taking squares and streets, and alleys and courts, and houses with their numbers in regular order. The Bishop knew the immense work he was imposing on his clergy, but he reminded them that the Good Shepherd is not represented as waiting for His sheep to gather themselves around Him, or as quietly sitting in the confessional, but as going out into the desert to seek them: "Count labour and suffering as dross, if only you can save souls that perish. The making of this census is no empty formality: it is the essential preliminary of an immense work; and before God I charge you to do your best and your utmost to accomplish it well and fully. Let it be begun *at once* and pressed on from day to day, so that it be speedily finished. All other occupations which are not imperative must give place to this duty until it be completed. I charge you by the love of God, and of the souls for whom He died, to accomplish this work. I lay it upon your consciences as a strict obligation. He Himself will be your judge and reward."

The Bishop knew the men to whom he was appealing, and he was not disappointed. By May in the following year, 1886, though the census was still far from complete, it was ascertained that out of an estimated Catholic population of 100,000 in Manchester and Salford 74,000 names had been registered. Out of these 64,000 had been carefully analysed. At the annual Synod held in May, the Bishop, after explaining that by "dangerous cases" was meant unusual danger to faith or morals, said: "The total number of 'dangerous cases' under sixteen years of age amounted to 8,445. Of these 2,653 children were considered in 'extreme danger' as never attending church or a Catholic school, or as having hopelessly bad parents. The census so far showed that, whereas under sixteen years of age 8,445 were 'in danger,' between the ages of sixteen and twenty-one only 196 were known to the clergy as being 'in danger.' This would seem to suggest that a large number who up to sixteen had been 'in danger,' after that fell out of sight altogether, and escaped even registration as Catholics. He hoped there might be some other explanation, but many things confirmed his worst fears."

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census weighed upon him like a nightmare. He would wait till all the facts were before him before suggesting the remedies for this waste and loss of souls, but there were some things he would urge upon the clergy there and then. Let them have fewer services in the churches if those were a hindrance to them in hunting out the souls that were astray; and let them enlist and organise for this work the help of the laity. Let them visit the poor at night when they came home from their work. Finally, he promised to lay the whole truth before the diocese at the earliest possible date.

The promise was amply redeemed when in November, 1886, the Bishop issued his famous pamphlet, *The Loss of our Children*, in which he announced and justified the formation of the "Catholic Protection and Rescue Society." At the outset he declared that ten thousand Catholic children were in peril of their souls—some through the vice or neglect of their parents, some through the normal effects of the workhouse system, and some through the Protestant proselytising societies. Of these three causes intrinsically the least important, and at the same time the most easily dealt with, was the last. On the other hand, in these cases there was a deliberate purpose to be faced and a system of aggression to be repelled. The Bishop announced that, according to the report of the board of inquiry, of seventy-five institutions visited thirty-seven were "hotbeds of proselytism," and that in five of the most prominent of these institutions 155 Catholics were at that moment being detained. The report, which bears evident traces of the stress of feeling under which it was written, sets the facts out thus:—

"The system now in force is about as perfect as human ingenuity, backed by an unfathomable purse, could well be. Homes and refuges abound, and the staff of workers are to be found in police-courts, workhouses, Sunday schools, board schools, mission halls, dispensaries, charitable and philanthropic institutions. The class amongst which these touters for souls work is the poorest of the poor, the most wretched of the miserable. Through the twenty-nine ragged schools and the staff of over six hundred teachers, every family suffering the pinch of hard and permanent poverty becomes known to them. The parents are reached through their children. The attention of the latter is gained by judicious presents of coal tickets, breakfast and clog tickets during the winter, and cards for pleasure trips during the summer. The children thus won over, an entrance is made in the homes, and the troubles of the family made bare. Tangible proofs of sympathy are discreetly pressed upon the sufferers, and eventually an offer is made to relieve them of a child—only for a time, and so that it may recover a little strength by a visit to the seaside. The parents are but too often won over; religious scruples are smoothed away and quieted by barefaced lying. Those people confine not their visits to the healthy but are to be found sneaking around the bedside of the ill and dying, and make away with the helpless children as soon as the breath has left the bodies of their parents. They are in the police-courts and often relieve the magistrates when in doubt as to whether they should send the poor little waif to the workhouse or the industrial school. No question as to its religious creed is asked; it is given over to the mercy of a touter, who speedily makes away with it to a home or refuge, where it is to be brought up a Protestant. Should the distracted parent hear of its arrival in a police-court and demand to know what has become of it, where it has been sent to, he is repulsed, warned off, and told to thank God that a benevolent Christian has been found to provide for his child. Should he visit those homes he is met with a demand for payment of a long list of arrears, amounting to a larger sum than he can possibly earn in a twelvemonth. He is told to remain quiet 'or he will find himself in the wrong shop.' Bullied and threatened, he knows not what to do, and is through mere helplessness obliged to abandon the fight."

The Bishop of Salford now came forward as the public champion of these distracted parents, and promised to fight their battles at his own cost. And the event showed that he was as good as his word.

The second great source of leakage was the workhouse system which then prevailed in Lancashire. The report showed that in the fourteen workhouses in the diocese there were, at that time, something over a thousand Catholic children. On an average 103 Catholic children left the workhouse schools in Manchester, and its neighbourhood, every year, and of the number the report declared that not less than 80 per cent. were lost to the Catholic Church. And for that result the Bishop would not blame the Guardians. There might be Unions in which Catholics had less than fair play, but he bore willing witness to the fact that the Boards of Guardians for Manchester and Salford were, as a rule, perfectly fair and considerate in their treatment of Catholic children. "They provide them with Catholic school teachers, secure for them the regular services of a priest, and both the Guardians and their local officials do everything in their power, consistently with the law and the system, to give the Catholic children the advantage of Catholic education within the precincts of the workhouse. Nevertheless the fact remains that workhouse education, even when carried on under comparatively advantageous circumstances, is more frequently than otherwise fatal to the faith and religion of Catholic children. In the workhouse school the Catholic child is always in a minority, it is cut off from the traditions of a Catholic home, it breathes an atmosphere and spirit which are hostile to its faith. This implies no blame to the Guardians, masters, or officials. It is not their fault. When schooling is finished at the age of thirteen or fourteen, the boys and girls are placed out to service or at work under the care of persons whom the officials deem qualified to receive them. These persons are enjoined to respect the religion of their little charges, and they promise to do so. But as a matter of fact the children soon fall under anti-Catholic influences. Either their fears or their interests are appealed to. Sometimes they are overcome by persuasion, sometimes by silent example. They are isolated, weak and timid; and their Catholicity, never having been of a robust and vigorous type, yields to the strain. Nor is it surprising that under temptation they fall away."

Another source of leakage was treated of in the report under the heading "ragged schools, soup kitchens, and city missions." Of these agencies, again, the Bishop speaks with a comprehending tolerance: "It appears that refuges, ragged schools, and soup kitchens and suchlike attractions are constantly used as baits to lure away our children and detach them from their faith. This is perhaps natural, for these undertakings are frequently promoted or managed by philanthropists of strong religious persuasions, who believe in impressing religion on the minds of the young, and have, of course, no religion to offer other than their own." The Bishop's respect for the motives of such persons was not incompatible with a most energetic resolve to safeguard the children of his flock in every possible way. Putting these three sources of leakage together—proselytising societies, the workhouses, soup kitchens, and the like—we find the loss to the faith in a single year was estimated at 831 children. But bad as this may seem, it was nothing to that resulting from the neglect of Catholic parents and from mixed marriages. In the final report, under the heading "irreligious parents," 3,847 children were said to be in "extreme danger," and this term was explained to mean those children whose parents were never at Mass, never "made their Easter," and were utterly callous as to the religious welfare of their children—who in turn never attended Mass or a Catholic school. Under the heading "mixed marriages," 1,573 children were reported to be in "extreme danger" of losing the faith. Under the heading "great danger" and "danger" were other sets of figures bringing up to 10,000 the total of children in danger, to a greater or less degree, of being lost to the Church.

To Herbert Vaughan this report was at once a revelation, a challenge, and an inspiration. It changed his outlook upon the world. It altered and coloured the whole trend of his thoughts and the activities of his episcopate, and in a very real sense it gave a new value to life. For the first time death came to be a thing to be dreaded—it must not come until this work had been overtaken and done. A long vista of labour stretched ahead, but the stakes in the game were high—ten thousand—the souls of ten thousand children. It was no use knowing that the children were in peril, no use totting up the probable losses, unless he was prepared to find the remedy. For the Bishop's practical mind there could be no illusions as to what that meant. It meant the untiring devotion of an army of men and women and an unending expenditure of money. The workhouse system of dealing with Catholic children had to be reformed beyond recognition; a proselytism that prostituted the name of philanthropy had to be fought and exposed and ended; and when all that was accomplished there would be the greater part of the work still to do—Catholic Homes to establish, and night shelters and refuges to open, industrial and certified schools to maintain, and schemes of emigration to organise and finance.

His first appeal was simply for men and money:—

"And now, dear Priests and people of God, I have placed a great work, not of temporal but of eternal, not of worldly but of divine interest, briefly, but frankly, before you. In the name of God take it up and make it your own. The most Precious Blood of Jesus, more eloquent than the blood of Abel, pleads with you for mercy and co-operation. '*Caritas Dei urget nos*,' let none be deaf to this supplication of God's love. We are answerable for the souls of our brethren, while we have power to save them. Thousands of little orphans, of wastrels, of children abandoned to Satan, snatched up by the enemies of their faith and exposed to eternal ruin, stretch out their tiny arms to you for protection and rescue. If you save them they will become your intercessors before the throne of God, they will be to you a crown of glory for ever. In the diocese of Westminster over £10,000 are received and annually spent in saving children. The need here is not less urgent; our population of poor is larger, our losses greater, while the number of our wealthy Catholics is exceedingly small. Perhaps a privileged few, and friends at a distance, touched by the sight of our misery and misfortune, may send us generous aid, as thank offerings to

God for the blessings they are constantly in the enjoyment of. If they do so, may God add to their years and in the end give them a more glorious eternal life. But our main reliance must be upon regular and widespread contributions from the masses of the people. Will you, dearest children in Jesus Christ, help your Bishop and your Father to save the souls of the perishing little ones? Will you contribute generously and count all personal loss as eternal gain in such a cause? Will you make sacrifices for the salvation of your children? I know that you will. I know that I can count upon you. For if the eyes of Rachel were full of tears and she would not be comforted because her children were not, what tears, what efforts, what sacrifices will not you pour forth when your ears are pierced with the wailing of your children, snatched from the breasts of their mother Church, and torn from their homes, carried into captivity and lost for ever to the faith?"

Then came the personal note, and its tender, intimate appeal went home to the hearts of Catholic Manchester in a way that is not yet forgotten. "For myself, I confess that my soul has been saddened and racked with anxiety during these last months by the picture which has been constantly before me. Why have I not known all this before? Why have I been so long blind and deaf to the misfortunes of my people? Whatever be the blame, whatever the excuse, let us now put our hand to the work and not slack till it be accomplished. For my own part most gladly and gratefully will I give a thousand pounds to begin with; and I promise, if I live, to pay over the whole of the episcopal *mensa*, or income, for three years to come, and longer if needful, to the work which is before us. I pray that I may have no peace, I hope that you will leave me no peace, and I promise that I will give the priests and the people no peace, till this work be accomplished. There is no use concealing the fact that large sums are required. Many thousands of pounds will be needed. The work will be limited only by the limits which you place to your love and generosity. Send annual subscriptions, your donations, your promises to me or to the treasurer or to any member of the Executive Committee."

The formation of the "Catholic Protection and Rescue Society" was quickly followed by the establishment of a network of vigilance committees which gradually covered the whole diocese. The work of coming to grips with the proselytising societies was taken in hand at once. Whenever it could be shown that a Catholic child was being detained against the wish of its parents negotiations were opened, and, if they were not successful, at once a writ was issued. It may be thought that the Catholics of Manchester in making complaint of, and taking such drastic action against, so many of the philanthropic institutions of the city were less than reasonable, and perhaps hardly able to come into court with clean hands. Except reformatories and industrial schools they had practically no homes for destitute children of their own, and so were hardly in a position to complain of the charitable activities of others. That much may be freely admitted. But the founders and managers of many of these Protestant institutions, while appealing for funds to people of all creeds and none, were themselves intensely and conspicuously sectarian, so that their philanthropy seemed often only a means to which proselytism was the end. If this sounds a hard saying there is yet abundant proof of its truth.

Very early in the struggle the Bishop offered to hand over to these institutions any Protestant child that came to a Catholic Home, and asked for reciprocal treatment. As his way was, he appealed to the opinion of the city and to the Press of Manchester. In a letter to the local papers he pledged himself never to take into a Catholic institution a Protestant child for which there was a welcome in a Protestant Home, and he demanded that every Catholic child detained in a Protestant institution should be given up to him on his undertaking to make suitable provision for it. Referring specially to the "Manchester and Salford Boys' and Girls' Refuges," then under the control of a certain Mr. Shaw, he said: "Let me make bold to propose to the generous supporters of these refuges and to their committee a *modus vivendi* which will be in harmony with the professed spirit of the age. Let it be a rule in future with the 'Manchester and Salford Boys' and Girls' Refuges' that the souls of all poor little waifs and strays shall be duly recognised by ascertaining the creed of their parents, and in case it be Catholic, by handing them over to the 'Catholic Protection and Rescue Society.' This rule, if acted on, will not only be just to the children, whose misfortune ought not to be taken advantage of to rob them of their faith, but it will also economise the funds entrusted by benevolent persons to Mr. Shaw's administration. These funds will then cease to be spent upon children for whose welfare others are ready to provide, nor will they be wasted in litigation. I cannot believe that any considerable amount, if anything, has been subscribed to these refuges in order to make them hotbeds of proselytism. If nothing, there will probably be no just reason why my proposal should not be accepted by the committee and its supporters. We want nothing but our own, and, I may add, I shall be content with nothing else. Since our Catholic Homes have been opened our officers have picked up a number of Protestant children in the streets, and they have been invariably handed over to the managers of Protestant Homes, committed to Protestant industrial schools, or restored to their parents. We demand to be treated on the same principle. We know from experience that a Catholic child is certain to be proselytised if educated in a Protestant Home."

This demand, so obviously fair and straightforward, at once won sympathy among the people of Manchester. They could not understand why the managers of these Homes, largely assisted by public subscriptions, should even wish to have the expense of supporting children whose maintenance and education others were willing to pay for. Not the less the struggle was an arduous one. It took nearly twenty lawsuits finally to unclutch the fingers of some of the managers of these Protestant Homes. For years past they had made use of a form of contract which, while utterly illegal for its purpose, had effectually terrorised the unhappy parents whom poverty and misery had placed in their power. A common form of agreement was one which bound the parent, in the event of his claiming his child, to reimburse the Home at the rate of eight shillings a week for the whole period during which the child had been an inmate there. With no one to advise them, it is not surprising that parents in many cases came to believe that they had forfeited their rights to the custody of their own children. The lapse of a few weeks gave the managers of these Homes a claim over the children which poor parents were unable to challenge. On their side the managers of the Homes had a specious plea—they could not agree to give up Catholic children because they made it a rule never even to inquire about a child's religion; for them it was enough to know that it was destitute. If a child could show it had that supreme qualification, their charity refused to put any further question. In a letter to the *Manchester Guardian*, March 4th, 1887, their case was put quite frankly thus: "Let us then repeat, once for all, that nothing shall induce us to question the poor children who seek our aid as to their religious belief." But societies which were constantly appealing to the public for more funds found it difficult to justify the expenditure of moneys thus raised upon the maintenance of children who were no longer destitute, because no longer without friends to support them.

Some of the offending societies, knowing the law, or really content to know that the children they were asked to surrender would be just as well cared for in a Catholic Home, gave way at once. But others fought on with a perverse fanaticism which stuck at nothing. Children were spirited away from one Home to another, their names were changed, they were even hurried across the Atlantic. But for Herbert Vaughan this was a cause in which there could be no looking back. He held on and fairly wore down his opponents. As a rule the Catholic claim was upheld in the Courts; but if he had been defeated, he would have faced defeat and gone on. Public opinion was with him when he asked only for his own, and he knew that the societies could not afford to go on wasting in law costs money that had been subscribed for feeding and clothing destitute children. Before three years were over the Bishop had the satisfaction of knowing that the enemy had capitulated in every part of the field. There was still secret and clandestine proselytism in some Homes, but open resistance was no longer attempted. The fourth annual report of the "Protection and Rescue Society" says: "It is both consoling and gratifying to have to record the absence of litigation concerning the custody of Catholic children. We sincerely hope the record is closed never to be reopened. No Society recognises more keenly than ours the need and advisability of co-operation, thorough and staunch, between those who work for the amelioration and protection of the young. A large number of children have been handed over to our care and custody on our application made on behalf of parents and legal guardians. To the managers of the institutions from whom we received these Catholic children we tender our most heartfelt thanks."

The case of Catholic children in the workhouse presented an entirely different problem. We have seen that it was the practice of the Lancashire Guardians in due course to plant these children out in service, and with the result that not twenty in a hundred remained true to the faith. In many instances the faith was already lost before the children left the workhouse, and even when that was not the case, the Protestant surroundings to which these poor waifs were then introduced generally completed the work of perversion. At that time there was a startling contrast between the practice of London and Lancashire in this respect. In Middlesex, thanks largely to the personal influence of Cardinal Manning, it was already the custom to hand over Catholic children to Catholic certified homes, with an agreed sum for their maintenance. This was at once just to the children and economical to the ratepayer. The Bishop of Salford eagerly snatched at this solution of the difficulty. He would establish certified schools for both boys and girls, and then appeal to the Guardians to hand over to him all Catholic children; but because he was in deadly earnest he was resolved to rely on the favour of no man, and if necessary, with or without payment, to provide a place in a Catholic industrial school for every Catholic child in the diocese. To this scheme was to be added an organisation for finding suitable Catholic situations for all Catholic children. He frankly admitted that this was not an obligation which the Guardians could be expected to recognise: "The Catholic community is bound to do all it can to provide for Catholic children leaving the workhouse. This obligation cannot be legally charged upon the Guardians. The Guardians do their duty when they see that the child is put into no place where it will be improperly treated. They cannot undertake to find none but Catholic situations. We, Catholic priests and people, are bound to take up this work ourselves, for we now know with certainty that 80 per cent. of the children sent to service in Protestant homes from the workhouse lose their faith. Every large centre in the diocese ought to have an organisation to look after this divine and spiritual work of mercy—the faith and salvation of destitute children."

The first step was to provide certified homes for the necessary number of children. For this purpose he opened negotiations with the Brothers of Charity in Ghent, and soon induced them to acquire a large building known as Buckley Hall, near Rochdale, which originally had cost £30,000. Then he persuaded the Sisters of

Charity of Ghent to come over and purchase Holly Mount College, near Bury, as a Certified Home for Girls In each case the certificate of the Local Government Board was quickly obtained. It was another thing to get the Boards of Guardians to avail themselves of the opportunity thus brought to their doors. It was not often at any period of his life that Herbert Vaughan was heard to exalt London at the expense of Lancashire, but at that time the Poor Law authorities in London had reached a level of tolerance and fairness for which there was no parallel in the provinces. In his introduction to the second annual report of the "Protection and Rescue Society" he notes that several Boards of Guardians had promised to transfer Catholic children to Catholic Certified Poor Law Schools and to Homes in England and Canada recommended by the Society. The majority, however, were wedded to the old ways and refused. The Bishop wrote:—

"London is far in advance of Lancashire. All the Metropolitan Boards of Guardians, north and south of the Thames, thirty in number, transfer their Catholic children to the Catholic certified schools. Nearly fifty-eight Boards of Guardians in or near London transfer their Catholic children to the Catholic schools. There are fourteen such Catholic schools, containing at present 2,280 Catholic pauper children, who are all chargeable for maintenance to the local authorities administering the Poor Law. This just system, whereby Catholic children are transferred to Catholic schools, not only effects a saving on the rates, but is clearly beneficial to society at large, for it saves the children from what is known as the 'workhouse taint' and secures for them friends who are moved by motives of religion, as well as of humanity, to watch over them in after-life. It is a well-known fact that Communities of Brothers and Sisters, such as we possess, afford the very best kind of education to poor children. They not only supply the place of father and mother, but they give to the children just that technical training which will be most useful to them, bringing them up to service and to different trades.

"We must not be surprised if provincial narrowness and religious prejudice should hold out for a time against the provisions which have been wisely sanctioned by Parliament in favour of Catholic children falling under the Poor Law Acts. The Metropolitan and Middlesex Guardians, living, as they do, in closer contact with the Legislature and the seat of Government, naturally lead in the adoption of a more enlightened and humane policy. But we have confidence in its ultimate triumph in this part of England also, where common sense and good feeling always prevail in the long run. Meanwhile, however, we are bound to give publicity to the fact that many Catholic workhouse children have lost, or are actually losing, their faith through the unwillingness of Lancashire Guardians to put into effect provisions made by the Legislature for the religious protection and education of Catholic children. There are workhouses in the diocese in which Catholic children have little or no chance of growing up as good Catholics. We have before us such reports as this: 'The children rarely, if ever, hear Mass;' 'they know absolutely nothing of the Catholic prayers and of their religion, but can recite the Protestant prayers and collects very nicely;' 'the Protestant chaplain instructs the Catholic children;' 'the little children are made to join in all the Protestant prayers;' 'the children become utterly corrupted by associating with most immoral characters in the house,' &c., &c. From many workhouses the Catholic children are sent to Protestant situations without any notification to the priest, and then they nearly always conform to the religion of the family. There are, in a word, many workhouses in which Catholic children are treated as though they had no right to be educated in the religion of their baptism."

Success was not immediate, but it came. Herbert Vaughan had so identified himself with the public life of Manchester, and the interests of all the citizens, that the people regarded him as one of themselves, and his advocacy of a cause was itself a recommendation. And in this instance he could place before the Guardians a delightful combination of economy and generosity. It was nice to set an example of enlightened tolerance and at the same time to effect a saving in the rates—and not unpleasant to satisfy a persistent prelate. It was a strong card in the Bishop's hand that he was able to promise that every child handed over to a Catholic Home should cost the Guardians considerably less than if it stayed in the workhouse. In the end his arguments and entreaties prevailed, and the fourth annual report was able to state that the majority of the Unions had agreed to his proposals. The more economical working of the Catholic Homes was of course due to the fact that the Religious Orders which managed them gave their services gratuitously.

But, apart from the class of children who could be maintained in Catholic Homes at the cost of the Poor Law Guardians, there were others for whom the Bishop had to provide at his own sole cost. In the case of a mixed marriage where the dead father was a Protestant, in the absence of specific instructions to the contrary, the children, on being sent to the workhouse, would be registered as Protestants, notwithstanding the presumption created by the Catholic marriage rule with its well-understood antecedent condition that all the children should be Catholics. All such children had to be removed from the workhouse and supported by the "Rescue and Protection Society." Then there was the large class of street arabs "who, neglected from their birth, had made the streets their home, school, recreation-ground, and chapel."

A large class was that of the children of negligent or brutal parents, who were only too willing to dispose of their offspring to the first comer. Protestant Homes were open to them, and it was essential to offer an alternative. The fourth year's report shows that nearly six hundred of these waifs were being fed, clothed, and taught at the expense of the Society. Another branch of the work required the daily presence of officers of the Society at all the police-courts to see that Catholic children, if committed, should be sent to Catholic Reformatory or Industrial Homes. When to these subdivisions of the work of Protection and Rescue were added the establishment of night refuges, of boarding and immigration committees, clubs for boys and young men, a vast outlay was needed. And it was not a case in which the work could be adjusted to the means—the means had to be adjusted to the work. The Committee of the "Protection and Rescue Society" had in this respect caught the spirit of its founder. In their second annual report they say: "We have taken up a responsibility in the face of our people and of the public at large, and one which we can never lay down. It has gone forth from house to house, from street to street, from town to town, that the Catholic community claims its own, and that the diocese of Salford possesses a Society which is prepared to provide for every little Catholic waif that may have sought, or been led to seek, food or shelter from non-Catholic Homes; for every Catholic child whose faith may lie in danger through the activity of proselytism, or the neglect of its own irreligious parents—in a word, a Society which will protect and rescue its own, and secure for its own a Catholic home and a Catholic education."

This boast, that the Society would leave no Catholic child unbefriended, sometimes had inconvenient consequences. On one occasion, late at night, a woman called at St. Bede's College to see the Bishop, sending the message that her business was urgent. The Bishop came down, but before he could ask what she wanted she just thrust a basket into his hands and ran out into the night. Fastened to the basket was a label with the words, "No father, Catholic mother," and inside was an infant a few months old. Then there was difficulty with parents who seemed to think that the Rescue Society had been formed simply to save them the expense of bringing up their children. Some idea of the legitimate expenses which had to be borne by the Society may be formed by reference to its carefully compiled annual reports. That for 1890 shows that seven Homes had been bought or built, and that in them 536 destitute children were being supported—of these Homes two were Certified Poor Law Schools. In the course of the twelve months 1,515 cases had been dealt with by the central committee which met every Thursday at the Bishop's House, 8,385 by the district committees in the various parts of the diocese ; 234 children had in the same period been adopted by Catholic families in Canada. The annual expenditure, apart altogether from the money spent on capital account, was reckoned at about £159 per week. We have seen that when the Society was first formed the Bishop headed the subscription list with £1,000, and promised to give the whole of the *mensa*, or official income (£500), for three years. As a matter of fact, it was so given during the whole time he was at Salford.

The handful of rich Catholics in the diocese also gave generously, and the Bishop collected considerable sums from friends in other parts of the country; but the main part of the burden was borne by the poor of the diocese. Besides subscriptions given in response to special appeals, there was an annual collection made in all the churches and a house-to-house collection in every parish once a month on what was known as "Rescue Saturday." The Bishop was never tired of insisting that this work of rescuing the children was everybody's work. A priest might plead that in his particular mission the little ones were already being well cared for, but the plea was brushed aside as irrelevant. "Let no man ask, 'Where are these children of sin born? Because, if beyond the sound of the bells of my church, let them perish.' If any one say that his parish has no need of the 'Rescue and Protection Society,' let him thank God that it is so, and give double." And appealing to the laity he would urge time after time that the destitute children in the slums of Manchester had a valid claim upon the charity not only of those who lived within the boundaries of the diocese, but also upon that of those whose wealth had been made there. In one of his public appeals, addressing this class, he said: "Or perhaps you have retired comfortably from business, or otherwise derive from this part of Lancashire an income which you spend at a distance under a more genial sky, away from the want and misery with which we are left to contend. Surely absenteeism cancels no debt of charity."

The secret of his influence in this and other matters was the common knowledge among priests and people that he asked from others no labour or self-denial he was not willing to give in amplest measure himself. Of the many economies practised at that time, few can have been more distasteful to him than that which, in 1887, led him to discontinue the custom of entertaining the clergy at dinner on the occasion of their meeting him at the annual Synod. The announcement was made by the Provost in these terms: "His Lordship much regrets that, in consequence of the heavy demands of the 'Catholic Protection and Rescue Society,' he must forgo, at least for this year, the pleasure of entertaining the clergy at dinner on the day of the Synod. When you learn that the economy thus effected will suffice to maintain five or six poor children for a twelvemonth in one of the Society's Homes, he feels sure you will appreciate the motive and will gladly accept any inconvenience you may be put to by having to dine elsewhere."

But at no time during those strenuous and anxious years was the thought of how to find the large sums needed for the work his primary care. What troubled him much more was the thought that, perhaps unknown to him, something for these abandoned children was being left undone which might have been undertaken if more money were in sight. On one occasion, addressing the Executive Committee, the Bishop said he wanted them to approach the problem, how to secure a Catholic education for every Catholic child in the diocese, from a new point of view—to tell him what, in their judgment, it would be desirable to do if they could afford to disregard the question of ways and means; he wanted them for the moment to consider the question as if money were no object. Many of them supposed he had somehow had a large fortune placed at his disposal—his power of getting money was always something of a mystery—and sketched schemes accordingly. It was simply his desire to be assured that he was not being put off with some poor second best, on the ground of expense. When it was a question of saving souls he had no patience with the wisdom which bids us cut our coat according to our cloth—he had a sublime faith that the cloth would be given if he designed the coat boldly enough. But more wonderful than the sums obtained, year in and year out, from "Rescue Saturday" and other collections was the personal service he enlisted for the cause. Before he left Salford in the spring of 1892 more than 2,000 people were taking part in the work of protecting and rescuing Catholic children, seeing they went to their religious duties and to a Catholic school.

If I were engaged upon the history of a diocese instead of the biography of a Bishop it would be necessary to pause here to tell of the labours of Herbert Vaughan's fellow-workers during these eventful years, and specially of the untiring labours of the volunteer Secretary of the Rescue Society, Mr. Austin Oates. The Bishop's public utterances are on record to show the generous recognition he made of help from every quarter. There were some who thought he was hard on his clergy—certainly his paramount wish was to get the very last ounce of work out of them. When any ecclesiastical promotion or dignity was offered it was well understood that in the Bishop's mind it meant a new incentive to and a new claim for additional work. He was fond of saying that "*honor* and *onus*" should go together. Certainly it was so in his own case. It was his lot in life always to have faithful and devoted friends, men whose loyalty to him became "a fiery family passion" which no trial could touch, but that devotion was only the consequence and the reflection of his own consecration to the cause he and they were pledged to serve. In the case of the Rescue Society he got the help he deserved. From the outset he was the head, and the hand, and the heart of it all. During the first years of the movement he used to set one night apart every week in order to ask to dinner people who might help him with any sort of advice or information. All sorts and conditions of men were invited to his table if only they seemed likely to throw light upon the great problem—priests and inspectors of police and guardians of the poor were all made welcome, asked to contribute their quota of knowledge and advice. One result of what he heard was a desire to see for himself the way in which the poorest of the poor lived. So much of the spiritual misery and betrayal he was combating seemed the result of physical environment that he determined to judge for himself. Accordingly, under the guidance of the police, he made a series of visits by night to the worst and most disreputable quarters of the city, and there schooled himself to look at sights the existence of which he had never suspected. And what he saw among those scenes of wretchedness and sin made an impression which was never effaced, and made him ever afterwards a zealot in the cause of sanitary reform.

But if the burden of anxiety and care fell mainly on the Bishop, may it not also be said that the chief reward was his also? Before he left Salford the victory was already won; his arrears of work were already wiped out; and though each succeeding year would bring its own claims the machinery for dealing with them was permanent and ready to the hand of his successor. It remains to say only that the work of the "Protection and Rescue Society" has proved itself an enduring work. The Society still carries on its beneficent mission in Salford and Manchester as though the inspiring presence of its founder were yet in their midst. The vivifying memory of his example is still there as an unspent force. So true is it that "the grandest heritage a hero can leave his race is to have been a hero." It matters less what he did than what he was.

CHAPTER XVIII

OTHER CARES OF A DIOCESE

ONE of the results of the Bishop's midnight wanderings among the slums of Manchester was a new interest in the sanitary condition of the city. To do good to souls you have to keep bodies alive. Dr. Vaughan soon saw enough to satisfy him that there were a great many unnecessary deaths in the diocese of Salford. At a public meeting held in the Salford Town Hall in the spring of 1890 he declared that if the question of the housing of the poor were taken seriously in hand, it would mean the saving of a thousand lives a year. Holding up a map of the borough, which showed the death-rate in different districts by means of colours, he said that Salford was covered with rotten blotches and patches that reminded him of the body of a leper. The right way, and the only way, to cleanse these blotches from the body of the borough was to remedy the unhealthiness of the dwellings of the poor. Then, describing some of the "cottage-coffins" he had recently visited, he declared there were thousands of them which ought to be demolished there and then, as unfit for the habitation of civilised human beings.

"He was in a cellar-dwelling only two days ago—one of a whole row of cellar-dwellings—and a boy had been laid in his coffin, and when the time came for removing the corpse from the cottage it was found that the wall supporting the street was so close to the door of the cottage that it was scarcely possible to get the coffin out of the house. In another house he found eight persons living in a room 8 feet square, the cubical space of which was only sufficient according to the law to house three adults. In another house he found a wretched starving woman who was suffering from cold and rheumatism. A tub was standing on the floor to catch the rain which had been coming through the roof. Complaint had been made to the landlord and he had promised to have it seen to, but he had not done so. The wreck of life and morality was completed by the erection of 1,027 drinking-houses. That was to say, they had a drinking-shop for every two hundred of the inhabitants of Salford, including children and infants."

And what was the remedy? When ships were condemned as unfit to go to sea they were condemned right away, without any talk of compensation to the owners. Why should the owners of these pest-houses expect any better treatment? The thought of what he had seen in the slums of Salford left him no peace, and it was accompanied by the haunting question, Why had he not seen it long ago? He had been Bishop for so many years, and here was a part of the vineyard he had never entered. It seemed as though the inquiries of the "Protection and Rescue Society" had opened for him a chamber of horrors of which he had had the key all the while. He urged the Catholics of the diocese to join associations formed to press the question of sanitary reform upon the authorities of the borough. Preaching at Mount Carmel, Regent Road, Salford, he said :—

"In 1888 statistics showed that no less than 4,775 corpses were carried out of Salford to be laid in their graves. That number might be reduced—ought to be reduced. If the people of Salford only died in the same proportion as people died throughout England, there would be less than 3,700 deaths a year. One thousand deaths were caused yearly by the insanitary state of Salford. He found that in the Regent Road district one child in every five died. This could not surprise any one acquainted with the condition of the district. There were certain infectious diseases which might be got rid of by proper sanitation. The proportion of deaths by typhoid fever over England was thirty-seven to the thousand. In London it was thirty-three to the thousand, while in Salford it was ninety-three to the thousand, nearly three times the rate of London. As regards scarlet fever, the death-rate in twenty-eight of the large towns of England was twenty-eight in the thousand, while in Salford the rate was one hundred in the thousand. If they took four great infectious diseases and compared the number of persons suffering from them in 1888 with the number in 1889, they would find that in 1888 the number was 467 but that last year the number was 938. They had the Officer of Health declaring year after year that large blocks of buildings ought to be swept away because of their insanitary condition. All these were reasons why people should band themselves together and form associations in order to bring pressure upon the authorities, and return to the Town Council only men who would look after the public health and the happiness and welfare of the people."

And how could the minds and hearts and souls of the people be reached unless they lived in a manner that was human and civilised? If the people lived in filth and were surrounded by filth, and poisoned by drink, and driven by sheer distress to the refuge of the drink-shop, what chance had the clergy of getting at their souls?

On another occasion, attending a meeting of Manchester men interested in a scheme for providing improved dwellings for the labouring classes, he drew attention to the extraordinary local variations of the death-rate within the borough. It was sixteen in Regent Road and forty-seven in Greengate. He abruptly asked, What was the meaning of that? He had come there not as a man of business, but as one who had learned the wants of the people. "It was absolutely a disgrace to the community that they should allow the poorer classes of the population to live in the filthy hovels and unwholesome tenements into which they were now forced. By thousands they were losing their health and sinking into premature graves because they were not properly housed. It was not their fault. They could not build houses for themselves, and others must do it for them. In Salford there was an enormous procession of hearses throughout the year, and many of these hearses had no right to be there."

No one who had stood face to face with the misery of a great city as Dr. Vaughan had done could help having strong views as to the need for Temperance reform. In those later years of his stay in Salford he had long ago outlived the view that alcohol is a food, needing only to be used in moderation and kept free from adulteration: he had come to think of it as the great evil. He urged that the public-houses, as the licensed temptations to drink, should be thinned out, and tolerated only in the great thoroughfares where public opinion might be some check upon excess. He knew that when a public-house was set down in a slum the people would swarm, like flies, to the light and the warmth, and the more wretched the surroundings of home the stronger the temptation to gather together in the only meeting-place open to the poor. But while ready and eager to go a long way in the direction of limiting the number of licences, he never at any time regarded Prohibition or total abstinence as a lasting remedy. He had often been struck in Germany by the sight of whole families gathered together in little groups in public gardens, and noticed that their innocent and harmless recreation was not incompatible with beer-drinking. He thought the difference was more in the beer than in the people, and he often urged that the consumption of light beers should be encouraged, while the stronger sorts should be so taxed as to be put outside the pale of temptation. Then in England there is no equivalent for the open-air evenings of Germany. He thought the difficulty of climate might be got over by the establishment of winter gardens. In a letter to the *Manchester Guardian* he said :—

"The drink demon lies at the bottom in every effort at social regeneration, mocking at the philanthropist and the religionist alike. You may spend hundreds of thousands of pounds for refuges, shelters, and colonies, but if you plant a drink-shop in the midst of every forty families, refuges, shelters, and colonies will be needed for many a generation to come. To say nothing of Catholic children in workhouses, I have actually over 1,300 children in Industrial Schools and Homes, here and in Canada, and I am looking anxiously to the time when this number will diminish and disappear; but there is no hope of closing such institutions as long as that corrupter and destroyer, the drink-shop, is systematically established within the sight and hearing of almost every poor man's house, while perhaps the poor man's house is unfit for a human habitation."

In another letter to the same journal, after recalling all that had been done by the municipal authorities to provide museums and picture galleries, bands and public parks, he urged that one further step should be taken: "To provide indoor as well as outdoor amusements—amusements for the winter as well as for the summer—can only be a question of degree, of cost, and demand. If innocent, healthy public amusements are really beneficial to the people, if recreation is creation, why should not the chosen representatives of the people provide covered recreation-grounds for public use in the evening? How often on the Continent are the people seen enjoying themselves in family groups! The husband smokes his pipe, the wife perhaps knits or sews, and the children play about, while music, songs, and other entertainments enliven the hour or two they spend together in the midst of a multitude of the likeminded. We want amusements that tend to unite, not to divide and scatter the family group. Why should all our entertainments break, instead of strengthen, the family circle? Now is it not possible to devise some scheme of local halls proportioned to the needs of the neighbourhood, and make them pleasant and attractive on a cold winter's night with genial warmth and brightness? A variety of musical and other entertainments to give pleasure and excite mirth and laughter might easily be arranged. And as to refreshments, why should there not be really good tea and coffee, food, and light dainties at cost price, such as working people can rarely get at home? A whole family might then be entertained for an evening at less money than is now paid away by one of its members before he returns from the theatre or the public-house."

Perhaps he knew that this picture was unduly idyllic, for at other times he avowed himself quite ready to allow light German beer to figure in the list of refreshments—a concession which caused him to be regarded as a sad backslider in strict circles. A comic paper published a cartoon representing the Bishop as a creature half priest and half publican, with one hand raised to preach Temperance while the other was drawing a jug of beer. But to the end of his life it was his settled conviction that effective Temperance reform must run on these lines: reduce the number of licences, banish the public-houses from the slums, and restrict them to the great thoroughfares, encourage the manufacture of light lager beer and pile taxation on the stronger qualities, and finally provide winter gardens and other counter-attractions to the drink palaces at the public cost.

But Herbert Vaughan's association with the public life of Manchester was not confined to questions concerning the reform of the liquor traffic or the improvement of the houses of the poor. The Anti-Slavery movement, which has always had strong support in Lancashire, found in him a strenuous and untiring advocate. On the occasion of one important meeting in the Free Trade Hall, at which Stanley, fresh from his last great journey, was to be present, Cardinal Manning was the first speaker. But Stanley was late, and the crowd was impatient and began to get out of hand. At last they fairly shouted the Cardinal down, roaring for Stanley. Messenger after messenger was despatched in search of the explorer without result, and the Committee, now faced with a wild scene of disorder, held a hurried consultation on the platform. It was decided to change the order of the speakers and to put up Herbert Vaughan. He had witnessed the outrageous treatment of Cardinal Manning, and as he strode to the front it was easy to see that he was thoroughly roused. His first words were flung out in a tone that sounded high above the din, and within a very few moments the abashed crowd was silently listening. But the spirit of mischief was not wholly quelled, and when the Bishop held up a pair of iron manacles and went on to tell how they had been knocked off the wrists of an unfortunate negro, rescued from an Arab boat off Jibuti, a mocking voice called, "And where is Jibuti?" Herbert Vaughan, imposing silence with one masterful wave of the hand, said calmly, "Jibuti is by the Red Sea," and then added with pointed emphasis, "and it would be no great loss if you were there too," whereupon a dozen willing arms seized and ejected the interrupter. When silence was restored the speaker knew that he had his audience in hand. In graphic, simple language that went straight home he told of the horrors of the dreadful traffic. He had come to the climax of his story when, holding the heavy manacles high above his head for all the people to see, he dashed them to the ground; and it was to the sound of the clanging irons that Stanley walked on to the platform. Seeing the great traveller, the Bishop stepped back, feeling that his part was over; but the men who had half an hour before shouted themselves hoarse for Stanley now insistently called for the Bishop to "go on."

The Bishop met Stanley on many occasions, and took the deepest interest in his plans for the founding and development of the Congo State. His detestation of slavery made him a determined opponent of the policy which after the death of Gordon led to the abandonment of the Soudan to the Arabs. He watched its gradual reconquest with satisfaction, and to the last was a convinced believer in the civilising mission of England in the Valley of the Nile.

It used sometimes to be said that he was a Bishop, not of a single diocese, but of the universal Church. Certainly his interests were as wide as Catholicism. His devotion to the Foreign Missions and to the work of Mill Hill kept alive to the end that interest in the undeveloped lands of the world which his early travels had engendered. Books of travels and descriptions of uncivilised countries, and accounts of the customs of their peoples, always had a fascination for him. He attached great importance to the systematic and intelligent teaching of geography, and was himself the founder of the Geographical Society in Manchester. On one occasion he invited Cardinal Lavigerie to deliver an address on Tunis. The Cardinal was unexpectedly detained in Rome and unable to fulfil his engagement, but mentioned the invitation to the Pope. Leo XIII, after inquiring about the Society, sent his blessing to its members. At the next meeting the Bishop, after announcing the fact that the blessing had been sent, added, as though that were the most natural thing in the world to do, "I will now give it you at once," and standing up he proceeded to pronounce a solemn Pontifical blessing. The uncomfortable silence which followed was broken when an astonished old gentleman was heard to observe that "he felt sure that the blessing of an old man would do none of them any harm."

The Bishop was a frequent attendant at the discussions before the Chamber of Commerce, and more than once some of his Mill Hill missioners were invited to give an account of the countries they were helping to open up to civilisation as well as to Christianity. Manchester merchants were obviously in a position, if they pleased, to assist the missioners, but the Bishop was always glad of an opportunity of showing that the work of the missioners might indirectly be of great consequence to the merchants. On one occasion, in a letter to the *Manchester Examiner*, referring to the work of Father Thomas Jackson and his comrades among the Dyaks in the interior of Borneo, he wrote:—

"The first thing they have to do on settling down among a tribe is to induce the people to clothe themselves decently, and in the little schools they are establishing far away from the borders of civilisation, in the very heart of Borneo, the use of the cotton goods of Manchester as wearing apparel is almost the first lesson which they teach the children. Whatever payments they make to the natives as their guides, carriers, or hosts, or for assistance in the construction of their rude dwellings and school-houses, is made chiefly in yards of cotton, for the use of money is unknown. It is curious to note how cotton is a pioneer of civilisation, and to learn that the familiar name of Horrocks has been read upon pieces of cotton which have been carried furthest into the interior by the wild men of the forest and jungle."

Nor was it only by meeting them on public platforms or serving with them on public inquiries that the Bishop came to be acquainted with the leading citizens of Manchester. He avoided dining out, but he was always eager to keep himself well informed about any project which could affect the prosperity of the people. Anything that affected the main industries of the district reacted upon the lives of those who made up his spiritual flock and so could never be a matter of indifference to him.

At one period his doctor insisted that he should walk six miles every day. In the twenty-six churches of Salford and Manchester during that time the kneeling figure of the Bishop came to be a very familiar sight, and he would make visits to the Blessed Sacrament in two or three of them every day. And then, before he got home, the practical side of the man would assert itself; when calling on this or that business man, he would examine him and cross-examine him as to the state of trade, or the condition of this or that market, or as to the prospects of industrial prosperity or depression. Long before he was called away to be Archbishop in the South, Lancashire had recognised in the Catholic Bishop of Salford a large-hearted citizen to whom the interests of no class or creed were alien. And so, when at the death of Cardinal Manning he went to Westminster, the proposal to commemorate a great episcopate by placing at the public cost a marble bust of him in the Manchester Town Hall was carried without a dissentient voice.

Among the consolations which came to the Bishop during the last years of his stay in Salford was that of seeing his Cathedral, St. John's, solemnly consecrated. It is a well-known rule of the Catholic Church that no church can be consecrated until it is free from debt. What this means may be seen from the fact that, at the time of the consecration of the Salford Cathedral, in June, 1890, out of 155 churches in the diocese, only five had been consecrated. St. John's had been built in 1844, at a time when the Catholics of Manchester were only 60,000 and its four churches were served by ten priests—in Salford itself there were no priests at all. The total cost of the building, including the price of the site, was £36,000. When the church was opened for public worship it had a debt of £21,817. At the beginning of 1890 this had been reduced to £1,300. This sum was cleared off by means of a bazaar a few weeks later. Though he was deeply interested in the object for which the bazaar was being held, and quite willing to use the money it brought to free the Cathedral from debt, the Bishop would not go near it himself.

On the occasion of the great Press Bazaar in aid of the London Hospital in 1898 I was asked to let the *Tablet* become responsible for one of the stalls, and readily consented. I knew Cardinal Vaughan's feelings about bazaars in general, but thought that as he was the proprietor of the paper, he might on this occasion make an exception. Writing to tell him what I had undertaken, I added that my wife hoped he would come to her stall on one or other of the two days for which the bazaar was to last. He sent back a short note saying that he could not now begin to break a rule which he had held to for so many years ; at the same time he said that he was glad the *Tablet* was joining in the effort to help the Hospital, and enclosed a cheque for £50 towards the furnishing of the stall. His own position was clear and simple. He often wanted money, and vast sums of money, but he wanted it given for the best motives and to represent the almsgiving that is most acceptable to God; and for that reason he would never initiate a bazaar on his own account, or go near one. If others liked to organise them for a good object he would stand aside; his duty as Bishop was satisfied when he had watched to see that no abuses crept in. These counsels of perfection were not popular, and on one occasion he was at pains to explain and justify his position in a letter to his clergy:—

"There are two ways of raising money for charity. There is the simple appeal, based upon the supernatural motives for charity—the excellence of alms-deeds and the love of God and of our neighbour for God's sake. This, no doubt, is the safest, the best, the highest, the most divine way. This is the simple way taught by Our Blessed Lord and by His Apostles, and we cannot improve upon it. Then there is the complex way of appeal to lower motives, without the positive exclusion of the higher. Some earthly gain, some amusement or pleasurable excitement is held forth as the reason and inducement, or at least as an additional reason and inducement, to persuade us to give. It is felt that the divine motive of charity and the rewards directly attached by God to alms-deeds cannot be trusted as sufficiently efficacious to determine us to make a sacrifice and to part with our money. Hence raffles, parties, concerts, fancy fairs, bazaars, and other expedients are had recourse to. I am not saying that it is not lawful to make money for charity by selling goods at a fancy fair or by providing innocent recreation at a profit to be given to charity. It is perfectly lawful to do so, and there are many reasons which show that under present circumstances it may be sometimes necessary to have recourse to such expedients."

Having admitted that bazaars were lawful expedients, he went on to point out their drawbacks and to insist upon the importance of the motives of almsgiving :—

" If our primary and dominant intention is to exercise the virtue of alms-deeds, or of the love of God and of our neighbours for His sake, we then do practise those virtues, even though some secondary intention of an innocent amusement, or of a lawful gain, may find its place in our conduct. But if gain, amusement, and excitement (without any reference to God) become the primary intention and end of our conduct, the money we spend may indeed profit the charity, but assuredly it will not avail us for eternal life. 'Amen I say to you, you have received your reward.' They are often the scene of excessive frivolity and vanity, sometimes of unjustifiable extravagance. On the plea of charity and under the excuse of the occasion young women press forward in a way little becoming the modesty which should be the chief adornment of their sex. Then doors opened to the street with an invitation to all passers-by to enter in, the excitement of late hours and of intoxicating drinks, complete the spectacle of incongruity with a work of religious charity, and there is danger to the soul. Money, even for charity, may be bought at too dear a price."

One passage in this pastoral must surely have caused a smile. The Bishop mentioned that in some places abroad, in Catholic countries, it was a rule that stallholders at bazaars should always be persons of "mature years."

The letter concluded with an ungrudging acknowledgment of the unselfish service which is so often enlisted on behalf of charity bazaars:—

"These words may be sufficient to warn you against the dangers which beset bazaars in this country. They are no condemnations of persons who give their time and sell their work and their skill in behalf of charity. These gifts are equivalent to money, and they who offer them with a pure intention have the merit before God of the virtue of alms-deeds. They are no condemnation of those who buy as a mode of contributing to the charity or even as a way of satisfying their own legitimate wants. The condemnation applies to certain practices and abuses —abuses which have actually crept in—and to the notion that vanity, worldliness, dangers to modesty, may be courted for the sake of charity."

But to many it seemed a hard doctrine. Priests who had looked forward to a bazaar as the only possible means of finding the money wanted to save the school, or extend the church, or help the men's club, or to reduce the debt on all three, asked why the Bishop should go out of his way to choke up this channel of Catholic charity. If he had not condemned, he had discouraged, and his clergy would have to bear a new burden of anxiety in consequence. Something of these murmurs reached the ears of the Bishop. A few weeks later, at the annual Synod, he took occasion to refer to the question again. After laying down the rule that no intoxicating drink must, under any pretext, be sold at any charity bazaar in the diocese, he went on to make it clear that he was not unmindful of the sacrifices and the hard work which this way of collecting money imposed on the clergy:—

"The Bishop wished to say that it had been a positive pain to him even to appear to be insensible to the zealous activity and self-sacrificing exertions of the clergy by imposing restrictions on bazaars. He feared that his opinion of bazaars and his desire to raise the minds of the people to the *charismata meliora*—that is, to the nobler modes of giving money for charity—may have led to the impression that he had been indifferent to the zealous labours of the clergy and to the great fatigue they underwent; but this was far from being the case."

All this time the Bishop continued to be Superior-General of St. Joseph's Society of Foreign Missions. And in his hands the post was not likely to be a sinecure. A resident Rector for the College was found in Canon Benoit. The choice proved in every way an admirable one, and under his administration the College prospered exceedingly for twenty years. But the main direction of the College and all the responsibility for its financial arrangements still rested with its founder. Amid all the incessant cares of the northern diocese he found time to work and beg and pray unrestingly for this favourite child of his heart. Every new development, every new extension in the Society's field of labour meant new anxieties and a new call for both men and money. But its work was visibly blessed from the first. It grew before his eyes. At the outset the missioners devoted themselves entirely to the needs of the coloured population in the United States. Shortly afterwards the Vicar-Apostolic of the Madras Presidency invited them to the charge of the Telugus in that district. In 1881 the Holy See assigned to them Labuan and North Borneo, and to-day a network of mission stations radiates from Kuching, the capital of Sarawak. Four years later the growing resources of the Society seemed to justify a further effort, a fresh field of labour. At the request of the Bishop of Auckland, and by the desire of the Holy See, the Mill Hill Fathers undertook the Maori Mission in New Zealand. Still answering to every call, the Society in 1887 accepted the proposals of Propaganda to take over the missions of the Punjab, to which were attached the hitherto untried fields of Kashmir and Kafiristan. Soon after Dr. Vaughan had become Archbishop of Westminster another of these spiritual annexations took place, and Mill Hill began to send missioners to Uganda. Then came an application from the King of the Belgians for Catholic Missioners for the Congo, and again St. Joseph's found the men. Finally there came an urgent appeal from the Apostolic Delegate of the Philippines for help, and again Mill Hill responded.

Obviously the undertaking of so many and such vast enterprises implied a corresponding development in the means and resources of St. Joseph's Society. It was strengthened on the financial side by the establishment of a Council, which for many years used to meet at Herbert House, composed for the most part of personal friends of Dr. Vaughan, and of a number of "zelators" who undertook to collect each an annual sum of three pounds. But money was not the only difficulty or the chief difficulty. Men were wanted also—and men who must learn the whole alphabet of renouncement, men content to know that they could never marry, that they must never possess a sixpence of their own, that they must not enter any business or profession, that they must leave friends and country for ever, and pass all their lives among savages for Christ's sake. Such men are not to be picked up at the street corners or in reply to advertisements in the newspapers. It was Herbert Vaughan's profound conviction that there are men who are divinely called to this work, and that for the perfect fruition of such vocations early training is necessary. He looked round Europe, considering in what land men capable of leading this life of heroic denial and devotion were most likely to be found. He thought first of his own Lancashire, where the old Catholic stock seemed to promise just the sort of sturdy material he needed. Then he thought of the Catholic parts of Holland and finally of the Tyrol. He made up his mind to establish in each country a school which should be affiliated to, and act as a feeder for, St. Joseph's College. And all this he accomplished before he died. He began with Lancashire, and with the generous assistance of the late Mr. Weld-Blundell acquired a building that had been used as a boarding-school, and some twenty-six acres besides, at Freshfield, near Liverpool. To find the balance of the purchase-money was a matter of considerable difficulty. The Bishop quickly decided that the problem should not be complicated by any unnecessary expenditure on furniture. It seemed simpler just to beg for presents of beds and tables and forks and spoons, with the understanding that the alternative to having them given was to remain without them. His letter to Father Henry, the first Rector at Freshfield and, since the Cardinal's death, Superior-General of the Society, ran thus:—

"You would do well to make out a list of the articles of furniture which are needed at St. Peter's School for Foreign Missions at Freshfield for circulation amongst some of our friends who may be willing to help us when they know what we want. It is not necessary that things should be new or very good; no matter how common and simple they are, they will do for us. What you cannot get given, you must do without—at least till the necessary expenses connected with the buildings have been met."

St. Peter's College, Freshfield, was opened in 1884, and three years later a similar college was established at Roosendal in Holland, and this in turn was followed by the purchase of a large house for the use of students destined for the Foreign Missions at Brixen in the Tyrol. These three preparatory Colleges all flourish to-day, and supply students for the Mother House at Mill Hill, where the final studies in theology are made. It must not be supposed, however, that Dr. Vaughan's care for the Society he had founded was confined to the supply of the requisite funds or of the necessary number of students. He kept up a constant correspondence with many of the missioners themselves, and exercised an active oversight in regard to every branch of the Society's work. It was one of his habits to jot down good resolutions; they turn up in all sorts of unexpected places among his books and papers, and none comes more frequently than this: "To write frequently and constantly to my missioners." Many of these letters have passed through my hands—they show a surprising familiarity with the details of each mission, and are often lit up by touches of very human sympathy with the trials and privations of the men he was for ever urging to more strenuous efforts.

Incidental to the work at Mill Hill was the foundation of a new Religious Order—an order of nuns now represented by many busy communities throughout the country. In the Catholic Church Religious Orders, both of men and of women, are of infinite variety, but they may be roughly divided into the contemplative Orders and the active Orders. The life of the choir nun centres in the Divine Office and in the singing of the divine praises, while her sisters belonging to the active Orders devote themselves to teaching or nursing or serving the poor. It was left to Cardinal Vaughan to be the means of introducing a rule of life which had little of the attractiveness of either the contemplative or the active Orders—neither the high spirituality of the one nor the delight in the good visibly achieved which is the earthly reward of the other. The new Religious Order came into being to meet a practical want. It was not designed specially for the sake of either saint or sinner, or even sufferers, and was as far removed from the life of the hospital or the almshouse as from the seclusion of the cloister. St. Joseph's Missionary Sisters consecrate themselves to doing just the common work of the household supremely well. Without wages, they cook, they bake, they sew, and they wash, and so help those who in other ways are doing the work of God. Three women earning their livelihood in Rochdale agreed to become Tertiaries of St. Francis of Assisi. Dr. Vaughan invited them in 1877 to come to St. Joseph's College, then still in its day of small things, and undertake the management of the kitchen, the baking, and the laundry. The invitation was accepted, and the strange experiment succeeded almost from the first. Living under a Rule based on that of the Franciscans, the Sisters of Mill Hill under their first

Superior, Mother Mary Frances Ingham, soon grew in numbers. The note of the Order may be said to be its adaptability. Wherever there is good and humble and unrewarded work waiting to be done, there the Sisters of Mill Hill are at home. In 1885 several of them went out to Borneo to work among the Dyak and Chinese children under Father Jackson. The new departure was crowned with success, and a second community was quickly sent for, and went. A little later when Herbert Vaughan was quite at a loss to know how to deal with all the little waifs and strays who had been garnered in by the Rescue Society, he turned once more to the Mill Hill Sisters for help. In a very short time they became known as "The Rescue Sisters," and took charge of three Homes and more than two hundred destitute little ones. Meanwhile, other members of the Order continued to devote themselves to the sort of service for which it was first founded. The Sisters of Mill Hill have to-day complete charge of the domestic arrangements, not only of St. Peter's School, Freshfield, but also of St. Bede's College, Manchester. Never was the Bishop's mind—both its idealism and its practical side—more faithfully reflected than in the multifarious labours of the Franciscan Sisters of Mill Hill.

There was no room for anything like a regular vacation in Herbert Vaughan's scheme for his own life, but when from time to time his work called him abroad, or he had to go away for rest or change, what he loved best was to be alone in some spot made sacred by its associations with the lives of his favourite Saints. Out of many similar passages in his familiar letters the following, written in December, 1880, may serve to show with what a sense of refreshment and rest, and renewed strength, he would stay among these places of holy memories: "I have been in retreat here in Rome, and still am in retreat, though I am writing to you and have dated from the English College instead of the Villa Caserta, where I really am. This week has been my first rest for many months, and I cannot tell you how peaceful and happy it is; to be alone with St. Teresa and St. Peter of Alcantara, with whom I can talk, and whose words I can hear and read, in the perfect calm of this house, is a happiness not meant to last long. Like the day of the Transfiguration, it is destined to pass, leaving only a pleasant and sunny memory in the soul."

Of the Bishop's spiritual life at this period the written records are very scanty. It was the day of his strength, and the strenuous, unresting life he was leading left little time for introspection or the keeping of diaries. A priest who was his constant companion in Salford tells me that those who lived with him at St. Bede's always thought that somehow, in spite of all his multifarious activities, the Bishop found more time for prayer than any priest in his diocese. The day began with morning meditation and preparation for Mass; then came his own Mass, and it was his custom to hear a second Mass while making his thanksgiving. During the course of the day he would visit the Blessed Sacrament several times. Supper was over at 7.30, and he went to the chapel with the other priests, and when after five or ten minutes they would leave to go to their various duties, he would stay. And when at 10.15 some of the priests used to return to make a farewell visit for the night, it was a common sight to see Herbert Vaughan still there upon his knees.

In a commonplace-book kept when he was in Manchester there are a few stray entries which throw light upon the interior life of the Bishop at that period. The following must have been written in the spring of 1882: "I am fifty years old. It is said that no man becomes a saint after fifty. I am determined to give no peace to myself or to my Holy Patrons, or indeed to Our Dear Lord Himself. By prayer even this miracle can be performed, and a dry, hard, stupid old stick like me can reach great sanctity '*in eo qui me confortat*.' St. Francis of Sales died at fifty-six; St. Francis of Assisi, Xavier, and St. Charles were dead and saints about ten years earlier. What a grace to have '*spatium pœnitentiæ*,' &c. I am determined to use the remaining time better than the last, God helping."

The next entry is six years later, and refers to a retreat at Stonyhurst in July, 1888: "This has been one of my best and most practical retreats, attributable entirely, as far as I can see, to fervent prayer for light and grace. I can never repay the Blessed Virgin, St. Joseph, St. Peter, and my good Angel. What a joy to meet them in Heaven! Father Rickaby thinks the half-hour before Mass and the half-hour after Mass will suffice, and that I need not cut another half-hour out of the morning for prayer. He strongly approves my continual ejaculation, '*amare et servire*.' I see more clearly than ever before that the great means for obtaining perfection is prayer. St. Francis of Sales used these means: (1) Reflection and Prayer. (2) Exercise of the Presence of God. (3) Retreats—one or two every year.

I must read works on prayer, and the sayings of the Saints on it, when I feel growing indifferent or dull in keenness of appreciation of it."

On another leaf, but apparently referring to the same retreat, is a passage relating to bodily mortification: "Mortification at meals on Fridays and Saturdays in honour of the Passion and of Our Lady. At other times Father Rickaby insists on my eating what I relish. Still some little mortification might surely come in every day as salt to the food."

But mortifications are only a means to an end. The following resolutions are set down "touching my office as Bishop":—

"1. Encourage people under me by words and marks of approval.

"2. To be polite is to give pleasure: it is charitable to give pleasure: it is my duty to be charitable in this particular way. '*Discite a me quia mitis sum*': I must overcome this silence and moroseness in the morning, which comes from stomach and health. I must every day do many acts of kindness and continually come back to this."

We shall find him in later life constantly recurring to this resolve to try to do "many acts of kindness" in the day.

CHAPTER XIX

RELATIONS WITH MANNING

DURING all these years the Bishop of Salford was in constant communication with Cardinal Manning. The letters between them were frequent, and whenever Herbert Vaughan went to London he knew there was a room and a welcome waiting for him at Archbishop's House. The ties which bound them together were very close, and have a record in their public acts. Yet, as the years went by, the relations between the two men, who were in so many ways more than brothers to one another, underwent a gradual change. The old friendship remained, but it was a friendship with a difference. Manning's wisdom in all details was no longer taken for granted—the disciple questioned, and sometimes disapproved.

When they had first met Herbert Vaughan had been an impressionable youth, hardly yet at the beginning of his career. That his deep admiration for Cardinal Manning was not a case of love at first sight appears from the following story told in his own words: "In 1852 I was returning to Rome in the company of Fathers Manning, Lockhart, and Whitty. I was a raw and restless youth of twenty, and no doubt very trying to the grave and solemn convert parson, as I then called him, who gently, and, I fear, unsuccessfully, sought to keep me in order. So at Lyons I said to Father Whitty, 'I can stand this old parson no longer; let us go straight on and leave him to follow as long after as he likes.'" Accordingly they gave Manning the slip, and reached Rome without him. I remember Cardinal Vaughan once recalling this incident, laughing over it, and saying that what they found specially exasperating was what they thought the excessive fussiness of the ex-Archdeacon about the safety of his silk hat, which had run some risks in a crowded carriage.

But this first impression was all on the surface. The two men met again a few weeks later, and in a very little while were fast friends. When they were both staying at the Accademia in Rome Manning used to say Mass at six o'clock, and every morning Herbert Vaughan was there to serve it for him. They were strangely different in temperament as in all their antecedents. Herbert Vaughan looked up to his companion, not only as to a man twice his years, and the representative of a culture and traditions with which he had never been brought into contact, but as to one whose character and ideals evoked and commanded his highest and most intimate reverence. On his side, Manning was not slow to recognise the promise of the delicate and eager youth, and from the first repaid his devotion with a tender and almost fatherly solicitude. And this feeling held for years. In 1862, when they were both again in Rome, Manning, writing to Cardinal Wiseman, says: "We are all looking for you, none so much as I am. But I am going to propose to you that Herbert should come to you instead of me. He is neither well lodged nor well fed. It will be good for him."

When Manning was founding the Oblates in London it was a foregone conclusion that Herbert Vaughan should be his first subject. At St. Edmund's Father Vaughan was avowedly Manning's representative and the champion of their common convictions as to what constituted the best form of training for ecclesiastical students. When the Oblates were withdrawn from St. Edmund's it was Manning to whom Herbert Vaughan turned in the time of doubt and misgiving which preceded his journey to the New World. And Manning was strangely patient with him—always tolerant, and at last giving counsel and encouragement. When the traveller returned successful from the Americas, and was fearful lest the Oblates should perhaps put obstacles in the way of his cherished scheme, Manning befriended him and secured for him a free hand in the building of the Missionary College at Mill Hill. In the strenuous days of the Vatican Council the two men stood together; they fought the same fight, they shared the same hopes and the same fears, and the enemies and friends of one were the enemies and friends of the other. Speaking at a meeting at St. Joseph's College in 1875, Cardinal Manning used these words: "As early as 1852 the Bishop of Salford was living with me in Rome, and there we formed the most intimate relations of friendship and confidence. He being much younger than I, we stood in the relation of spiritual son and spiritual father. He opened his heart to me and trusted me as one advanced in life. From that time to this there has not been a shadow of difference between us—our friendship and confidence have deepened from day to day."

On his side Herbert Vaughan never lost an opportunity, whether in public or private, of proclaiming his moral and intellectual indebtedness to Manning, and specially for what he used to call "the formation of my character."

When the See of Salford was vacant in 1872 it was Manning's influence which prevailed with the Chapter and secured Herbert Vaughan as a recruit for the Episcopate. The importance which Cardinal Manning soon came to attach to his new colleague's opinion comes out curiously enough in a biographical note quoted by Purcell in connection with the disastrous attempt to found a Catholic University College in Kensington. In 1875 Manning wrote: "Mgr. Capel had already shown intelligence and energy in education. I suggested his name to the Bishops: the Bishop of Salford concurring, he was appointed." The Bishop whose concurrence is mentioned as if it settled the matter was the junior Bishop on the Bench.

But all the while Manning was quite alive to his friend's limitations—limitations which for the most part were born of that concentration of hope and effort and purpose which made at once the strength and the weakness of Herbert Vaughan's life. He cared supremely for the work he had set himself, the saving of souls, and everything else seemed to present itself in the light of a distraction to be avoided. Manning again and again urges him to try to get wider interests, to be more human and less ecclesiastical, and tells him he will be a better Christian when his sympathies are capable of being enlisted in causes which have no direct concern with his work. Manning used sometimes to speak of the point of view which he regarded as characteristic of the hereditary Catholics as "the Old Testament"—that of the Hebrews who were but items in a formal system—as in the following letter written in December, 1881:—

"When I am gone do not let the Old Testament close over you and bury you in the sacristy. I have held and, I hope, acted upon this law. Everything I ever did as an Englishman and a member of our Commonwealth with imperfect truth, I am bound to continue and to do all the more with perfect faith, save only where that faith forbids. The Old Testament taught, or rather acted as if it taught, that having a perfect faith we are to do nothing for the Commonwealth but to say Rosaries for it."

A little later he writes, on September 24th, 1883:—

"I will send your American Canon Law, packed up by mistake, and Sheridan, for I lay it on you to read the *Critic* and the *School for Scandal.* You would be holier and happier if you would enter into such things with patience and learn to laugh. You are grim and truculent. The pictures" (apparently they had visited some Exhibition together) "bored you, and I never saw you excited until you took me among the Tiles and Stoves and Drain Pipes. This makes you sharp and inhuman to your fellow-creatures, and if you are so in the Green Tree, what will you be in the Dry?"

Again he writes:—

"You are not able to grind long, and you must give it up and take intervals of rest, as I have told you before. You rush about, and at, and in, everything. You are just now in a crisis. If you strain your health it may not return. I was glad of your long absence for this reason, because I hoped that on coming back you would make others do more and do less yourself. You are really doing more in being less active, because you are being more thoughtful. We are weak, and the Episcopate is weak, because our Bishops are parish priests. They must be broader and have a bird's-eye view of the Church and the English people. You are bound to study this, come what may, for you can by word and writing make yourself heard. It has been a good school to be a Mitred Editor."

As members of the Episcopate the two prelates usually worked together, but there were differences. For instance, when the Bishop of Salford was forced into the conflict with the Jesuits in regard to their educational schemes in Manchester, and again took a leading part against them in the controversy which ended with the publication of the *Romanos Pontifices*, Cardinal Manning was behind him, helping him all the time. But there was an essential difference between the two men. Manning had fairly or unfairly persuaded himself that the influence of the Jesuits made for evil rather than for good: nothing could have induced him, or did induce him, to allow them to open a school in his diocese. Herbert Vaughan, on the other hand, had the highest opinion of the Jesuits and set great value on their co-operation. He had been ready to go all lengths to keep their school out of Manchester, but that was because he feared a monopoly and wanted to keep a fair recruiting field for the ranks of the Secular clergy. When he came to London he welcomed the Jesuits, and in every possible way facilitated the founding of their present flourishing school at Stamford Hill.

The first noticeable rift in the lute occurred about ten years before Manning's death. In the course of the year 1880 Cardinal Manning learned that the *Weekly Register* was likely to be put into the market by its owner, Mr. De Lacy Towle, brother-in-law to Mgr. Capel. In July the Cardinal, with more assumption of shrewd worldly wisdom than he was wont to show, writes to tell Herbert Vaughan that Mr. Towle is willing to part with the paper for £2,000. "I offered £1,000 down and 5 per cent. on the second thousand till paid. He was willing to accept this. Now will you find £500 if I find the same? I believe we could find men to write and form relations with those who are in political life. But one thing is certain—the *W. R.* has supplied what our soft-headed and pious middle-class Catholics wish to know about their Bishops, priests, and dioceses, &c. The *Tablet* has stinted this, and I think prudently—a larger dose would have killed off the club readers."

Apparently the Bishop, with a much sounder business instinct, as subsequent events showed, suggested in reply that the Cardinal was offering far more than the property was then worth. In truth, in his next letter the Cardinal says: "And now for the *Weekly Register.* It may be had for £300. Mr. De L. T. refused this last night, but, thinking he had displeased me, he accepts it this morning. (1) Shall I close with it? (2) Will you take it? (3) Will you halve the purchase with me?—namely, £150 each. (4) Can it be carried on by you? (5) Or incorporated in the *Tablet?* (6) If we refuse may it not fall into mischievous hands? Let me know with all speed."

Writing a few days later, the Cardinal gives as reasons for buying that it would be a pity to let a Catholic paper disappear, or to run the risk of seeing it pass under the control of the Jesuits. He continues: "I have bought it for £300, but I will make it over to you if you like. I have no wish about it, except as above. It shall be kept alive until you come home, and I hope improved."

The next letter, five days later, makes it clear that in buying the *Weekly Register* Cardinal Manning was acting as agent for Herbert Vaughan:—

"I will pay the £300, and you can pay me when you will and by instalments. The enclosed is what we had thought of issuing, for it is best that there should be no break in the publication. Would it be better to begin in this new form, or simply to keep on the old *W. R.* till you come home? Let me have a word by telegram, either 'go on as before' or 'begin as proposed.' Either can be done. As you say, I ought not to burden myself with work or care. If I were ten years younger I would; but I feel my age. Thank God, I am fairly well, but I am easily wearied. Still I shall be glad to help in an enlarged *Tablet*, and will write willingly, for we are in the *mêlée*, and I would rather die of wounds than of dignity."

At this time the Bishop was in Rome representing the case of the English Hierarchy against the Religious Orders, and it was impossible for him to come to England. Cardinal Manning was most anxious that he should remain until the decision was given, and offered himself to carry on the *Register* until definite plans for its future could be formed. The first idea was simply to amalgamate it with the *Tablet*, but then Manning began to fear that this would leave the field invitingly open to some new-comer. A little later he is so sure that the disappearance of the *Weekly Register* would be followed by the arrival of a new paper, that he seems to take it as settled that whoever owns it the *Register* must be kept alive as a separate paper, so as to keep the field occupied. "If the *W. R.* becomes a good and useful paper," he writes on almost the last day of 1880, "you would not wish it to be extinguished. But, as I have said before, you shall have it and indemnify me. I have no wish to possess it. I took it only to save it and to avoid two evils—the one the collapse of a Catholic paper and the loss of so much service to the truth, the other a great domestic mischief to this diocese. We were continually annoyed by the *Tablet* in Wallis's hands and by the *Westminster Gazette* in Purcell's. Any new paper would probably be worse, and the peace of the diocese would suffer. I am obliged to bear this in mind." Again, early in 1881, Manning wrote: "I will gladly keep on the *W. R.* till you come back. You must not leave your post until even the smoke is down. Father Parsons will turn over once more in his grave." Then he repeats the arguments in favour of keeping the two papers separate, and ends with the words: "The peace of the diocese and the Church is involved. Subject to this one precaution, I have no will but to do what will best meet your wish."

On May 29th, 1881, the Cardinal writes: "And now the 25th of June is near, and I shall have carried on the *Weekly Register* not for six weeks, but for six months. Beyond this I would gladly go if I were younger, but at seventy-three it is too much for me, with my other work, which is not less, but more. The *W. R.* has become a very respectable paper, and I have testimonies from all sides, and specially from Ireland. I hope you will be home soon and time enough for us to decide what is wisest and best to do with it. You shall decide, for I am making you my heir in many things, and am winding up." On June 2nd the Cardinal was still ready to hand over the legal ownership of the *Weekly Register*, and wrote as follows: "I will send a circular to all our subscribers saying that with June 25th the *W. R.* will take another form. I think the right course is this—to announce that the managers of the *Tablet* and the *W. R.* have united the two papers. I will then invite our subscribers to unite with you. When you come home we will read over our letters of January and February last, and you shall do what you think best about purchasing the *W. R.*, and I will do what you will acknowledge to be in 'my spirit of poverty' as to all the expenses I have incurred. . . . If I were younger I would go on ; but, as my last letter said, I am winding up. And you will find me desirous to turn all these things towards you. Get well, and come back as soon as you can."

At this point the written record fails. What is certain, however, is that further negotiations followed, and that shortly afterwards the publisher of the *Tablet* went to Archbishop's House and tendered a cheque for £300 in Herbert Vaughan's name as the purchase-money for the paper. The Cardinal simply handed the cheque back—he had already made a present of the *Weekly Register* to Mr. Wilfrid Meynell, accompanied by the statement that in view of political and other issues, especially those that concerned the relations between the Catholics of England and Ireland, Mr. Meynell was the one man in England to whom he would entrust it. Mr. Meynell was summoned to Archbishop's House late one night and was asked to take from the Cardinal's shoulders a burden too heavy for them, and the only one which appertained to himself personally and not to his office. Not one word was said to Mr. Meynell about the understanding thus abruptly brought to a finish between the Cardinal and the Bishop. Only after the Bishop's return, when the Cardinal asked him and Mr. Meynell to meet at Archbishop's House to talk events over, did the situation become known. The Cardinal left the supposed combatants alone, and returning in half an hour, seemed relieved to find the representatives of the two papers in amicable conference as to the best way of conducting them in different channels to one end 'I came back quickly," said the Cardinal, "fearing I should find 'wigs on the green.'"

Herbert Vaughan was not only hurt but perplexed. Some months earlier, when the Cardinal had entrusted to Mr. Orby Shipley the editorship of the paper, the Bishop wrote to Mr. W. G. Ward in terms that showed he was already puzzled by the Cardinal's apparent change of front:—

"COLLEGIO INGLESE,
"*Jan. 6th*, 1881.

"MY DEAR WARD,—I am delighted to hear from you at last—after a year's silence. As to the *W. R.*, I confess I have been pained and surprised more than I can say. I am unable to reconcile the Cardinal's letters to me with his acts. To start the *W. R.* with the programme, the size, the form of the *Tablet*, and to sell it within a halfpenny of half the price, is the American way of clearing rivers of well-established companies—running a boat for nothing till ruin brings an end to the competition. After this the *W. R.* may say what it pleases, but it is a hostile paper, destined, whether it intends to or not, in the end to ruin the *Tablet*. The Cardinal wrote again and again that he would carry out my wishes, and I *told him most explicitly what they were*. He says he will put the paper in my hands when I return. We shall see; but I had rather he had acted in a fair way or on business principles. He may probably have some explanations of his conduct which I am not yet in possession of. Our cause is coming to a close. The Cardinals have had three days' work and will meet again next week and finish with one or two more sittings. I hope I may get back within a month. I long for a conversation with you on a number of topics. What a talk we shall have when we meet! Is there anything I could induce you to write on in the *Tablet?* My father's death I felt *secundum carnem*, but *secundum spiritum* I can only rejoice in it. My joy is certainly greater than my sorrow. He made such a holy end.

"Always yours affectionately,

"H., Bp. of S."

Under the direction of Mr. Wilfrid Meynell the *Weekly Register* at once took a new lease of life, but its strenuous rivalry with the *Tablet*, instead of doing harm to it, seemed only to awaken dormant energies, and both papers grew and prospered together. It was only when Cardinal Vaughan had been some years at Westminster, and had found in the *Weekly Register* an often appreciated ally, that Mr. Meynell parted with his interest in the paper; it then passed into other hands and afterwards ceased to appear.

There were differences of policy besides. A notable instance in which Herbert Vaughan publicly separated himself from Cardinal Manning was in his attitude towards the Seminary question. We have seen that in Salford, in spite of the pressure of the example of so many dioceses, Bishop Vaughan always set his face against the establishment of a separate diocesan seminary; and when he came to Westminster his immediate reversal of his predecessor's policy was only the inevitable expression of the convictions of a lifetime.

Again, all his life Manning was opposed to the establishment of anything like diplomatic relations with the Holy See. Scattered over his correspondence are many references to the subject which show that it was his settled conviction that the presence of an English Envoy at the Vatican, or of a Papal Nuncio in London, would open a way for intrigues which would inevitably lead to the gravest misunderstandings. He was satisfied that with an accredited agent in Rome the British Government would soon want to interfere with the appointments of Bishops, especially in Ireland; and he urged that even the suspicion that such agencies were at work might have lamentable results. For instance, what moral weight could attach to a Papal admonition—say to the people of Ireland as to their conduct of a land war, or other political agitation—if there were even colourable grounds for suspecting that the action of the Holy See had been prompted from Downing Street? Of course, Manning recognised clearly enough that there must be points of contact between a worldwide Empire and the Universal Church, but he held strongly that the natural intermediaries between the British Government and the Holy See are the English Bishops. It was a question in which his feelings as well as his judgment were enlisted. The following extracts from letters addressed to Herbert Vaughan in 1886 and 1888 may help to illustrate the point of view:—

"And here is Lord Braye proposing diplomatic relations: and asking whether the right course would not be for a layman to ask an interview with the Bishops to open the subject. The first effect would be a meddling of all intriguers in the nomination of Bishops, and a clandestine veto for the Government." "I am able to prove that no diplomatic relations would have affected the Portuguese Concordat. Mr. Errington misled the Holy Father. I had the whole affair in my hands, and had correspondence and interviews with Lord Granville as representing Gladstone's Government, and with Lord Salisbury and Lord Randolph Churchill, representing the Tory Government. All alike refused to intervene. They held the matter to be purely ecclesiastical and therefore external to the sphere of Government. They declared it to be an internal question for the Catholic Church, towards which they held the Government to be strictly neutral. I have the record of all this. The Holy See was seriously misled, and I fear is being again misled, on the whole subject. I have not read your article, for people are asking me what I think of it, and I am not willing to say that we differ.[1] Mr. Errington's case is a sample of the danger to the Holy See, and so was Odo Russell, as Pius IX and Antonelli often said to me."

To Herbert Vaughan, as might have been expected, the whole problem of diplomatic relations with the Holy See presented itself in a much simpler form. What was the normal rule of the Church?—what would be the practice if all the nations were still Catholic? As a Sovereign Prince the Pope is entitled to receive representatives from Foreign Powers and to send them. If therefore, the Holy See desired a renewal of diplomatic relations with Great Britain, Herbert Vaughan felt that his duty was clear. He fully understood that there would be incidental inconveniences in the presence of a Papal Envoy in London, and knew that the position of an Archbishop of Westminster would necessarily be diminished and overshadowed. But considerations of that sort could not affect the main issue. Besides, he was strongly of opinion that as, from time to time, there must be communications with the Vatican, it would be better for all parties if the subterranean methods now employed were to give place to an open and frank exchange of views between publicly accredited representatives on each side. Specially he felt that the British Government was at a disadvantage in having no machinery at its hand for placing its views frankly before the Holy See. The question never became a practical one or seriously affected the personal relations of the two Cardinals, but it sufficiently illustrates their separate points of view.

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[1] An article in the *Nineteenth Century*, in which the Bishop had strongly advocated the resumption of diplomatic relations with the Vatican. One passage, referring to India, runs as follows: "Only the other day a concordat was concluded between the Holy See and Portugal, in which the presentation to archiepiscopal and episcopal sees in British India was ceded to the Portuguese crown. It is quite imaginable that such a cession might under given circumstances gravely prejudice British interests in India. Had diplomatic relations existed between England and the Vatican, it is more than probable that such a concordat would never have been signed. We are always exposed to such events, on a larger or smaller scale, where there are no official relations. And though to-day they may carry no grave results, there is no saying when and where, in the rivalry of States and the thirst for conquest, the influence of the Holy See might not be manipulated to our disadvantage, because we had, through some puerile fear or insular bigotry, stood aloof from diplomatic relations which no one else is afraid of."

On the University question they stood on the same platform. At the outset Herbert Vaughan's position was determined by circumstances. It was not a subject on which he had any first-hand knowledge. The two great friendships of his life were with Mr. W. G. Ward and with Cardinal Manning. Each was a distinguished convert, and each had known Oxford long and intimately, and the two vied with one another in the vehemence with which they denounced any and every proposal for encouraging Catholic youths to frequent the National Universities. It was a subject upon which Mr. Ward always spoke with the energy of a deep-seated conviction.

Manning too felt strongly and passionately, and in his later years he often referred to the fact that in that campaign Herbert Vaughan had always stood by his side. Writing to him in 1883, he says: "I have read your article in the *Dublin* with great assent. It is direct, to the point, and very well done. How I thank God that neither you nor I have ever wavered! How easily you might have been deceived, and how easily I might have been blinded and biassed by my love of Oxford and England! But I have been saved in this and in other things by nothing less than the Holy Ghost. Let us open our eyes and stand like a rock. The faith of the future is at stake." It may be doubted, however, whether before the end of his life Cardinal Manning had not come to realise that the truce which had been imposed on the Catholic body on this subject must end with his death, and that the whole question would have to be reopened by the man he recognised as his successor, with weakened powers of resistance and perhaps of conviction.

Cardinal Manning was a keen politician, and his interests ranged over the whole scale of public life. Herbert Vaughan cared little for party politics as such, and would have found it hard to interest himself in questions connected with purely constitutional changes or readjustments in administrative machinery. He did care, and care greatly, for legislative proposals which by affecting the environment of the lives of his people might affect their moral condition. He threw himself with eagerness into any movement which had for its end the bridling of the beer traffic, or the improved sanitation of cities, or the housing of the poor. He was sincerely anxious for legislation to improve the social conditions of the working classes. But if by reducing the general average of wages paid in a district he could have made the people in any degree more chaste or more truthful or more sober, he would have voted for the reduction unhesitatingly. He had the reputation of being, if not anti-Irish, at least resolutely opposed to Home Rule. It was a question which was outside his life, and had only the vaguest interest for him. He never voted against it, or wrote against it, or spoke against it in his life. I am afraid the fact that he was owner of the *Tablet* in this respect created a prejudice against him. The question of the attitude of the paper towards this and other questions of national interest had to be faced sooner or later. In the case of Home Rule it was raised at the outset by Cardinal Manning in the following letter:—

"Do not involve yourself in Gladstone's Bill. The *Tablet* is a Catholic paper and it commits the Catholics of England in the eyes of the world and of the people of Ireland. Eight-tenths of the Catholics of England are Irish. Two-tenths—say two hundred thousand—are English, but a large number are in sympathy with Ireland. The *Tablet* has divided us, and it will divide more if it writes politically. The unity of the Church has been committed to us. Let us guard that unity against Primrose Leagues and Bishops of Nottingham. But do not identify yourself in politics on the one side as he has on the other. In my judgment, the Bill is bad Home Rule and a break in the Empire. It would lengthen my life to say this in Hyde Park, but being as I am, I will not be Pastor and Politician, and I hope you will let the *Tablet* leave Gladstone's Bill to Chamberlain and Lord Hartington. I am very anxious that the Bishops of Ireland should have no shadow of complaint about you or myself."

The point was put adroitly, and it so far weighed with the Bishop that he sent the letter to the Editor and asked him what he thought of it. There was only one thing to say—that for an English paper to acquiesce in a proposal which would condemn it to be silent on the most urgent public question of the time would have been an abdication of its functions. It would of course have been quite possible to conduct the paper as a sort of diocesan organ for the dissemination of ecclesiastical gossip, but Herbert Vaughan had widely other views when he became the proprietor of a newspaper. At any rate the question was never raised again. And it may be noted that any paper carried on under such limitations would have been treated with the utmost contempt by Cardinal Manning. When he was for some years in a position to influence the policy of another Catholic paper, the *Weekly Register*, his constant advice was that nothing that concerned the interests of the nation should be regarded as alien to a Catholic paper. Herbert Vaughan was in perfect accord with that view, only he stipulated that he should not personally be called upon to find time to study and pass judgment upon every political issue that arose. He had promised to the responsible Editor a free hand in all that concerned the control and direction of the purely secular policy of the paper, and what he promised he gave.

But though Dr. Vaughan declined to coerce the staff of the *Tablet* in the interests of opinions which had not even the merit of being his own, he was scrupulously careful lest any word or act of his as a Bishop should in any way compromise his authority or influence with his flock. At the time of the General Election in 1886 public feeling ran very high in Lancashire, and an attempt seems to have been made to capture the Bishop for the Tory Party. The following reply, addressed to a distinguished Catholic peer, tells its own tale and makes the Bishop's position absolutely clear:—

"*January 23rd*, 1886.

"I thank you for your note and for your frankness. I will be equally explicit. I occupy a dual position—a private and personal one, and another that is public and official. Personally I am opposed to Gladstone's measure as it stood before the House. The views expressed by the *Tablet* pretty fairly represent my opinions. But in my official capacity I have to remember that I ought to be the father and guide of my flock in spirituals—that four-fifths are ardent Home Rulers—that I have no power whatever over their national aspirations—that to advise them against their convictions would simply exasperate them and render any exhortation or admonition it may be necessary to give, if matters get into an acute and violent condition, simply useless. The question must be put in this form at present: Is it lawful before God to advocate Home Rule? Is it a question that the Church has decided? To the first question you would probably say with me 'Yes' and to the second 'No.' If that be so, am I not bound to allow the people their freedom, specially when I know that on this subject they would not believe an Angel from Heaven if he contradicted them? Leo XIII, in his great Encyclical, says: 'In merely political matters as to the best form of Government or different systems of administration, a difference of opinion is lawful.' I foresee that the time may come when the Bishops may have to speak out strongly, perhaps in censure of the conduct of their own people. Is it not better to keep oneself independent against that time, so that then one may speak with the additional weight of not having been an adverse partizan?"

Herbert Vaughan shared in the conviction which so often finds expression in Cardinal Manning's letters that the Catholic Church in this country has a mission to the whole people of England, and that therefore the Bishops owe a duty not merely to their own flock, but to all their countrymen. He thought it would be a mistake to allow the Church to be identified in the public mind with a single section of the population, and specially if that section could be represented as anti-English in feeling. The following undated letter to a brother Bishop gives an instance of the application of this principle :—

"As to the Irish alliance, it seems to me that the Bishop of Nottingham is on the wrong line. He is preparing an alliance with men whom he is seeking, by every means in his power, to cast out of the only Parliament with which the Catholics of England can ever have anything to do. How far it would also be an alliance with sedition and disloyalty may be a question. Certainly it would be an alliance with nationalism and particularism, and that in opposition to the sense of the country we live in. It seems to me that we ought to be on our guard, as Catholic Bishops, against the danger of merging our office and the Church in the political aspirations of one section of our flock. We are Bishops to represent the Church to the English people, and ought to be on our guard against presenting it to them in a colour which would be prejudicial."

For many years there had been great differences of opinion among Catholics, both in England and in Ireland, in regard to the Deceased Wife's Sister Bill. Cardinal Wiseman had been in favour of it; Manning was vehemently opposed to it. On the one hand it was urged that to pass the Bill would be to give the sanction of the Legislature to a breach of the normal law of the Catholic Church which forbids such marriages. On the other hand, dispensations for these unions—as contrary only to ecclesiastical and not to divine law—are constantly granted by the Holy See, and in such cases Catholics, marrying with every ecclesiastical sanction and all the blessings of the Church, found their marriages treated as unlawful by the State and their children regarded as illegitimate. From the Catholic point of view there were difficulties each way, and the question was treated as quite an open one. Not the less, when an article appeared in Bishop Vaughan's paper advocating the proposed change in the law, Cardinal Manning was gravely displeased. Many years afterwards, when Herbert Vaughan was Archbishop of Westminster, he showed me an official communication he had received from Rome stating that the Holy See had decided that, on the whole, the Deceased Wife's Sister Bill ought to be resisted, and urging him to try to get all the Catholic members of the Legislature to defend the law as it then existed. Cardinal Manning's views had prevailed. Another question on which the two friends differed, and sometimes with warmth, was that of vivisection. It was a subject on which Cardinal Manning found it difficult to speak with patience.

But touching Manning far more nearly than anything connected with Home Rule or Vivisection or the Deceased

Wife's Sister Bill was the Temperance question. It was a matter on which Herbert Vaughan had never been able to see eye to eye with him, and when the Bishop began to advocate in the interests of Temperance the introduction of winter gardens and the consumption of light lager beers, and finally, with that object in view, was present at a Licensed Victuallers' dinner in Manchester, Cardinal Manning's indignation knew no bounds. They had frequent opportunities of discussing the question, and the discussions sometimes developed considerable heat. It may be conjectured that it was after one of these discussions that Cardinal Manning took a step which was destined afterwards to have unlooked-for consequences. I am indebted to Mgr. Fenton, the Bishop of Amycla, for the following statement made to him by Cardinal Vaughan: " In the last years of Cardinal Manning's life he seems to have lost his old power of judging men aright. You know he and I were for years and years the closest friends living. We consulted one another and told one another everything. Well, he had appointed me to be one of his executors. On one occasion when I was staying with him in London, we got into a discussion ; I could not accept his views, and I suppose, on the contrary, strongly maintained my own. I saw he was a little bit put out—but what do you think he did? He went upstairs, took out his will, and struck his pen through my name as executor. It was a mistake: if I had been his executor, his private papers would never have fallen into the hands of Mr. Purcell."

But constitutionally impatient of opposition as he was and inclined to resent the existence of views that were not his own, there is no evidence to show that Cardinal

Manning ever faltered in his old wish that Herbert Vaughan should succeed him in the See of Westminster, albeit to the end he was insistent in urging the Bishop to widen his conception of his duty, and entering the field of politics to take part in the settlement of social questions. The following letter, written within two years of his death, shows that he was still trying to shape Herbert Vaughan's career, and also throws an interesting sidelight upon the great Dock Strike :—

"*Feb.* 13*th*, 1890. Is it not plain that if only we are prudent and serve the Commonwealth, everything is open? Your presiding at the meeting of the working men is proof. The people are not against us if only we are with them. I must tell you of the brutality of the *Times.* In September last, when there was danger to London, they were frightened and treated us with slobber. When the danger was over they attacked us and said that the strikers did not care a brass farthing for us. Last Wednesday we were again on the brink of a renewed strike. Mr. Buxton and I called together Burns, Mann, McCarthy, and others. They met in this house on Wednesday night. After two hours we got them to withdraw the manifesto which would have caused the strike. On Friday they wrote and thanked us, and it was withdrawn on Saturday. The *Times* knew all this, but on Monday attacked and sneered at the men and ignored us. On that day the strike would have begun but for that Wednesday night. Go on boldly and mix with the English people. They will trust you, but not my brother Benson."

As to Herbert Vaughan's feelings towards his old friend there can be no doubt. His affection and gratitude were never dimmed, but he thought that in some matters old age had upset the poise of the Cardinal's mind. What he felt he said with perfect frankness in an article in the *Nineteenth Century* at the time of the publication of

Purcell's biography: "Of all the men I have ever met none ever appeared to me so completely absorbed in the idea of aiming at what was highest and noblest and purest. It was a substantial yearning for the true and the good, and this without effort, because it had grown to be the bent of his mind and the tendency of his life. He lived for God and souls. Every other aim and effort fell into the background with the defects and imperfections and the errors of judgment that are incident to the noblest specimens of our humanity. He was always to me as a father. . . . While my high estimate of him is based upon a friendship of forty years, I always appraise the last few years of his life apart, as not representing the whole man. It is said that there is one faculty which extreme old age seldom spares. It may spare the senses of the body, the intellect, the memory, and the will, but rarely indeed does it spare the delicate balance of that sensitive faculty called the judgment. During the last short period of the Cardinal's long life the process of senile decay had set in."

Of what was Cardinal Vaughan thinking when he said that in his opinion Manning's judgment had lost its old balance in the last years of his life? There is little doubt that Herbert Vaughan watched with misgiving the Cardinal's growing absorption in great public movements having at least no direct relation to his office as Archbishop, and in particular had no sympathy for the part he played in the great Dock Strike. When life is so short and the work to be done so great—the harvest so ripe and the labourers so few—it seemed to him to be almost a derogation from the highest ideals of the priesthood to let so many of the consecrated hours be given to a dispute about wages, the merits of which, even from a standpoint of simple economics, were perhaps doubtful.

With more than regret, however—with positive disapproval—he noted the Cardinal's bearing towards the Salvation Army. He thought the Cardinal seemed to see only the philanthropic side of the work of the Salvation Army, and to ignore its danger as an agency for religious proselytism. It must be remembered that the Bishop was fresh from the great struggle in Manchester. There he had to deal with rescue societies which, though constantly appealing to the public for more funds, yet at the same time refused to hand over Catholic children to Catholic Homes where they would be kept free of cost. He had seen it proved to demonstration that with many of these societies the primary object was less to save the body than to snatch the soul of the child.

In Lancashire the Bishop had been completely successful, but the conflict had left him with some scars, and perhaps inclined to approach the work of all philanthropic societies with distrust. He suspected that the attitude of the Salvation Army officials towards the religion of Catholics was in all essentials that of the Protestant Homes which took in Catholic children with the remark that no questions were ever asked about religion. Such children were received and clothed and fed, and, in return, were expected to conform to the religion of the house. Was the case greatly different when destitute Catholics, old men and women, were received into the Shelters of the Salvation Army and there, cut off from contact with the ministers of their own religion, were expected to observe the rules of the place by taking part in religious services which are not the less non-Catholic and Protestant because they are described as "unsectarian"? To Herbert Vaughan it seemed that his old friend was letting himself dwell too exclusively on one side of the question—that he saw the suffering that was saved, and was sometimes inclined to forget the price at which that saving was bought.

On his side, Manning was anxious to convince the Bishop that the work of the Salvation Army was purely humanitarian. Accordingly he urged the Bishop to visit some of the Salvation Shelters, and provided him with an escort. This was Mr. Wilfrid Meynell, who has now set down his memories of a not unmemorable expedition:—

"I had myself never visited the Salvation Army Shelters; and when Cardinal Manning asked me to be the companion of his guest, the Bishop of Salford, I made it clear that I should be an interested fellow-explorer indeed, but no guide. 'It will open Herbert's eyes,' said the Cardinal, who went on to lament his friend's alienation from other than Catholic workers. For, in the Cardinal's judgment, a great social redemption must precede the spiritual redemption, so long delayed; he being a lover of Lacordaire's paradox that you must be a good man before you can be a good Christian. It was on an afternoon, not many months before the death of 'the People's Cardinal' that the fellow-voyagers set forth from Archbishop's House in the gondola of London to make what discoveries we might in the Near East. I remember thinking as we drove past the statue of Peel, at St. Paul's, how close in personal bearing was the resemblance between 'the greatest member of Parliament who ever lived' and the great prelate by my side.[1] Both bore the hall-mark of Manchester, yet both were to perform wonders at Westminster, and the younger man even now was engaged on an inquiry into that 'Condition of the People Question' which had been Peel's principal perplexity. The Bishop, I recall, spoke with great feeling about the losses to religion of children as soon as they left school. Contrary to the common phrase, they had not learnt the formularies of the Faith 'by heart'—only by rote. What could reach their hearts? Fewer repetitions of the Rosary, and instead the reading of the New Testament with unction in the schools, had been a plan mooted by Cardinal Manning. 'But *who* will read the Gospels to them with unction?' asked the Bishop, with a gesture almost of impatience. When we reached the first of the Salvation Army Shelters where labour was exacted in return for a night's lodging, we asked if we might be allowed to look round, and were at once politely put under the escort of a Captain. A little crude, perhaps, and certainly uncompromising, but very characteristic in its directness, was the Bishop's first question: 'Do you make this pay?' The Captain's reply was equally candid: 'Oh yes; that is the principle on which we work.' At three or four other establishments of the Army that initial question of the catechism of disbelief was repeated, always eliciting the same reply. In one room sat a number of women, mostly old women, at various sorts of needlework. 'Are any of my people here?' asked the Bishop, addressing the assembly. And, dotted about the room, aged dames, in the dignity of Poverty, stood up for their Faith. Then the Bishop turned on the Captain: 'And do these attend Protestant prayers?' 'They attend the praises of God every evening.' 'And what do you preach?' 'We preach Christ and Him Crucified, and we shall be very pleased if you will stay and so preach Him this evening. We are quite unsectarian.' This was too much. 'Well, but if I told them that unless they were baptized they could not be saved?' 'I should tell them that it was not true,' said the Captain. 'And I should tell them that it was not true,' echoed Cardinal Manning when we told him the story an hour later; 'I should explain to them the Church's doctrine of the Baptism of Desire.' Manning's Thomas More-like love of rallying whatever seemed too grave and too formal—a fashion of mind and speech which increased with the passage of years—was much in evidence that evening. Herbert Vaughan's great gravity offered a tempting target for the darts and sallies of this Most Eminent Puck, who greeted his return with the hope that Herbert, who had always been so good a Catholic, would now, after his contact with the Army, be also a good

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[1] Disraeli's description of Peel might very well pass as a portrait of Cardinal Vaughan: "Sir Robert Peel was a very good-looking man. He was tall, and though of later years he had become portly, had to the last a very comely presence. When he was young and lithe, with curling brown hair, he had a very radiant expression. His brow was very distinguished, not so much for its intellectual development, though that was of a very high order, as for its remarkably frank expression." The sketch of Peel's character by the same master hand presents its own interesting likeness and unlikeness to that of Herbert Vaughan: "His disposition was good; there was nothing petty about him; he was very free from rancour; he was not only not vindictive, but, partly by temperament and still more perhaps by discipline, he was even magnanimous. His statements were perspicuous, complete, and dignified. His vocabulary was ample and never mean; but it was neither rich nor rare. His speeches will afford no sentiment of surprising grandeur or beauty that will linger in the ears of coming generations. He embalmed no great political truth in immortal words. In pathos he was quite deficient. He was gifted with an admirable organ. His enunciation was very clear, though somewhat marred by provincialisms. He had to deal with greater details than his predecessors, and he had in many instances to address those who were deficient in previous knowledge. Something of the lecture, therefore, entered into his displays."

Christian! But the Bishop insisted on a ban, not banter. He went straight to the point. 'You are quite mistaken, my Lord, in thinking that the work of the Army is undenominational,' and he told the test case about Baptism, with the result already named. The more sanguine the Cardinal about the good done by the 'other sheep,' the more sore became the Bishop. 'I know,' he said, 'you would labour and love out of mere humanitarian motives. They would be enough for you, but not for me. I could do it only as a duty, the duty of a Christian Bishop. The natural man in me has no love for the world.' 'God so loved the world that He sent His only begotten Son—but that is a detail.'

"The assumed superciliousness of the final words—a superciliousness under which Manning was wont to hide deep feelings—of course ended the talk, as the speaker intended it should. The common ground the two men loved to occupy made one at least of them, and he the more arbitrary, impatient of the other's independent footing. Yet my impression was that the great Cardinal disliked, above and beyond all other disagreements, a disagreement with Herbert Vaughan. These two wearers of the Red—'the hue of Westminster'—had so much in common that any difference became a singular distress. 'My wound is great,' sang Shadwell, 'because it is so small.' The General went into the fight and found the aide-de-camp of all his trust and all his love was missing from his side. That was a bitter moment, but an inevitable; and it was a moment of not infrequent occurrence towards the close of the Cardinal's life. The little difference obscuring the great agreement ranks among Life's saddest irrelevancies; but surely it is the agreement that finally asserts itself and survives. Looking through some letters from Cardinal Vaughan I find one in which he thus makes allusion to the divergence between Manning and himself and to the stress he felt he had unduly laid on it in a conversation immediately after his great predecessor's death: 'We were united in much affection, and my feeling to him is such that I should much object to appear as his critic. I admit that in doing so I should be passing censure on myself rather than upon him.'"

It would be easy to multiply such testimony. Certainly at no time of his life would Cardinal Vaughan have hesitated to say of his relations with Manning, "There was no difference so deep as our communion." And perhaps this chapter may fitly end with the words in which, on the occasion of his first public appearance as Archbishop, in London, Herbert Vaughan proclaimed his lasting indebtedness to "his dearest father and friend": "I owe to him obligations, intellectual, moral, and personal—obligations of a deep friendship, of a more deep and enduring kind than I can find words to portray."

END OF VOL. I.

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